23rd Oct 1990

On my 8th birthday I had my ears pieced. My other presents were: a pair of stilts from mummy and daddy, Book of Mormon from Grandma, fun with crystals set from Jane, make your own badge set from Katherine, a puzzle book and pen from Grandma and Granddad. I then went to the zoo with Mummy, Daddy, Jane, Katherine and my cousins. I had a good time.

27th Oct 1990

Today I was baptized. I had a nice photograph journal from Mummy and Daddy, Bible from Grandma, small hymn book from Grandma and Granddad, hair clips, a bracelet and this journal from Uncles and Aunties and a cuddly toy from my primary teacher. After I was baptized we had food at the chapel, everyone said it was a nice baptism.

19th Nov 1990

I did my first plaster and paint badge.

8th Dec 1990

We went to find some snow. We took our sledge and had lots of fun.

1990 Christmas day

I had a climbing frame, some daps, Polly pocket, Vampire Joke Book, Secret Seven tape, socks, ski pants, hip hopper, a light, some rubbers, some earrings, a colouring book, a note book, a dress, 2 cups, a dictionary, a book of the middle ages, a ruler, rubber, pencil and sharpener set and a little toy with a diamond and makeup.

8th Feb 1991

The school was closed; it was great fun in the snow.

12th Feb 1991

At school I painted a leaf, did a hand writing sheet, some quick sums, S.P.M book and R.H handwriting book. I started a club and I had a pancake for supper.

13th Feb 1991

At school I had my picture taken and at play time I slipped and fell over and cut my knee. At home Katheryne Gardener came over and we swapped rubbers and played on the climbing frame, then she had to go in for her tea and we went in. I had my piano lesson and it was boring. I had my tea and I tried to draw my dolls house.

15th Feb 1991

As soon as I woke up we got out all the things in the middle wardrobe and then we had to put it all back. And we played boats, Katherine was the owner and I was the child and it was great fun.

1st Mar 1991

It was Saint David's day and everybody from Wales wore leeks or daffodils.

3rd Mar 1991

It is Sunday, I went to church. We went into opening exercises and into Primary and then into Sacrament.

10th Mar 1991

It is Sunday and it is mother's day. I am going to be the piano player in Primary, and we sang "mother I love you" to our Mummies.

17th Mar 1991

Katherine was sick in the night; she did not go to church, Daddy stayed home with her. Me, Mummy and Jane went to church.

23rd Mar 1991

Daddy nearly ran over a dear in the car at Burrington Combe.

24th Mar 1991

Today we all went to church and in Primary I played the piano; Grandma gave me and Katherine a piano rubber because we collect rubbers.

14th Apr 1991

Me and Katherine were coloring in Katherine's bedroom and I kept flicking felt-tips about. She said if you keep flicking felt-tips about I will kill them and not let them in my bedroom for a day, no a week, no a year, no 10 years, no a hundred months.

21st Apr 1991

At church Grandma gave me and Katherine a rubber, two boys took it and I cried, Mummy got it for me.

27th April 1991

It is the 25th anniversary of the building. It was great with my cousin. There was food and a road show and children's games. We went to bed after 10:30pm.

28th Apr 1991

We went to church, we went into our lessons and into Sacrament, and it was long because yesterday was the 25th anniversary of our building.

2nd May 1991

Today I went to school. At play time I thought it was the best time I had had in the juniors. We were all playing kiss catch. Anthony was chasing me most of the time. Anthony had me on the playground floor. When I got up I got him on the floor and I was jumping on him and we had a good time.

3rd May 1991

I went to school today it was a bit different because Anthony stole my padlock and key and I got it back. After a while we were friends. When we got home me and Mummy went to see my new cousin. When we got back I went out to play. After playtime my teacher and the class went into the first year's library and the teacher got some different things out of a box and gave them to the class to eat.

June 4th 1991

The whole family are on holiday but one family is not with us. We have had 4 days on holiday. We have got 2 days left. I am sleeping downstairs with my cousins.

June 5th 1991

Today me, Daddy and Katherine went for a walk and saw lots of rabbits. Then we parked the car and got out and went on the beach, we came to a house ruin and went through it, walked on and went down some steps. We came to a cliff edge. Then we went back to the car. On the way back a dog was following us then she went back to her mistress, we went back to the cottages and got ready for bed. Now I'm going to read this book to my cousin. It's quite late so GOODNIGHT.

7th June 1991

Today I thought that it was the worse holiday I'd had because Daddy pushed my little cousin on the floor, he hurt his head and cried. My uncle pushed Daddy out and slammed the door breaking the glass and a little boat window had a crack on it. We had to go a night early. I hated it.

20th June 1991

Today I went to school; I took the little toy with the diamond on. I went to choir after school. When I went to get the toy I had brought it was gone. I told Mum, Dad and Katherine. I thought it was Anthony. If it was he's going to be very sorry when I find out.

21st June 1991

Today is an in-service day for my school; I am home for the day. I had to tidy my bedroom, Mummy said it looked like a pig sty, I agreed with her. I am going to tell the teacher on Monday about Anthony. Today is Mummy's birthday, Daddy has to go to work.

3rd Aug 1991

Today we went to church because it is Sunday. We had opening exercises then me and Katherine went into Primary and had a good time. Mummy was in Nursery with Jane. When I went to see her Mummy said I was not aloud to. Then Katherine told me that my cousin pushed Jane off a chair and hurt her. I will not tell the rest of the story because it is not nice.

7th Aug 1991

Today we went to see Cheddar Caves. The first cave we went in was quite good but the second one we saw was the best. We went up Jacobs's ladder and up a tower, and then we went in the museum. We had our dinner and then we went to Monkeys. We had a good time. Then we went to Weston-super-Mare. Then we went home.

8th Aug 1991

Today we went to Weymouth; I went in the sea a lot. Once I went where I could not touch the bottom. I went to the market with Daddy then we went to Mc Donald's, me and Katherine got a hip pouch. Then we went home, we got home at 10:00pm.

9th Aug 1991

We went to Boward, we had our dinner, we had a good time, and then we went to Chippenham swimming pool.

11th Aug 1991

Today it is Sunday, we went to Trowbridge church, I do not know why, then we had our dinner then we went to our Aunties and Uncles house, we had a good time.

21st Sep 1991

Today we went to get a guitar so I could have lessons at school. Then we went to Soundwell swimming pool. Then we went to get some wood for our playroom.

22nd Sep 1991

Today it is Sunday, we went to church then we went home and had a nice time.

23rd Mar 1992

Today I went to school, when I came home I watched TV then went to bed.

24th Mar 1992

Today at school we did Geography, it is my favourite.

17th Aug 1992

Today our Granddad died in the night, he died when we were on holiday.

23rd Oct 1992

Hip hooray it's my birthday, I'm 10 years old. I had a troll from Jane and Hannah. (By the way Hannah was born last January.) From Mummy and Daddy I had some underwear, a tracksuit and a cabinet but we have to take it back and Daddy is going to make me one. I got a £5 note from both grandmas, £5 each.

25th Oct 1992 (just a few details)

I have not written in my diary for ages. I've got some information. I've got a new cousin. We went to Wales for a week.

26th Oct 1992

Today it is the beginning of the holidays. We went to town to get something from the £10 I got, I got a birthday troll.

12th Dec 1992

I keep forgetting to write my diary. Today is Saturday. We went up the church. Katherine and I had to practice the pantomime of Snow White and the 21 Dwarfs. We are fairies, we are starting next Tuesday. We had piano lessons and went Christmas shopping. I brought a play recorder for Hannah, a troll pencil case for Jane, a case for Daddy and a troll picture in a frame for Katherine.

13th December 1992

Today it is Sunday, it was conference. Me and Katherine cooked dinner and Mummy and Daddy washed up. Then we went to Grandma's house. They were talking about Daddy and my uncle. I don't know but Dad looked a bit sad and left the keys with Mummy and started to walk home.

19th December 1992

6 more days until Christmas. Katherine's friend came round to see us do the pantomime Snow White and the 21 Dwarfs. Katherine is being mean to me; she does not want me around. I am getting bored that is why I decided to write about today. We went swimming, today is the last day of the pantomime, I hope we can see it because a horse is coming on, I have not seen it before; I hope Katherine's friend enjoyed it. We are coming back at about 10:00pm so goodbye, wait until tomorrow for more details.

4th March 1993

Sorry I have not written for ages. I do try. Today James was bugging (by the way today is Thursday) me and Roger. I am beginning to think James is bad after all, because it is when he bugs us we fall out. Roger brought in Lizzy and Shandy, they are pet rats. I like his sisters best, Lizzy, she's nice. I am hoping to take Hunny in soon; she is my hamster I had for Christmas. Bye.

5th March Friday 1993

Today we had an in-service day, we went to town and when Daddy got home we went to Jollies to get Katherine's gerbil, she has called her Lizzy. The time is 7:55pm, 5 minutes to my bed time so goodnight.

6th March Friday 1993

Today we went to the cinema for Katherine's birthday with two of her friends; we watched "Honey I blew up the kid." The best bit was when the baby was big, the baby-sitter came round and the baby stuck his tongue out a bit and blew and the baby-sitter fainted. Before the party Katheryne came round to see Lizzy, she held her and Lizzy was dangling by her teeth from her thumb. Katheryne screamed.

Sunday 27th June 1993

Today Annette came to church. After we had been to Grandmas house Annette came round to play. We were playing Cluedo when by accident I saw Katherine's card. Katherine spoiled the game by showing the cards. I don't feel that I am Annette's friend. I'll probably leave her to Katherine. I am not the right type of friend for her when Katherine is around. Bye for now.

Monday 28th June 1993

Annette came round for family home evening to play and it was a disaster. Jane kept crying, Katherine and I kept fighting, but apart from that it was fun.

30th June 1993

Today at dinner, when Roger went to the toilet, Katherine took Rogers sunglasses. At the end of dinner Roger went before Katherine remembered to give them back Katherine gave them to me and I put then in my lunch box. I forgot about them and I've got them at home with me. Roger won't be very pleased. Yesterday Roger went to sign language classes with me. If we wanted to we could bare our testimonies, but we had to do it in sign language. Roger and I did it. Bye.

1st July 1993

Today we had our photos taken, there was this boy round Hannah's age and was attached to me and kept on cuddling me. Goodnight.

4th July 1993

Today there were 6 baptisms. We had to go to one which was really boring. Our cousins are around for the weekend. I've got lots more to do, I'll be exhausted by the time I get into bed so bye for now.

10th July 1993

Today I found a hedgehog in our garden, we gave it some milk. Tomorrow my friend is coming over to sleep; we are having a midnight feast, goodnight.

11th July 1993

Today it was this girl's baptism. We were not allowed to watch her being baptised because she was scared. I volunteered to play the piano. Goodnight.

18th July 1993

Today Katherine went round Annette's house. The house was so quiet without her.

5th August 1993

Today we went swimming, at the swimming pool there was a big float, I made it across twice. Tomorrow I'm going to Bath, Gloucester and W-S-M with Grandma, no matter what the weather I'm looking forward to it.

Sunday 12th September 1993

Smack, smack, smack. I am so naughty, I have not written in my journal for ages. Well last Sunday it was Jane's birthday, she is now four, and she starts nursery school this Wednesday. Today we did the Primary presentation, I played the piano all the way through and we went about 15 minutes over time. Goodnight.

Monday 13th September 1993

Today at school we had to split into groups for Ships. In the ships there had to be 1 captain and 3 crew. The teacher chose the captains. I had my piano lesson for an hour today. Goodnight for now.

Tuesday 14th September 1993

Today in the playground I was playing Witch with my friends and Katherine. James wanted a private word with Roger. After that word the rest of them were not my friend. They said it was because I was being bossy. During dinner James said to my friend "Don't be my friend because I was a waste of time." After school I rang up Roger and James and asked if we were friends, they both said yes. Bye.

Wednesday 15th September 1993

Tomorrow I've got flute lessons at school and I've got swimming, sorry I can't think of what to right, hopefully more information tomorrow.

Thursday 16th September 1993

Today at school I had flute lessons. We were meant to go swimming just before break but the coach didn't turn up so we went just before dinner break. I was up the top of the swimming pool. It is 12"6' deep, I can't touch the bottom. Bye for now.

23rd October 1993

It's my birthday today. I am 11. I had some clothes, £10 which I brought a fountain pen. I can't remember what else I had but I had a couple of more things. Oh I remember. I had a packsack. Mum and Dad are thinking of fostering some kids. We had a lady come round and look at the house. Friends are going down the drain lately. I've lost Roger. I'm hoping to be friends again but I doubt it. See you soon.

Friday 8th April 1994

Today I am going to sign language with Mum. I take James with me. It was the school hols 2 weeks ago and it still is but its back to school on Tuesday. I hope James can come because I rang him up but he was in town, his Dad said he will get James to ring me when he gets back but he hasn't yet. See you soon.

Saturday 9th April 1994

Dad is hoping to go swimming today but he had to go into work so we might not, anyway me and Katherine went yesterday so we might be going 2 days in a row, lucky us. James couldn't come to sign language yesterday so he missed out. It was the last one until further notice because the last 2 weeks there have been only 7 people because of the pantomime Jack and the Beanstalk. They have already shown it to our church but they are going to America to show it for a month. I am going to sleep around Annette's house tonight.

A man came round to collect 4 baby gerbils today, Katherine's lot have got 8 or 9 babies, incredible. I have another 4 but we think 2 have died, so I might only have 2. I have had Sandy for over a year now, Sandy is my pet gerbil.

Thursday 14th April 1994

I've got a boyfriend, he asked me out last week. He goes to our church or I wouldn't have said yes. I've got flute lessons today at school, I'm dreading it, and I have not played it all over the holiday. Roger's coming closer to being my friend.

Sunday 17th April 1994

Roger, James and Stan are not my friends anymore, I don't know why. I'm going to camp soon. I have no one to go with because Stephanie, my only proper friend is not going. I doubt Stephanie will want to be my friend for much longer, you see, she hasn't been in for a few days so she doesn't know about us breaking up. As soon as she comes back I think Roger and the rest will probably take her away from me, especially James. We had a deaf lady, come to sleep the night, she slept in my bedroom. I say that's all folks.

Tuesday 19th April 1994

I've found someone to go on camp with. After school me, my sisters and Mummy have got to walk to someone's birthday party for Jane. Mum says it's quite a little way.

Saturday 7th May 1994

There's 4 more days until camp. I would like at least £3 off Mum and Dad, we're allowed to take £5 but if I don't take at least £3 everyone's going to think I'm a dork, but I've got no money to take of my own. We've got to do a little play at camp in groups. In my group I'm Princess Diana and Julie, it's called Murder at Muckle Mansion. I'm at Annette's house at the moment because I'm sleeping round. The time is 9:05pm so I better finish. Goodnight

Sunday 15th May 1994

Yesterday I came back off camp, it was ace. We did problem solving and abseiling. On Thursday we went for a night walk, it was good but scary. Abseiling was

ace; we jumped down, ran and walked down. To do problem solving you have different tasks to do as a group, it was fun. Yesterday we went on a sculpture trail. There was a big stain glass window hanging from a tree. I am off to church; I think I have a new friend.

Thursday 19th May 1994

Today we were split into different classes for the afternoon. I had flute lessons. Half way through my lesson my friends tried to get into the quad, which is opposite the room. They heard me playing and looked at me. I got embarrassed. My flute teacher opened the door and said this and that, this and that, so they went. My flute teacher shut the door and said to me "That was one kind way to say Piss off." After flute lessons I went upstairs and told Roger what she said. Another boy heard what I said and he went to tell the head teacher. Dam, I am hoping my flute teacher won't find out. I have to go to Mutual on Tuesdays. It's past my bedtime. Goodnight.

Sunday 24th July 1994

I'm so sorry! I have been so naughty, many things have happened since I last wrote. I'll tell you what. A long time ago, I'd say back in May, on Monday in Family Home Evening, Dad told us that he and Mum had been going to classes about fostering. About a month later we started. At the moment we're fostering a boy whose 4yrs, and his sister who is 1yr old, they're going back on Tuesday.

About a month ago, it was Mums birthday. We brought her 2 pairs of earrings, a necklace and some smelly balls for her bath. Katherine hid them somewhere in her room, when it was Mums birthday she couldn't find them. Dad wasn't happy. Last Friday was our last day at school, Katherine went to get a game down and, hey bingo, there was Mums presents. She gave them to her and she was happy. Do you realise that I don't belong to any school! I've left junior school but haven't started senior school. Guess what? Katherine is in my old class next year, bad luck. He is the worst teacher in the school, I should know. Yesterday the foster kids went to see their Mum for the day. We went to Wales and played in a stream, it was ace. Today we are going to church, seya.

Monday 25th July 1994

Yippee, it's the school holiday and guess what? Katherine's gerbils have had 7 more babies.

Saturday 30th July 1994

Today we went to Trago Mills; it's a theme park. It was ace. Not this Thursday but the next we are having a little girl for 2 weeks, she is 3 yrs old. After we had been to Trago mills we went to a beach, the water was freezing but I went in it until I couldn't touch the bottom.

Sunday 31st July 1994

Today we went to church; Katherine's friend is coming to sleep. We had dinner then we went to Grandmas, now I'm home. Goodnight.

Wednesday 31st August 1994

We have 2 little girls. This Monday I go to Senior School. I'm trying to read the Book of Mormon. The other week I went to Butlins with a few Mutual girls.

Today Annette came round our house to sleep as Katherine's guest. Boohoo, I hate her. She tells lies because when I went round her house to sleep she said to me don't tell Katherine but you are more fun than her and when Katherine went round her house to sleep she said the same to Katherine. And Katheryne Gardener told me that when I went down the end of the cull-de-sac Annette said to her don't speak to her, don't speak to her. Today we went to town and had a Mc Donald's. Goodnight.

Thursday 1st September 1994

Nothing to tell really, went shopping, Katherine broke friends and I made friends with Annette. Katherine's gone to sign language and it just so happens that Katherine and Annette are friends again. Listening to "My Turn on Earth" so good night.

Friday 2nd September 1994

Yet again nothing much happened; I broke friends with Annette again. We got the paddling pool out, at night Katheryne came to play and I stood on her toe and a bit of her toe nail came off so she had to have a bath to get the mud out her toe. Going to bed now so good night.

8th October (or something like that)

Yet again, I'm sorry I haven't written. The two girls have gone but instead we have a 5yr old boy and guess what? He has been expelled from school because he hits, kicks and strangles people. So we will have to be very careful. I went to gym club last Wednesday and fell on my hand; I have fractured it and have a plaster cast on it. Katherine is going to camp tomorrow but she is not very well, so she might not go. Bye.

Monday 1st May 1995

Dear diary. Yet again, I'm very sorry I haven't written for ages. We have a new foster boy, we had him in about December and we might have him up to September. I am getting on very well in seniors but I do not have one best friend in my tutor group. I am now in Mutual at church. For my birthday, I had some friends around for Miss Millie's and we watched Jurassic Park. Our foster boy is 8 yrs old, he has been expelled from school and he lies a lot. I shouldn't be writing this because it is my bedtime so goodnight.

Friday 6th May 1995

Dear diary. Tuesday I went to bed at 10:00pm because of Mutual. Wednesday and Thursday I went to bed the same time because of the gym display. I was in five things. I was also the first person to do anything; it was on the trampolines and by myself. Goodnight.

Monday 17th July 1995

Dear diary, yet again I'm very sorry I haven't written to you for ages, I'm making a habit of it aren't I? Anyway, today we had a new girl come into our class at school. I guess she's o.k. but not my type. On Monday I didn't go to school, I had to go to the hospital about my arm.

Wednesday 19th July 1995

Since Monday, everyone has been calling Daniella, a girl in my tutor and me lezzy because we're always together. Today in registration, I totally ignored everyone and now Daniella thinks I'm not her friend. She can think that if she likes because in the lunch hour I was in a mood with another girl and Daniella said, "You're in a mood" I said yes but not with you. So she should know that I'm her friend.

Friday 21st July 1995

The lezz business has died down now but people are still going on about it. On the way home from school today there was a fight between these 3 girls. I would hate to be in a fight, but then who wouldn't? Two more days left of school until the summer holidays. Went to Katherine's school concert yesterday, it was o.k. see you soon!

12th December 1995

I keep saying this but I am very sorry that I haven't written for ages. I am 13yrs old now, for my birthday I had £40 to spend on clothes. Our foster boy is still with us, he's been here for about a year now, I'm beginning to have enough of him, and he gets on my nerves. Yesterday we decorated up for Christmas; I'm having a CD cassette player. Daniella and I aren't friends. Lately she's been bullied a lot. Today for example, 3 girls in out tutor were punching her in the cheek and stomach and things, they broke some of her stuff as well. She went off crying. Even though I'm not her friend, I still feel sorry for her. I want to move tutors or even schools. You see, I don't have one single friend in the whole tutor group. People say they're my friends but they're not.

13th December 1995

Went to school today, it was freezing. I didn't tell you, we've had snow this year already. I've quit gym club, the teacher doesn't know yet. I gave Katheryne Gardener her present today. She liked it. 12 more days until Christmas. I'm supposed to do some Art homework but I haven't, we've got a different teacher. I think he's a little softy so I might get away with it if I make up a good enough excuse.

14th December 1995

Went to school today, I didn't get told off about my homework. 4 more days left of school, I can't wait. Thank goodness tomorrow's Friday.

15th December 1995

Thank goodness it's Friday. Nothing much has happened today, it snowed a little but not much. I haven't told you but I've had a boyfriend since October, I haven't seen or heard from him atoll so I don't know if I still go out with him or not. That is about it from me today.

18th December 1995

1 ½ days left of school and 9 more days till Christmas. Went to see Great Nan today, it's been 2 years since I've seen her last. Yesterday I read a Point Horror book, I finished it today, I've read about 13, and they're good. A part of me wants to make friends with Daniella and the other part of me doesn't. I think I will stick with the part that doesn't. Thursday I asked Daniella to be my friend for a joke; she said no. So if I meant it I still don't think she will be my friend.

20th December 1995

Last day of school today, halleluiah. Surprisingly enough the fire bell didn't go off. I take he register to the office every morning and afternoon. A teacher gave me a nice folder and matching plain paper book. Dad said he doesn't want me reading Point Horrors all the time, so if I can't read them all the time then I will do it either secretively or not at all.

24th September 1996!

I'm terrible aren't I? For two weeks at the end of January we went to Florida which was ace, our foster boy has left us now. Daniella has left our school and we never made friends. Had another foster boy 3 yrs old, he's gone and we now have twins, 3 yrs old, they're sweet. I've got a new friend at school who's nice.

I never did see my boyfriend again or hear from him so I told one of his mates to tell him he's dumped and got another boyfriend the same night. I got off with him later on that night, he's drop dead sexy but he'll probably dump me. Katherine's gerbil called Lizzy has died along with the grey one of mine. Goodnight.

25th September 1996

After school today I had to go back for open evening, I made a pencil holder; I'm getting a new flute, which costs £300. I haven't told you that some time last year I passed my grade 3 on flute and I'm working towards my grade 3 piano.

This is just a written record so I have proof when it happened. Tonight is Sunday 30th March 1997. I'm 14yrs old. I was just leaving from an Easter musical fireside at Weston-super-Mare with the church where I played my flute. It was about 9:15pm when I saw a comet for the first time in my life. The comet I saw is called Hale Bob. It was like a star but it was a little bit brighter and it had like a tail. It wasn't moving that fast as I expected it to because as my friend pointed out, the comet moves, so does the earth. I just wanted to write this down so I would remember it and have proof that I really saw it.

2nd October 1997

I am so sorry I haven't written in ages! Well I am 14 and have just started year 10 at school. We stopped fostering at the beginning of the school holidays so I have my bedroom back! In September, I started Seminary with church. I'm finding it exciting but challenging especially getting up at 6:20am. I have to do it 4 days a week.

For my choices at school, I chose Textiles, full French, History and Child Development. I am hanging around with a new group of friends who I really like and enjoy being around. They are a fun group to be around but they are not in my tutor group but in most of my lessons. I don't get on atoll well with the girls in my tutor and never hang around with them.

Friday 3rd October 1997

Today's lessons were double Textiles, Maths, Humanities, English and French. In textiles with 2 girls in my tutor I am making a poster with textiles scissors, paper scissors and pinking shears on it. I'm making the pinking shears; it's going to be stressful. In French, our teacher was away so I didn't do any work. I want to move down a set because the work is too hard. My friends think I fancy Mr D, our head of year because I'm always going on about him but I don't fancy him atoll.

Sunday 5th October 1997

Today we went to Trowbridge for Conference. Then when we got back I went to my Aunties to find out about my youngest cousin because I'm studying her for Child Development. Then I came home and I have to finish my homework. By the way, we have a black rabbit called Lucy, she is a cross between a loped eared and an English rabbit. We brought her on Saturday 19th April 1997.

Wednesday 8th October 1997

Today my lessons were boring; Double Science, Child Development, English and Maths. Lunchtime though was brilliant. My other group of friends and I kept getting told off by the music teacher. It was such a laugh but you had to be there to understand how fun it was. We were also running around the school and I had the time of my life.

Thursday 9th October 1997

Last Tuesday I broke friends with Selina and that lot. It was because of Nicole but now we are all friends except Nicole and me. I don't go up the shops with them during lunchtime because I'm not welcome. However, since then I have had the best lunch times in ages with Leanne and co. Today we almost got into deep trouble because we were messing around where we shouldn't have been, ignored a teacher and then ran off when she called us back.

In year 9, I started getting into a lot of trouble; some of the things that happened are walking out of lessons, not going to lessons but going to Mr D, my head of year, getting sent out of lessons, put on report and I had a lates detention. Year 9 has been the best year so far. I have had another good day today.

One of the things I want to be able to say at the end of my life is that I stayed strong in the church for my whole life. Most people in their teen years go inactive but then come back. I don't want that to happen and I'm going to try my hardest to make sure that I achieve one of my dreams: to stay strong in the church all my life. Now our head of year is Mrs H and Mr D is something different. I'm not sure what it's called but it has something to do with overseeing years 9 and 10.

19th October 1997

Last Friday my friend came round to sleep. It was fun. In the morning we went down town for my birthday treat. I had £50 for my birthday and £18 pocket money to spend. We saw Hercules then went to Mc Donald's then shopping, it was brilliant. I brought a ring and a black Puma jacket. It was a good weekend.

Tuesday 21st October 1997

Today didn't go too well! I had my flute lesson, that was o.k., I had a brill lunch time but then I had Textiles. I did hardly anything; I was in one of those moods. I did my homework we were given that day instead of making our wall hanging; the reason being that whatever I did towards the poster the others changed it. It took me a whole double lesson to do almost one side of A4 paper. The teacher was getting angry with me so I started cheeking her. I had to stay behind after school, she started moaning at me, and she said she was going to get the head of Art to put me on subject report. So tomorrow is going to be murder!

Well I've got to go to Mutual now, which is at my school because the church is being redecorated.

12th April 1998

Yet again, I am so sorry I haven't written in ages! So here is what has happened since last time. I have moved tutors so I am now with Selina and that lot and everybody is friends! Moving tutor was a great move. At lunch times, we go up the shop and I don't see as much of Leanne in school but we are still close. I'd say my best friends are Nicole and Leanne.

I found out that Leanne self harms meaning she cuts her arms. I guess I've known for ages, at least the past 2 years but not really thought about it.

Nicole has just moved into our Textiles class and Textiles has improved a lot, meaning my behaviour. My worst lessons are Science, French and English. In Science, I sit with Selina, Beth and Nicole. Our teacher is Mr F. He's a nice teacher who Beth thinks I fancy, but I only have eyes for Carl Mills.

In Science, I sit down, do nothing, the title, and date if you're lucky. Mr F hates it but he lets me carry on because he knows its pointless arguing with me. If I don't want to do something then I don't care how much trouble it gets me into I won't do it. The same goes if I want to do something.

In French, I don't do the work and I can't. I have been sent out and made a complaint about the teacher, which I got into trouble for. I hate the teacher so much its unbelievable. I sit with my old tutor group because the others are in a different class. They're all a bunch of keeners except Linda who hates French and the teacher and gets into as much trouble as me. In English, I sit next to Nicole and when we are allowed, with Beth and Selina.

In English, I don't do any work but instead I do it at home so I get all my essays in on time, which annoys the teacher. The other day I had an argument with Ms T but of course, I won! At the moment, we're half way through the Easter holidays and for homework, we were given a thick book to read. I haven't, and I am not going to read it. I am on report for the second time for maintaining work and effort. I have been on it for a week and will probably be on it when I go back. Mum and Dad don't know I'm on report, how naughty I am or all my problems, which I will tell you in a minute.

Mr D has been really nice and understanding lately and he is the only one I have told all my problems. I really feel I can talk to him. I have seen the school nurse twice and hopefully cancelling my next appointment in May. I was supposed to see the school counsellor who Mrs H has been trying to get me to see for ages but I've been before to support my old friends and I don't like her.

You are probably wondering what on earth is wrong with me! Well I haven't been told this but I think I have a body disorder. I hate every little thing about myself. I am not eating properly, by this I mean only tea each day. I think this has been going on from at least the start of year 10 if not before.

Between September and January I lost a stone and now weigh 8 stone and I'm about 5 foot 5 inches. Mum and Dad don't know any of this but they know I don't eat breakfast. They've started to make me eat in the morning, which I really hate, but I can't tell them. If I start putting on weight then I am going to have to bring it up or something. I know it's grose but it is the only thing I can think of.

Mr D asked if I ever get hungry. Of course I do, I have just gotten use to it and can ignore it. I don't know why I starve myself, it's probably because I hate myself so much but I'm used to it. I need to know what is actually wrong with me but I don't know who to ask, I don't like talking to people except Mr D and Leanne. Mr D suggested seeing the school doctor so I might; just give it a go, what can I loose? Leanne has seen her for self-harm and says she isn't nice but I might just give it a go.
At church, I am the Mia-maid class president.

Like I said before, I love Carl Mills and most people know including my Dad and Mum. I have passed my grade 3 flute and grade 4 on the piano, which I passed with distinction.

My flute lessons have stopped recently because they were getting too expensive and I stopped enjoying them. Today is Sunday and we have one week left of the school holidays.
Although we have stopped fostering, we still have the twins occasionally for respite. Well I think I have babbled on enough now and anything I have forgot to tell you I will tell tomorrow.

Tuesday 14th April 1998

Today Dad had the day off work so we went to Longleat and into the maze. We only went into the maze because it was cheaper and we have been there before. The weather wasn't too good but we had fun wandering around for 3hrs.

We went to Mutual which was o.k. Leanne was there and we're supposed to be going to the cinema this week but I hope she's forgotten as we always end up talking about my problems which I don't mind but it must be so depressing for her, I don't want her to feel like that. She has much more fun around other people. I'm not jealous or anything, people prefer other people, that's just the way it is. Leanne is always asking if I'm OK, like tonight but I always put on a smile and say yes but in fact I can't remember the last time I was totally fine.

It's horrid. I get depressed so easily. I just look at myself and think you sad cow. I hate myself. I was just thinking that I couldn't remember the last time I ate 3 meals a day. I'm not exaggerating, I really can't remember. It must have been at least ½ a year ago. But then I'm not normal and probably never will be.

Wednesday 15th April 1998

Katherine and I went down town in the morning and I brought an Umbro wallet and a Puma t-shirt. The weather hasn't been that good so we didn't do anything in the afternoon. Mums been looking for a small car and this afternoon we went to look at one. The man selling it asked if I could drive. I couldn't believe it; you have to be at least 17 to drive. I don't look anything like 17, if anything I look younger than what I am, most people think so I don't know why he asked if I could drive.

I've been doing a horse cross-stitch quite a bit so I've been doing that most of the day.

Thursday 16th April 1998

Today was boring but it went by quite quick. I spent all day on the computer and doing my cross-stitch. For some reason I felt quite depressed, probably because I was by myself and I kept thinking how much I hate myself. I weighed myself and thankfully I haven't put on any weight, if I had I don't know what I would have done.

Friday 17th April 1998

Today went quite quick. It took Katherine and me until 1:00pm to finish the paper round. We deliver 314 Observer papers. Then for the rest of the day I lounged about the house, mainly on the computer.

I didn't have any breakfast and for dinner, I had 2 slices of bread, a packet of crisps and a mini Mars bar. For tea, I had a pot noodle because I don't like spaghetti. So eating wise I guess has been o.k. but I could have done with not eating so much for dinner but I didn't want Mum to start asking questions. If I had my own way, I'd not have anything to eat all day.

The holidays have gone by quite quick but it seems like ages ago I was at school, whereas it's only been 2 weeks. We have got an in-service day on Monday so Katherine and I are going to the cinema to watch Anastasia, seeing as Leanne hasn't mentioned anything. I'm glad she didn't but at the same time disappointed.

Saturday 18th April 1998

Today was OK Dad didn't go to work so until 1:00pm we went up the chapel to help tidy it up. I can't believe that Katherine opened her big mouth. She only went and told all the boys that I fancy Carl. It's soon going to be common knowledge.

After that we went shopping and looking for cars. Then we went home and I spent the rest of the day doing my cross-stitch.

Since about Christmas; for some reason or other I fall asleep in tears, close to tears or depressed. I think it is because I get to thinking about everything and I start to imagine things happening to do with my problems. Every night this happens and I can't help it. I also take ages to get to sleep; this is probably because I'm thinking about everything.

Sunday 19th April 1998

I'm going to have to sort my problems out because the church teaches that things like depression are all works of Satan, which I guess are. I guess there's nothing wrong with me, I'm just being stupid, nothing serious anyway. On the other hand there must be something wrong with me otherwise I would eat properly and not be so unhappy all the time. So I don't know what to think anymore.

Monday 20th April 1998

Today Katherine and I went to see Anastasia at Cineworld. We got there just before it opened and the whole time we were the only ones in there. It was good, especially being the only ones there. Well today, I had a good time but that is where the fun ends as I've got school tomorrow, fun.

Tuesday 21st April 1998

CARL LIKES ME! It's true, I can't believe it, and I'm walking on clouds. He found out that I fancy him and today after church he asked if he could have a word with me. He said that he likes me and he would go out with me but he doesn't think my Dad

would be too happy, but if I wanted, we could give it a go. I said that I would prefer to wait anyway. Call me stupid but I think it would be a lot better because then we can be more open about it and I don't want to ruin our friendship that we have now. Well that is the main thing that happened today.

I don't want to tell you about school and my feelings although they're not too bad because they're unhappy. All I want to do is smile, be happy and think of Carl.

22nd April 1998

I knew I wasn't going to be happy for long and that school would be the reason. I need your help; I don't know what to do. I'm so mixed up and I hate myself. Last night I was so happy and it made me think. In the end, I decided it was time for a change and I would start eating properly, stop feeling sad and upset, try my hardest in English, French and especially Science.

Well today, I had 3 proper meals for the first time in ages but in Science, I didn't do any work. I really hate myself. I was going to work quick and hard. For the first lesson, I did but then I stopped. Mr F said he was going to see Mrs H and I don't know what to do. I know I can't carry on like this because it wouldn't be fair if someone didn't tell, Mum, Dad, and I would then be in so much trouble, but like I said, I set out to do something but then for some reason I don't do it.

I really need to talk to someone but I don't know who. Mrs H is the best person to see if I'm in trouble but Mr D is the best person to talk to about my problems.

23rd April 1998

The only good thing that happened today is that I ate 3 meals again. School wasn't good at all. The first 2 lessons were Science; yet again I only worked for the first. I don't think Mr F knows and he hasn't seen Mrs H. French was a nightmare. Linda and I sit with our backs to the front so it's easier for us to mess around. Today I went in and told Linda I wanted to get sent out. She said that I could but she didn't want to. So when Miss handed the textbooks out I told Linda to keep it shut which she did and we started talking when Miss was. Miss asked us to sit at the front. Linda moved but there was no way I was. Miss said to move or leave. So I picked up my stuff and left. The whole class were jeering.

I walked round the school shaking; I couldn't believe I walked out. After school, I went and saw Mrs H and told her what happened. I don't know if it's the same with everyone else but I find that if I tell her I have done something wrong before someone else tells her I get into less trouble. She wanted me to get the work I missed and do it at home but Miss said I couldn't do it without the notes on the board. She wasn't too impressed either. I have French tomorrow.

I am sorting my eating out and I do not hate myself so much although I have put on a bit of weight. But school seems to be getting worse instead of better.

24th April 1998

Today was quite good, even French was OK I forgot to tell you that I'm not on report anymore, thank goodness. Next week I have my mock exams. I think at the end of school I will leave with the following grades.
Maths- C, if I work on it
English- C, if I work on it
Humanities-B
Textiles- A/B
History- A
Child Development- A
Science- fail
French- fail

I am not learning anything in Science or French and I don't care. But that's not the way Mum and Dad would see it. At the end of the day I think I could walk away with a least 5 G.C.S.E's which is quite good.

Katherine asked me today if I've ever bunked off school. Only so many times I can't remember, but I have always stayed on the grounds.

27th April 1998

Today was OK I had my history and English mocks. History was easy but English took more thinking about. I walked home with two friends. I brought a chocolate bar and packet of crisps. They were messing around pretending to be shocked that I was eating. I know they were only joking but it does put me off eating if people are going to make fun of me.

It was just my luck that the only two lessons I had were Science! Mr F made a big mistake by moving Selina and Beth away from me and Nicole thinking it would shut us up. Instead, Nicole and I didn't stop talking. Because the others weren't with us, we talked about things we wouldn't have done if they were. So sir was pretty gutted.

28th April 1998

I have so much to tell you, it's amazing how much can happen in one day. In French, I didn't do any work but Miss didn't say anything. Then I had my Humanities exam, which was quite easy.

After lunch I had Textiles. For some reason I didn't do anything, I don't know why. It's not like Science, French or English. I like Textiles. Mrs P wasn't happy and she gave me a lecture after school about how I have the ability to do well and next time I wasted a lesson I would be kept for a detention to make up for the work I missed.

I have been waiting for tonight all day. For Mutual, we went to Weston and I spent half the night with Carl. I love him to bits. I was in heaven all night, just him being there is enough let alone talking to him and messing around with him. My Dad seriously thought we were going out with each other and it took some persuading to tell him otherwise. Someone told him they had seen us kissing and Dad thought he did but we didn't. It's going to be a whole week before I next see him because we are at an Uncles Monday to Friday. I can't believe it's going to be a whole 7 days without Carl.

29th April 1998

I feel like I have had such a bad day! I had my Science exam, which I could do hardly any of. I keep telling myself and everyone else that I don't care but I guess deep down I do because it could mess up my whole future.

After break, I had my Child Development exam, which was quite easy. After lunch I had Maths and English, Maths was good. In English, we had to sit and listen to a tape of a book we're supposed to be reading. I was moved for talking and at the place I was moved to I started reading exam papers. We are supposed to be on page 91 of the book but I haven't touched it or got a clue what it's about. I stayed behind for Maths revision for my exam Friday.

Everyday this week I have told Mum and Dad how my exams went and how early I finish. I told them I didn't do well in Science. They kept saying how I need to answer all of the questions even if it's just a guess, but how can I if I don't have the slightest clue? I told them so and now all of a sudden they say I'm not doing well in any of my mocks all because of two subjects. I think it is totally unfair how they say that, they expect so much of me and they over react. I can't tell them anything even if I wanted to I have left it too late, I can't tell them anything. I'd be letting them down so much.

Mr D would say that I'm letting myself down more than anyone else, but I'm not important. I'm in tears writing this so I'd better stop otherwise I'm going to be in a right mess. Just think of Carl then everything will be all right.

Thursday 30th April 1998

Today was OK I had Science first 2 lessons and as you can guess I didn't do any work, Mr F didn't say anything. I had English in the library and I "forgot" my book. Selina and I kept talking so we had to sit by Miss because we couldn't be trusted. She also made us and 4 others stay behind after school.

You know I've been eating properly these past 2 weeks. Well I'm going have to stop eating at school because all Leanne and co do is make fun of me. I know they're only messing around but it really puts me down. If I can't have the support of my friends then say no more. I laugh along with them, what else can I do? They don't understand. They don't say anything when I don't eat because they're used to it so that's how it is going to have to carry on. Nicole is lovely though; she doesn't say anything either way and doesn't make fun of me. Why can't they all be like that?

It's beginning to get to me now but for the past week, I've been scratching and digging at my arm. No, I'm not copying Leanne and I'll never forgive anyone who says I am because I'm nothing like her. I don't think it's that serious but it does help. Last night I was crying and getting wound up. I dug at my arm until it was red and took some skin away, to my surprise it helped. I'm not going to let it get that serious, but then I said that about my eating. It's just that I need something to take my anger out on straight away, cause relief. I'm an easy target.

Tuesday 5th May 1998

Today was OK; French went fine although I got told off a little for talking. I didn't take my book into English again so again I had to stay behind after school. I didn't get to talk to Carl at Mutual let alone give him a hug goodbye. I was quite upset.

I scratched myself again today at Mutual. I'm so sorry. I had a go at Leanne for cutting herself, and then I go and do it. I hate myself for doing it, I'm just messing myself up. I'm going to cry if I carry on writing.

Wednesday 6th may 1998

Today was terrible. I found out my results for Science and Maths. I got 22%-G in Science and 47%-C in Maths, which I was quite pleased with. I didn't take my English book in again so I had to stay with D- I read the first page! I was crying whilst I was at school and I have made my arm twice as worse, it's quite a state now. The first day I attacked them was Tuesday 21st April 1998.

When I got home, I told Mum about my grade for Maths, she wasn't too pleased at first but when I explained how it was quite good because I have a year to work towards a better grade she was OK about it. When Dad got home, I told him, quite pleased with myself. Told him it was a C and he said it was rubbish and I needn't stand there thinking it's good because it's garbage. I said it wasn't but he wouldn't listen.

This evening I cried my eyes out. I cried about me scratching my arm, about school and about what Dad had said. I do try my best but I can't be my best, everyone expects so much of me. I can't do it; I can't even behave myself at school.

Thursday 7th May 1998

Today was another bad day. To cut a long story short I told Leanne about what Dad had said and about how much everything is getting to me. I told her about cutting myself and I cried my eyes out. Mrs H saw us and I had to tell her something so I told her about what Dad had said. She said not to listen to him. A C is quite good. Leanne is the only one who knows about me hurting myself.

I'm so scared, if Mum, Dad or any adults find out I don't know what they'll say. I don't like or enjoy hurting myself but I have to take my anger out on something and I'm not important. So I have to take everything out on myself.

Friday 8th May 1998

I got a D in one of my English exams which Mum is OK with, I haven't told Dad. I talked to Leanne about self-harm. She gave me a good reason for the Marks. "The rabbit did it." It's a wonderful excuse and I'm going to use it.

Saturday 9th May 1998

I had an exciting time today, I was happy all day. It was the stake games day at church. My ward won both Netball and Unihoc. We were pleased. The weather was nice; I caught the sun on my nose and under my eyes.

After the games, my family and I went on "our walk" along Burrington Coomb. Katherine and I jogged for a mile of it; I was well pleased with myself. At school, I struggle to do 800m let alone 1 mile. Then we watched part of the Eurovision song contest, Great Britain came second.

Monday 11th May 1998

In Science, I didn't do any work but what's new? Mr F drew out a seating plan leaving Selina and Beth at one end of the room with Nicole and I at the other.

I asked Mrs H if she had cancelled my appointment with the nurse, she said it was on her list of things to do today. She probably thinks I have something to hide i.e. lost a lot of weight but I haven't. She'll probably say that she thinks that I have something to hide to the nurse so she won't cancel. So I just won't go. I don't like it and all the questions she asks, I don't feel comfortable in there.

Tuesday 12th May 1998

I had my appointment with the nurse. I told Mrs H before I went and she came with me. She sat there whilst the nurse went on saying how it's my body and nobody can make me do something I don't want to do. She also asked if I was eating properly and I said yes, which is true and I don't have to see her again.

I had French. It was brill! Miss moved Linda and me down a set. For the first time since year 8, I could actually do the work set. I can start enjoying French now. I got my Textiles results back, which was a C. I have so much going for me what with church and that and I could do so well in school but I feel like I'm throwing it all away. I have a caring family and I'm letting them down badly. I don't care that I'm letting myself down, I'm not important, it's more important to please other people.

I scratched myself again just now, well I'm the easy target to take it out on and I would get into more trouble if I took it out on someone else.

Wednesday 13th May 1998

It's just another depressing day. I didn't do any work in Science, I got my Child Development results back, 48%-C/D, I thought I would get better. I told Selina that I cut myself, she didn't say much. At first, I told her that the rabbit did it and she believed me, which is good. Last night I cut myself quite bad, I had to put a plaster on one cut to stop it bleeding which is why Selina noticed.

Thursday 14th May 1998

I got my other grade back for English- D. we had Rounders for P.E, which I enjoyed, it has been the hottest day of the year.

Just thinking of French and Miss and there are a few facts to point out. Linda and I weren't moved down, we were chucked out! Apparently the lesson we went Miss said "thank goodness they've gone, now we can get on with things" and she told another girl who had been getting a bit naughty that "now I've got rid of the other two you can start

getting back to how you used to be and get on with your work." She hasn't got a right to say things like that.

She didn't like us and couldn't handle us. She also didn't like how we didn't do any work.

Friday 15th May 1998

It was another hot day. Summer's finally coming. All my lessons went well except English. We had a supply teacher who was the worlds greatest Bitch. Right from the start I was being rude to her and she was being rude and impolite back so she asked for trouble. To cut a long story short I went back and forth to Mrs H's classroom. At the end of the lesson, Mrs H just said to read the book this weekend and do the work I was supposed to do in the lesson, yeah right. The book was meant to be finished for Monday; I've read the first page. I love winding supply teachers up.

Monday 18th May 1998

I cut myself again just now. I don't know why I keep telling you when I do. It probably sounds like I'm boasting but the truth is that I hate doing it. I look at Leanne's arms and think that is disgusting how she does it to herself, how could she do it? I don't agree with it. How can someone sit there and do that to themselves? But I do. I'm totally ashamed of it, it's nothing to be proud of or show off. I don't hide it at school anymore and if people ask, the rabbit did it which they readily accept, although no adults have seen it yet.

Wednesday 20th May 1998

I've decided that if I don't have anything happy to write about then I'm not going to write, which is why I didn't write yesterday, every thing that could have gone wrong did. I bunked off P.S.E and Mrs P phoned home.

Today wasn't much better either. So in future I'm only going to write about the good things in my life, not the bad. You must really hate me going on about my problems. Put it this way, all my problems are getting 10xs worse.

I shouldn't be saying this but I hate myself and don't see why anyone should like me, let alone Carl. I just wish everyone would leave me alone. If they did I would probably end up killing myself, but why not?

21st May 1998

Seeing as I have had all my mock results back here they are:

Textiles- C/D-42%
Child Development- C/D-48%
English- D-41%
Science- G-22%
Maths- C/D-47%
Humanities- D-63%

All my results were quite good except Science.

Friday 22nd May 1998

Last day of school before ½ term. I'm now beginning to realize why I starve and cut myself. I was starving myself because it was my way of coping but it didn't work because Mum and Dad found out. I couldn't starve myself properly because I had to eat tea. Because I had to eat properly I started with self harm. I have to have something to make my problems go away and take my anger and depression out on. I feel that I'm always upset and when I'm happy it feels strange, like it doesn't feel right. For some reason I start to feel guilty for being happy.

Saturday 23rd May 1998

Today we had the twins and went to Wales for the day which was OK. Church tomorrow and Carl will be there. Thank goodness it's the school holidays. I can guarantee I won't be harming myself next week.

I have decided that when I go back to school I am going to work in every subject. This time I really mean it. It's going to be hard work and I'm probably going to have to put in extra work for all the lessons I've missed. I need Science so I might as well pass it now rather than waste another year retaking it at college where time and money are precious.

Saturday 30th May 1998

I've spent this week lounging around and doing homework. Saw a film at the cinema which I really enjoyed went to Bath and yesterday was a church trip up to the new Preston temple which was a good day. Today we went biking in the Forest of Dean for 5hrs, it was brilliant and although I'm aching now I'd love to do it again.

Sunday 31st May 1998

Carl told me that I looked nice today, I probably went bright red. No school tomorrow, in-service day. I booked a place on the coach to Preston Temple for the dedication next week, I had the last seat. I'm really looking forward to it as I've not been to a dedication before. I'll also miss school, he, he.

Friday 5th May 1998

School hasn't been too good this week and it seems like I've been back ages. I asked to be put back on report. In Science I only wrote 4 lines. I need to sort myself out and I'm really trying hard, even though it wouldn't be the first time. I scratched myself again, I was really down. I had to stay with Mr D again for English because I didn't do enough coursework, stupid isn't it?

On my Science book cover I have written Carl's name several times, like you do. Mr. F saw it and asked who Carl was. I said he was "just a boy"

"Oh, just a boy?"
"Yeah" "does he go to this school?"
"Used to"
"Ah, be careful; make sure he's got loads of money"
Mr F laughed, I smiled and laughed as well. I was surprised he said it.

Yesterday whilst walking into Science I handed Mr F my report card as I walked past he said
"Maintain? More like start"
He's being a bit cocky lately! Later in the lesson I said to him
"That wasn't fair what you said earlier"
He gave me a puzzled look and Nicole said
"Maintain"
He said
"Well, how can you maintain something you don't start?"
I just said it still wasn't fair.

Saturday 6th June 1998

CARL IS MINE!! There was a church stake dance tonight and at the dance Carl gave me this letter then asked me out. I thought it was really sweet.

Ella,

Right, well I decided to write this letter to you because I am a chicken and keep bottling out of telling you what I think in person. Firstly, I'm not very good at showing my emotions to people. I also don't like talking to people about myself very much. I find it hard to tell someone how I really feel about them because I'm too shy. I also have trouble trying to talk to someone I really like because I can never think of something to say to them, I would like to be able to talk to you a lot more than I do. The main reason why I am writing this letter is because I would love for you to be my girlfriend. So now that you have finished reading this letter Carl should ask you some questions and hopefully you and Carl will get together.

Love Carl

We slow danced for 4 songs and everyone knows we're together including Dad. He was there and said it was pretty obvious. I really love Carl and it feels so right being around him. We didn't kiss and I'm glad, I don't want to rush into things and I want it to be special because I love him so much. All my other boyfriends were nothing compared to Carl. They were my age, I didn't love them, just liked them and because we kissed straight away I didn't feel anything special. I love Carl and I love being around him, I always will.

Sunday 7th June 1998

Today was quite good. I spoke to Carl in general quite a bit. I had to play the organ in church; my hands were shaking because I was so nervous. After church we went down Grandma and Granddads as usual. I finished my cross stitch today; it has taken me

since January to complete it. I've enjoyed doing it and am going to do a leopard on black next.

Monday 8th June 1998

I hated today but I was let off very lightly with the amount of work I didn't do. I hate school so much and it makes me so unhappy, I'm glad I've got the day off tomorrow to go to the dedication. Life is perfect out of school. School is making me so unhappy and being on report isn't really making me improve.

I couldn't believe my English teacher today, she wouldn't except that I'm finding this essay really difficult and can't do it, she thinks I'm messing around. You can't win with teachers; you get into trouble either way.

Wednesday 10th June 1998

Yesterday Dad and I went to the Preston temple dedication. Carl was there and I spent the whole day with him, including the 5hr coach journey both ways. It was such a perfect day, I couldn't have asked for a better one. It was an experience I will never forget. One of the many things I like about Carl is that he makes me laugh, I can never be sad around him and he's full of compliments.

Well, I don't want to talk about today, just that I hated it, cried and cut myself. It's so horrible. I had a wonderful day yesterday with Carl and church, where I belong, and then I have to go to school where I am so unhappy. Because of school I tell myself I hate myself. I have just spent a solid 5hrs doing my English essay that's due in tomorrow, there must be something wrong with me!

It was the start of the football world cup today and of course England is going to win!

Thursday 11th June 1998

Today was quite horrid. I told Mr F that I used to starve myself and now I self-harm. On top of which Ms T wrote home about my essay. Mr. F said I needed to talk to a professional and that there is something wrong with me because I am so unhappy and what I'm doing is pretty desperate. He also said that he was going to talk to Mrs H which I don't want him to do atoll.

Dad isn't home yet but Mum went quite mad about the letter. I can't believe Ms T wrote home and after all that work I did on it last night. Why can't everyone leave me alone? I hate to draw attention to myself, I don't like talking about my problems and it was awfully hard telling Mr F.

I don't want anyone to make a fuss because it's too much hassle and I'm not worth it. Nobody understands what I'm going through and I hate being like this. You might say well stop then. It's not as easy as that, I wish it was.

Friday 12th June 1998

Mrs H had a chat with me first thing today. She said she had to tell the deputy head of the school and she is going to make an appointment for me to see the school doctor that comes in. I can't believe she told the dept. head. She said she had to cover her back incase I decided to kill myself, if she kept it to herself she'd get into trouble for not passing it on. But I didn't want anyone else to know.

Ms T is a F**King b**ch. She only went and changed the deadline for the essay after writing to our parents. I'm getting into trouble now for no reason. I don't ever want to see the teachers who know again because I'd feel so uneasy knowing they know what I do.

I'm not looking forward to Science on Monday because I'm bound to feel uncomfortable around Mr F. Even though he won't say anything I will always feel he is looking at my arm.

Saturday 13th June 1998

Today was OK Katherine, a friend and I went swimming and after I went to her flat. It was so boring.

Because of Ms T I'm supposed to be having this chat with Dad, I'm supposed to tell him everything. There's no way I will but I will have to tell him something. I'll probably say how I'm struggling in Science a little, if I tell him nothing he will get angry. I couldn't tell him about self-harming even though deep down I would like to, I just couldn't do it to them. I am so unhappy at the moment, I've never wished for this attention and I don't like it.

Guess who I saw today? Anthony from juniors, he is so different I only just recognized him. It was strange seeing him I didn't stop to talk, just said hello.

I didn't think I'd ever hear myself say this and I keep telling myself that I don't, but I want to die.

Sunday 14th June 1998

Even church isn't bringing me happiness at the moment. I don't want to go to school tomorrow, I have Science. I will probably have to wear a jumper because I swear that by the end of tonight I will have Marks all up my arm.

Dad asked today if I'm still on report, of course I am but I said no. I hate lying to them but I have to. Why can't everyone just leave me alone? I want to die.

Monday 15th June 1998

I had that "little chat" with Dad today. He now knows that I self-harm and that I'm on report, I feel a bit better now they know. 2-0 to England! We won against Tunisia.

Tuesday 16th June 1998

I got into a bit of trouble today and had to see Mr D. I think he's had enough of me. I told him I self-harm and he said he already knew. He wants to get Mum and Dad in

but hopefully it won't go that far. I told him that I think I'm failing and he tried to get me to say positive things about myself.

When I leave school I want to be an infant school teacher and I need Science, English and Math. Mr D thinks I should forget it because Science and English are my worst subjects. But since I've been home I've decided that I'm going to have to prove him wrong and show him that I can do it. It will take a lot of hard, determined work and effort. I haven't self-harmed today and never will again, yesterday was the last time.

I have turned over a new leaf, it won't be easy but it will be worth it. I know I've said this before but this is probably my last chance. So say hello to the new Me. After 2yrs she has finally come back.

Wednesday 17th June 1998

Today was brilliant. I saw Mr D and told him I was going to prove him wrong. He said "go for it mate." He's always calling me mate and trouble.

Friday 19th June 1998

It's beginning to be a habit again, I was good in school! I was just thinking that you didn't really know the old me as I only really started writing after I changed. Well, I was a right little keener; I always behaved and did my work, a right teachers pet. The only problem was that I didn't have any friends, I was quite lonely. But the me who worked hard is coming back but I'm keeping all my friends mind you.

I saw Carl at church today, I only spoke to him a little because I had to go straight away, but it was enough. It feels so right being around him and I have this very strange feeling that I'm going to marry him, I'm in love.

Tuesday 23rd July 1998

I'm still on report and Mum and Dad are singing it. They don't mind that much because I'm being good in all my lessons. I saw Carl at Mutual today, he's so sweet, and I love him to bits.

When I grow up I know I want to teach but I don't know what age group. I want to teach mainly history but I like little kids which means I teach all subjects broadly. I might teach at a Secondary school instead, the only problem being it would be challenging teaching the kids who behave like me.

Thursday 2nd July 1998

Nothing much to tell really, I've been behaving myself at school. It would be interesting to have another chat with Mr D and see what he thinks to the new me. I had tutor-based parents evening today which wasn't that bad and I wasn't expecting it to be.

Friday 3rd July 1998

Ms T thinks Katherine is “lovely”, there must be something wrong with her. Ms T was saying that she never would have guessed that we were sisters because Katherine is so quiet and I’m completely the opposite. I hate them both so much.

Katherine has had her school report, all 1’s and a few 2’s. When she told Mum and Dad I saw Dad give me a side disappointed look because “I’m underachieving”. Katherine is doing so well at school and I’m not, I can tell Mum and Dad prefers Katherine. She’s doing so well at school and Dad told me she’s better looking than me.

Saturday 4th July 1998

Carl kissed me today, our first kiss. Today has been wonderful. You should have seen me after we kissed, I couldn’t stop smiling, and my head was in the clouds.

Monday 6th July 1998

This week I’m on work experience at my old Infant school, it was really good, I enjoyed myself. Today is Carl’s and mine anniversary, we’ve been going out for a month. He’s kind, sensitive, caring and always makes me laugh. I enjoy it on work experience; it’s so different to school. It’s a shame it’s only going to be for a week.

I regret not writing in my journal whilst I was in year 9. There are so many things I want to remember but struggle to because I never wrote them down.

Friday 10th July 1998

I almost cried today because it’s my last day of work experience. I have enjoyed it so much and I don’t want to go back to school. I want to stay there forever and ever.

Sunday 12th July 1998

I don’t want to go back to school tomorrow; I want to go back on work experience. I wonder if I’m still on report, I think I need to be as I can feel myself slipping again although I’m trying not to. It’s a lot easier to be naughty and a lot more fun.

Tuesday 14th July 1998

I saw Carl today and he kissed me in the car when he left. He gave me a letter. I think he’s so sweet, I love him to bits.

Sunday 26th July 1998

It’s the summer holidays. We broke up on Friday and I have a lot of course work to do over the holidays. I’ve seen Carl quite a bit and we went on our first date last Wednesday, we went to watch Grease. Yesterday Carl, Dad and I went cycling in the Forest of Dean, it was quite good. I love Carl so much and I always want to be with him.

Thursday 6th August 1998

I've been going out with Carl for 2 months now. On Monday the family and I went to Wales to see some castles, I came home to flowers from Carl. Tuesday we went to Longleat, yesterday we went to Weymouth and today we went to Trago Mills.

Monday 10th August 1998

Last Friday we went to the temple to do baptisms for the dead and on Saturday we went cycling again. Carl is getting annoyed because whenever he tries to arrange something for us to do together I'm always busy; he thinks I'm doing it on purpose.

Friday 14th August 1998

This week has been quite good. We've been rock climbing and caving with Splash, both activities were brill. Wednesday a group of us went up the church to discuss the road show; they've decided to base it on my idea. Carl read me a letter saying how much he loves and misses me; he also said something about the future.

Thursday 20th August 1998

I spent most of the day round Carl's house. We watched videos and on the way home we kissed, a real kiss. It was wonderful and I can't wait to do it again. I'm going on holiday with the family on Saturday. Just as I left Carl gave me this letter.

Any time you're feeling down or just a little blue,
Put a smile back on that face and remember "I love you"
I love you and I will be waiting for you to get back. So enjoy yourself whilst you are away then tell me about it when you get back.
I will always love you. Love Carl.

I looked at myself in the mirror yesterday and I wish I hadn't. I'm too fat, I have to loose weight. I've decided that when I go back to school I'm not going to be eating lunch and not eat anything before I go to bed. It's the easiest way to loose weight. I don't care what Carl says, I don't have a lovely figure.

Saturday 29th August 1998

We got back from holiday today, I had a great time. We went scuba-diving, found a message in a bottle, and went to beaches, castles and lots more. The weather was wonderful. I haven't really missed Carl that much although I will tell him I did.

I have decided to give you a name and write this journal like a letter. I can't remember if I told you but when I'm married to Carl and we have a little girl I want to call her Sky Louise because I love the name so much. So from now on that's what I'm going to call you, Sky, after my little girl.

Sunday 30th August 1998

Dear Sky. At church today Carl told me how much he missed me. He said that he thought of me over 100 times, I didn't really miss him that much. I'm kinda looking forward to going back to school Friday because I'll be seeing my friends and finding out what knew teachers I have.

Thursday 3rd September 1998

Dear Sky. School tomorrow! These holidays have gone by so quick but they have been brilliant. It feels strange to be going back to school. I had to write a short story for English homework. I wrote a diary of a girl who looses her parents, starves herself, self-harms, gets bullied and commits suicide. I didn't find it that hard because in some cases I was referring to myself.

Friday 4th September 1998

We were given our timetable today; I have the worse one ever. Triple French, double Maths, English and Humanities amongst other lessons. I'm still in top set for Science, secretively I'm glad. I'm starting to admit that I do like Mr F.

Thursday 10th September 1998

Dear Sky. I'm sorry I haven't written to you, I should have done because so much has happened.

English: At the moment Ms T is very pleased with me and my work, I'm finding that I'm looking forward to the lessons!

French: I am in 2nd set and the teacher is hard to understand because she speaks to us in French.

Textiles: This lesson is OK because I have a new teacher who is nice.

Science: this is the murder lesson. Last Monday I found out that I'd been moved down to set 3, I hate the class because I'm with people who mess around and don't care about their grades. The teacher can't control the class; they throw things and are constantly shouting. I've had water flicked over me, stabbed in the back and accused of being a thief. I told Mrs H that I wasn't going back.

CARL'S GOING ON HIS MISSION. He's going when he turns 19 instead of later. I told him I wanted him to go as soon as possible, he said I was the only one who could change his mind.

Sunday 13th September 1998

I saw Mrs H about Science but it looks like I'm staying in the class I'm in. I've been told I am in the class as people with the same ability as me.

Sunday 20th September 1998

School is quite good at the moment, mainly because I'm behaving myself and getting on with the work. Science is a laugh although I'm not learning anything. Mrs H is still our head of year and Mr D has nothing to do with us but if we're naughty in English Ms T will still send us to him because he knows us.

Don't ask me how I feel about Carl at the moment. Don't get me wrong, I still love him, he's just getting on my nerves a tiny little bit. Today he asked me
"How come it seems like I'm making all the moves like holding your hand and kissing you?"
That's not the kind of thing you say to your girlfriend. It's just some of the things he comes out with that bug me.

Wednesday 23rd September 1998

One month till my birthday. I had an exam result back in French- 73, the one below was 45. My French teacher isn't that bad really. I was talking to Linda and she said that the teacher wanted us to go back to the top set. Miss knows that I have a "behavior problem" as she asked the class why I was in this set. I'm trying to improve my behavior and at the moment I'm doing quite well, I think most of it is to do with my teachers.

Thursday 24th September 1998

I am a disgrace to myself, I look pregnant. I weigh 8 1/2 stone. I have to loose weight so I'm back to starving myself, I've been going without dinner; it's the only meal I can get away with.

Saturday 26th September 1998

I'VE FINISHED WITH CARL! He was getting too serious, talking about spending the rest of his life with me. He needs to chill out a bit, he doesn't like it. We're still friends and I said we could get back together in the future. I don't want a serious relationship just yet, I'm only 15.

Sunday 27th September 1998

Carl tried to make me change my mind about us by saying how much he loved me. That was part of the reason why I split up with him. I didn't change my mind and I left him crying.

Monday 28th September 1998

Have you ever thought what would happen if someone ever read this journal, like when I'm dead or something. I know they will, I just keep wondering who and what they'll think.

Tuesday 29th September 1998

I haven't had anything to eat these past 2 days; Selina and co are starting to notice I'm loosing a little weight. Carl thinks I'm treating him like dirt, I hate him. I'm so mixed up at the moment. I wish me and Carl never were.

I think Dad's worried about me. I'm not eating and English is beginning to fall apart again. I'm getting in trouble for messing around every lesson. I can't be bothered anymore.

Sunday 4th October 1998

Today was General Conference which as usual I found quite boring. Dad's constantly giving me grief about how lovely I am at home and church but completely opposite at school. I've told him so many times that I doing better, why can't he just accept that I've changed? He keeps asking me if I still self-harm, I really wish he didn't know. It's like he doesn't trust or believe me anymore.

Wednesday 7th October 1998

Today I didn't have any dinner. I was supposed to have a detention from Science but ran out a few minutes before the bell. I forgot to tell you that yesterday I pushed Beth out of English whilst Miss was out the room. I held the door handle up so she couldn't get in but it was Miss trying the door. It was funny.

Thursday 8th October 1998

I'm so scared; I don't know what to do. I worried I'm going to start self-harming again. Last time it started with problems, then me starving myself. I want to talk to someone but I'm too scared to ask. I know that if I don't ask for help things will get worse and that's what I'm scared of most.

Friday 9th October 1998

Things got worse today. I woke up feeling quite depressed and started sniffing solvents, it gave me a headache. In History I couldn't be bothered to do any work so I just sat there. Mr B got annoyed. I later apologized and gave him permission to tell Mrs H that I'm having the same problems as last year. He was going to write home but because he knows there are further problems he's putting it on hold.

These past 2 days I have been feeling really strange and it's scary. Take English for example, I was really cold. I had my jumper on and wouldn't take my coat of which got me into trouble, what's worse is that I was sat next to a radiator.

Monday 12th October 1998

So much has happened today. Mrs H saw me and I said that I was scared it was going to start all over again. She said she wouldn't allow it to.

I had English last lesson. We walked in and as usual the 4 of us sat together on one table. Ms T walked in and it was obvious she was in a bad mood. She told the class to

get into pairs, she then came over to us and told us to do the same. I said we were 2 and 2, pairs. As she walked away I said to the others that she's stupid. Ms T heard me and went mad. She told me to leave the room and that I was not welcome in her classes again. You should have seen her face, I thought it was about to explode.

I went down to Mrs H and told her, I sat in her room and had to apologize to Ms T at the end of the lesson. She still wasn't happy and said that she would be writing home.

When I got home I told Mum, beat the teacher to it. She just said that it was my education I wouldn't get into any places next year. Dad went mad though. He said I would get expelled, have no education and end up on the tills in a supermarket. With an attitude like that it's no wonder I don't talk to him. I don't see the point in trying anymore if that's what my parents think of me.

Mrs H is being really supportive my horrid Dad is being unrealistic. He doesn't care that I've been predicted 5 G.C.S.E's, that not good enough, I have to be perfect.

Wednesday 21st October 1998

I cried last night, I'm so unhappy and it's ruining my school friendships. I'm in a strange mood and I don't know what to do. I feel like I want to curl up into a little ball, sleep and hide from the world for the rest of my life. My only comforts are my teddies.

I'm making myself ill, I don't feel right. I'm still not eating dinner and I'm over-exercising. I hate myself.

Friday 23rd October 1998

It's my birthday, I'm 16. Today I've been really happy and I've loved the feeling. I couldn't have asked for a better day at school. Mum and Dad had a letter yesterday from Humanities saying I was underachieving. I don't think I am. They sent a letter out to everyone not doing so well.

Yesterday I had to tell Ms T that I couldn't do the work 5 times before she helped me and when she did she went 25 minutes into lunch, I hate her.

Wednesday 28th October 1998

It's the holidays and I've spent most of it doing homework.

Tuesday 3rd November 1998

School was OK today. I had parents evening, I was expecting it to be better than what it was. Every teacher had something bad to say about me. Am I trying to kid myself into thinking that school is getting better?

I don't need anyone to put me down, I do that myself. I always think of the bad and forget the good, I always feel upset and I hate it. All my teachers expect more of me than what I can give. I just want to curl up and hide.

I wish I could laugh more often. I want to punish myself like I used to, it makes me feel better.

Saturday 7th November 1998

I have been feeling so depressed which is why I haven't been writing. On Thursday I took 5 Paracetamol. Throughout yesterday I took 11, it made me feel so ill I couldn't work. At the end of lunch I told Leanne that I'd taken the 11 Paracetamol. I started crying.

Mrs H saw us and took me into her room. She told me that even if I didn't want to I was going to do well in my exams. That everything's in my head and I'm making things seem worse than what they are. She could see I wasn't right and said that I wasn't thinking properly and I agreed. I didn't tell her about the tablets.

I got home, did the paper round and then threw up. That's right, the Paracetamol made me sick. I'm feeling better today and I haven't taken any tablets although I keep wanting to.

I'm scared; I don't know what to do. I know it's all in my head but it doesn't help. I think I'll tell Mrs H on Monday, it seems the best thing to do. I don't know what I might try next. I've tried everything else, starving myself, self-harm, sniffing solvents and now taking an overdose. I'm scared that one day I might go too far and kill myself but then that might not be such a bad idea after all.

THE FAILURE

I lie awake alone at night,
Thinking, thinking.
Past troubles, present ones too,
Flash through my mind, I don't know what to do.

I hate myself; I know its wrong,
But depression is where I belong.
Nobody understands me,
I'm all alone.
No one to talk to, except one.

Why am I feeling this?
What can I do?
School work suffers, I fall behind,

No one notices the girl who's out her mind.

And when they do its best they don't,
For all they do is make things worse,
For the girl whose mind is at it's worst.
It's all too late for her,
Nothing can be done, she is a failure.



THE GOODBYE

I hate myself, I don't know why,
But not a bad thought will pass me by.
I've tried it all,
Attempted suicide is my latest call.

Why can't I be left alone?
In my own world with no one atoll.
Things are not right, I need help,
But I'm too scared, what will people think?

All they do is care about themselves,
I'm not important,
Don't care about me.

After all, what have I done for them?

To leave it all behind is the best I could do,
End every ones misery, including mine own.
What else can I do? There's nothing left,
What else could I do for the best?



FAILURE

She is so quiet in her lessons,
She sits there in a world of her own.
Her body aches, she thinks she knows why.
Feeling ill, feeling sad, she sits there.

It's too much effort; she's too far behind,
What's the point, why continue?
She doesn't want to try,
She is such a failure.

Do your work the teachers say,
Not tomorrow but right away.

She doesn't,
And more trouble heads her way.

The girl who sits there,
A trouble for every thought she thinks.
Things get worse instead of better,
For the girl who is such a failure.

Try, try as she might,
It's too much effort, nothing is done.
The teachers are wrong, nothing can be done,
For the girl who's in a world of her own.



Monday 9th November 1998

I took another 3 Paracetamol today. After school I went and saw Mrs H. She was in a hurry so I couldn't really talk to her. I gave her the left over tablets and asked her to do something with them. She asked if they were mine, I said they were and she gave me a sympathetic look.

Thinking about it what I've really done is tried to kill myself. I wish I never gave the tablets to Mrs H because I really want some more.

I go to my Aunties in the morning so I'm going to try and get some from there tomorrow. It wont be many, 5 at the most but it's better than nothing. I really hate myself.

Saturday 14th November 1998

So much has happened this week. I wasn't going to write to you again because of my Dad but I couldn't keep away. On Tuesday I took 8 more Paracetamol. Wednesday I was almost sick and didn't feel well atoll.

I spent lunch time with Leanne H and didn't go to Science because I was crying in Leanne's arms. Mrs H saw us but didn't do anything. Even though Leanne didn't know what to say she was a big help. When I got home from school I found this note on my pillow.

Well what can I say…? I guess by now you have realized that I have read your diary!?! Yes I know it's wrong of me to do so but when you will not talk and its obvious there is something wrong what am I to do? I love you. Maybe one day you will love me too and find it possible to forgive me. I don't know what else to say to you but please don't kill yourself it would break my heart. I'm already crying just thinking of it. I'd give you anything if only you could be happy. It upsets me to think that somehow we have failed you so badly that you feel the way you do. Believe me please I only want you to be happy. You don't have to do well at school to make me happy (it would be nice) but you are young with a good future ahead of you. Don't throw it all away it would be such a waste of a wonderful and beautiful life. I will try and not to refer to this letter, it's up to you to talk to me if you want to but please talk to someone before it's too late. I love you with all my heart. Dad.

I couldn't believe it and because of this I now hide you. On Thursday I showed the letter to Leanne and Mrs H. Miss said she would get someone into school to talk to me but she needs to know what's bothering me.

HAPPINESS

Happiness is a perfect thing,
But something that doesn't fit in with me.
What is it like to be happy all day?
For this goal seems so far away.

It's easy to smile for a while,
Laugh at any joke that's said.
But what really matters,
Is what's in your head.

Some take happiness for granted,
Some don't understand its worth.
But what seems the most important thing to me,
Is that happiness is what I've always wanted.

So when you see someone laugh or joke,

Or even do it yourself.

Remember.

It's easy to smile for a while,
Laugh at any joke that's said.
But what really matters,
Is what you think in your head.



IF I WERE

If I were a bird I couldn't fly,
Spread my wings and soar so high.
For this is something all birds do,
But not for me, I wasn't meant to.

If I were a bee I couldn't make honey,
Even though it sounds quite funny.
For this is something all bees do,
But not for me, I couldn't learn to.

If I were a rabbit I couldn't burrow,
And it would bring me such sorrow.
For this is something all rabbits do,
But not for me, I'm not supposed to.

If I were a girl, or boy,
I think it would bring me much joy.
If I could live with the peace of mind,
Knowing happiness and success are easy to find.



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I DIED TODAY?

What would you say if I died today?
I think you'd be glad I was on my way.
Who would miss me, name just one,
If you're like me you can think of none.

One quick movement of a knife,
Would put an end to this dreadful life.
This life is far too much for me,
I wish into the future I could see.

For I would know if my life would get better,
Be care free and bring only joy.
Or would my life be the same,
The one that brings only pain.

This is what it's most likely to be,
For this is what belongs to me.
So. What would you say if I died today?
I know I'd be glad I was on my way.



WHAT DO YOU LIVE FOR?

What do you live for?
This one question I ask.
What is your dream?
And will it come true?

Do you live for others sake?
Not caring about your own fate.
Thinking about what the future brings,
Sacrificing you for others dreams.

Do you live for the future?
Hoping and wishing for something more.
Or do you live for the moment,

Not caring about others judgement.

Our lives are what we make it,
We control every bit.
Success or failure depends on you,
For dreams can come true, if you want them to.



Thursday 1st June 2000

Dear Sky. Well, here I am again. This is the restart of my entries to you. I'm not going to dwell on the past. Let's just say that I have gotten through an extremely hard time in my life which you weren't able to share. But I have overcome my fear of you being read and now you're going to have to catch up with my life. I'm not going to give you a running account of the past 1 ½ years, it will just have to come together as I write. All I'm going to say is that I left school with the following G.C.S.E results:

Child Development - B
English language – B
English Lititure – B
Textiles – C
History – C
Humanities – C
Maths – D
Science – D
Science – D
French – D

I then got a part time job at JJB sports. I started at 6th form college in September doing A levels in Psychology, English language and History and retaking Maths G.C.S.E but I only stayed for a week before quitting and going to work full time at JJB which is where I am now, nearly a year on.

Friday 2nd June 2000

Dear Sky. Well today I went to work as usual. I had the most boring job; I had to check all the shoe boxes for odd shoes. We have about 500 different styles of trainers.

On the way home I stopped and looked at a few cars because I'm learning to drive. I've passed my theory and I have my practical on the 20th June.

I enjoy my job. At the moment I'm just a sales assistant but I do a lot more than I'm supposed to, people treat me as their footwear supervisor. Because of this the actual footwear supervisor relies on me too much and doesn't do his job properly.

Saturday 3rd June 2000

Dear Sky. I really like my work and I can't wait to be promoted, the only reason I haven't been already is because I have to be 18yrs old. I spent all day out the back sorting the stockroom out which is one of my main jobs; I treat them as my own.

I didn't really get a chance to talk to Matthew, another sales assistant who constantly works on delivery because there was a lot of staff around for once. Matthew is my "best mate" he's 43 and has helped me out a lot these past couple of months. He has just started to come out to church and is having the discussions with the missionaries.

I finished work at 7:00pm and I've spent the past hour doing a cross-stitch. It's one of my favorite hobbies, it's very time consuming and takes forever but the end result is more than worth it. We don't foster anymore which means I have my bedroom back.

Sunday 4th June 2000

Today was another day at church. I'm so thankful for Matthew and Heavenly father because I had the courage to invite him to a church activity. My testimony and love for the gospel has grown so much. Because of Matthew I started praying again because I knew I'd need the Lord to be with me when I invited Matthew out to the church. I know heavenly father answers prayers because he's answered mine.

I know that the church is true and I love it with all my heart. I'm so thankful for being able to share the gospel with a dear friend.

Tuesday 6th June 2000

Guess what? Both me and Jane brought a rat each today.

Wednesday 7th June 2000

Today's been quite good; I spent all day doing the price amendments. Matthew said he wanted a serious chat with me sometime so it'll probably be tomorrow morning.

Thursday 8th June 2000

What a day today's been! I had that chat with Matthew and I so wish I hadn't. In a round a bout way he told me that he loved me in a sexual way. I don't know what to do, I'm really scared. He started going on about how he didn't want to give me any more problems and he won't show me any feelings because he can control them. But then he said that sometimes he might not be able to stop himself from doing things like putting his hand on mine.

I had to tell Katherine. Tomorrow I'm going to have to tell my supervisor because I can't be alone around him anymore which is hard because we work so closely together. Matthew is so involved in my life at the moment and I don't know what I've let myself in for. What have I done?

Friday 9th June 2000

Matthew didn't turn up for work today, he phoned in "sick" which he never is. It got on top of me today and I broke down in tears in front of my supervisor. He was so shocked when I told him, I'll never forget his face, and he gave me a hug and sat down and talked about it. I felt better after we'd talked; he's got a warm heart.

Sunday 11th June 2000

Matthew didn't come to church today, hardly surprising. The missionaries phoned up and asked if I had spoken to Matthew, I told them I hadn't.

Tuesday 20th June 2000

I passed my driving test today with only 2 minors so until I get my own car Mum has lost hers.

WHAT DO YOU THINK WHEN YOU'RE ALONE?

Slowly, slowly, down come the tears,
Slowly, slowly, when no one is near.
But racing round and round her head,
Are the thoughts that so often she dreads.

She thinks her life is not worth living,
And she knows she's not worth knowing.
Thinking nothing can go right,
Knowing living is such a fight.
Thinking she is a waste of time,
Knowing things just aren't fine.
Thinking she can't go on,
Knowing she will never be strong.

Now the tears come faster and faster,
And no thought can be put past her.
For she thinks of only failure,
Only the bad her heart can capture.



NOTHING CHANGES

What will happen if the sun doesn't shine?
What will happen if joy isn't mine?
An empty day not worth living,
An empty heart not worth cheering.

Scared of what I'll do,
Scared I won't make it through.
Frightened I'll always be the same,
Frightened there will always be this pain.

I cannot find peace,
For my life starts with these:-
Sorrow, pain,
It's always the same.
Hurt and hate,
Is always my fate.

Changing it is the fight,
But in myself I am not right.
Why must my life go on?
I cannot be this strong.
But there will be no end,
And on nothing I can depend.



Sunday 13th January 2002

Dear Sky. Well nothing too exciting happened today. Nothing ever does here in Barrow hospital. I've been here since 10th December 2001. I came in from the B.R.I by ambulance and got here at midnight. Everyday is virtually the same, boring.

Last night I slept on a chair downstairs because I couldn't trust myself, I knew that if I went up to bed I would try to suffocate myself again. I don't know what made me do it Friday night and 3 times Saturday, I just decided to do it. It seemed like a good idea, chuck a pillow over my head and see if it works, why not? The staff weren't too happy with me sleeping downstairs but there was no way I was going up, well I did at 8:00am, it was starting to get a bit noisy. I crashed out on my bed and finally came down at 10:00am, which is starting to be the usual time.

I was going to go to their church service today because they have a piano I would like to use but their usual vicar was away. There's nothing to do here, it's so boring. There's Scrabble, TV, and table-tennis you're supposed to entertain yourself with. I've had my personal CD player brought in with a few CD's, a pack of cards, my cross-stitch, books, puzzles and a few other games so I spend most days sat on my bed listening to music trying to occupy myself.

I share a dormitory with two other ladies, one who is middle aged and Gabrielle (Gaby) who is 19 in a few days. Because she's the same age as me we get on really well together, we are also very alike and enjoy doing the same things i.e. spend all day listening to music in the dorm.

I spent the morning just trying to keep occupied. If I let myself think about things I then start getting frustrated and punch the walls! 12:00 is dinner, as usual the nurses come and tell us its dinner and as usual I don't go down.

They know Gaby I are going to say no but they still have to ask. About 5 minutes later a nurse comes up with an Ensure, it is a drink that is prescribed for patients at risk of malnutrition and they taste absolutely disgusting. They also have every nutrient and vitamin in that you could think of, so as usual I refused and was asked if I had had anything to eat or drink today, which I hadn't.

Then they said that they had to get the duty doctor out to take blood. Every time I go a day without eating or drinking they call the doctor to take bloods. In the month that I've been here I must have had my blood taken at least five times.

At about 2:00pm I decided to go downstairs and play a game of Chess with another patient, it was a good game, I won but not easily. That wasted an hour! At about 4:30 Mum and the girls came up, I'm still not seeing Dad. We chatted about nothing, they stayed for an hour.

Then it was tea. Same routine as lunch, honestly, exactly the same. Day in day out, Food? No. Ensure? No. "You have to have something." Eventually they give up and leave me alone.

At about 7:00pm I went downstairs a little agitated. I sat on a table and put my feet on a chair, started lifting the back legs up and slamming them on the tiled floor. You can imagine how much noise that made. So a nurse came up and asked what was wrong. I didn't realize it would cause someone to come (I'd do it again now I know) I said I was bored so she asked if I wanted a chat so we did.

Since I've been here I have noticed at least one change. I actually talk to the staff, honest answers, sentences and I lead the conversation, before I came here that never happened.

We talked about eating and drinking. About how I shut myself off from everybody and put the barrier up I show no emotions and no feelings. I don't let anyone touch me and listen to what people say but don't let it affect me.

We also talked about what happened in year 6 with my friends, how one day they all suddenly turned against me. We had to go to these meetings with two teachers. I remember the very first meeting. We all had to say what we didn't like about our friendship. One by one the boys said, every one of them complained entirely about me. I remember it then being my turn and feeling so overwhelmed and confused I could only cry. I had no idea that was the way they all felt. You see, I was the "leader". I thought everyone was happy, obviously not.

We talked about the future. How I didn't want to go back to Carl (now my husband.) I want to go back home to Mum and dads. I know that the only way for that to happen is to be completely honest with them. We have to get to know each other all over again. I have to be strong and do what I want to do and not feel guilty and worry about other people's feelings more than my own.

I also want to go back to work. I'm still at J.J.B but just over a year ago I was permoted to footwear supervisor, 2 months ago I changed to clothing supervisor.

I also know that for me to have a good future I have to take things slowly. There are days when I want to be home right now and at work. I also know that if this were to be the case then everything would just go down hill again. Everything has to be sorted out before I leave here.

Carl or anyone else doesn't know how I feel or that I don't want to go back to him. Only the nurses and doctors know. They are advising me not to tell him I want a divorce. They don't think I am thinking straight due to lack of food and liquid. We also talked about how I wanted to eat but I couldn't. I can quite happily manage 4 slices of toast with butter and hot chocolate for supper but mealtimes are a complete no. I don't know why this is. I want to eat and there are times when I go to but I start getting confused and panicky and have to walk away.

I have memories of when I was younger. Meal times: I was, still am, very fussy with my food. It was more the case than not at meal times as follows. I didn't like what we had and I would spend over an hour at the table picking at my food. Not because I didn't want to eat it. I just didn't like it.

It would always end with me crying. Finally plucking up the courage to go and ask Mum and Dad if I could leave the rest. They would shout at me to go back and finish it. By this time the food would be stone cold and I would be crying my eyes out as quietly as I could, trying to eat as much as I could without being sick through complete dislike of taste.

I'd ask Mum and Dad 3 or 4 times if I could leave the rest. After shouting to go back and eat each time they would eventually say go on then. Feeling guilty, upset and relieved I would scrape the rest of my cold dinner into the bin glad that was another meal finished. Maybe this is where part of my problems with food lies. I don't know.

After about ½ hour of talking to the nurse we went into the kitchen and got a can of Fanta which I took up to my bed. 8:45, supper. I quite happily had my 4 slices of toast and hot chocolate although I had forgotten that I was going to cut down to 3.

Sat and watched TV whilst eating it then came up to write to you! I've just got to get through the rest of the night without punching any walls or suffocating myself. I've ended up twice down the B.R.I for an x-ray on my right hand cause of punching walls. I must have punched it about 5 times. I had a support bandage on it and it really hurts. It's getting a lot better now which means I'll have to do it again tomorrow.

When I first did it my key nurse asked if I wanted any pain killers. Of course I said that I'd put up with the pain. She asked why, when I don't have too. I said that I wouldn't have done it in the first place if I didn't want any pain. The pain is incredible, which is one reason why I do it. Of course I then have to do it again straight away because of the pain from the punch before, one vicious cycle.

I don't want to bore you for too much longer but there is nothing else to do! It's only 10:10pm so I can't go to sleep yet because I'll wake up too early, that would be completely pointless.

Gaby has disappeared, probably trying to kill herself somewhere. She has a "Borderline Personality Disorder" she is a lovely girl though. People ask what two 19 year olds are doing in a place like this. They say we should be out enjoying life.

Although I like Gaby, she's there for me to talk to and gets staff when I'm about to do something silly, I try not to get too involved with her problems. Call me heartless and self- centered but I have to keep telling myself that I am in hospital for me to sort out my problems and carry on to have a half decent life.

It's up to Gaby what she does with her life and I don't want to be influenced by her. But like I said she is a great girl.

Everyone here is great, staff and patients. I get on well with them all. It's like a big family, all different ages, male, female and here for different reasons and different lengths of time but with one thing in common; we are all trying to get better and re-build our lives. I have to keep reminding myself that this is what I have to do. I have really bad days and bad days.

Yesterday I was advised not to leave the hospital grounds by my key nurse atoll. They can't stop me because I'm not sectioned under the mental health act (although I came close) but the idea is to work with the nurses, they know what's best. It is just frustrating when I get really bad days instead of just bad days. But it's all about taking it slowly and step by step. Keep looking to the future and planning for the best.

Well it's now 10:30pm. I think I've bored you enough so I'll love you and leave you. Till tomorrow, goodbye.

Monday 14th January 2002

Dear Sky. Well I got through the night but Gaby didn't. Its 8:40am and the nurses have just woken us up to ask if we wanted to come down for breakfast. As if!

Well Gaby was really suicidal last night. She slit her wrist to the veins and tried strangling herself with her battery charger. She was doing this whilst I was in my bed. She had the curtain drawn so I didn't know.

This morning she told me that every time I talked to her she had to loosen her grip to answer me so I wouldn't know what she was doing. Gaby has just gone downstairs to shout at the nurses because they didn't give her any attention last night. They just told her that she was only doing it for attention.

A student nurse has just come up with my meds which is 60mgs of Prozac, it's the first time I've seen her in 3 weeks. She's had them off cause of Christmas. She gives me the most attention so it looks like I won't be getting away with as much.

Another nurse just came up to ask if I'd had my meds and if I'd had anything to eat or drink which I obviously hadn't. She asked what I was drinking at the moment. I told her I'd had nothing. She said that would have to be changed. She is really nice. She found me the 3 times Saturday. So with those two both in I'm not going to be left alone today. So that's going to be interesting.

Well it's now 9:20pm and what a day today has been! I've done nothing today except punch walls. I had 2 ham salad sandwiches for lunch and 2 cheese salad

sandwiches for tea. Since I've started to eat again I've been getting really wound up, for no reason. I spent the whole day talking to the student nurse, as she went each time I just went up to my bed and smacked the wall a few times again.

Then about 2hrs ago I was really on one. I went downstairs and sat on a dinning table and put my feet on the plastic chairs, slamming the chair on the floor with my feet every so often. This made a lot of noise and nurses just came and pulled the chair away. So I put my feet on the one next to me and they took that one away. This made me really angry. They didn't ask if I needed to talk or what was up so I stormed off and said "Fine I'll go and punch the wall instead then"
So I went up slamming every door on the way. Gaby came up after me and sat on my bed. If she hadn't then I would have done some serious damage.

About 5mins later I get up again shout that
"They don't even fucking come to see if you're OK"
Punched the wall, stormed back downstairs, slamming doors. Started pacing up and down went to the dinning area and chucked over one of the tables they eat at. Made a right noise, everyone came running to see what was happening.

I stormed back upstairs with someone running after me. Still slamming doors went and sat on my bed. They came and talked to me, which calmed me down a bit. Because I was so wound up I didn't talk much.

They told me not to do that again because it scares the other patients. If I felt like that again then I was to punch the wall in private. EXCUSE ME! She asked me to go and have a bath to help me calm down but I couldn't be bothered so I stuck my head under the pillow instead.

The three times I stuck my head under the pillow on Saturday I did want to stop breathing and nearly did. I started to panic and couldn't relax, good job a nurse found me each time before I went too far.

Today when I did it, it was just to calm myself down and it works a treat. This may sound silly but if you block your air so you get sweaty you have to stay calm and breathe slowly. You still have enough air to breathe so you know you're not going to kill yourself you just have a shortage of air so you have to calm down and breathe slowly. You have no choice. After that I calmed down a lot.

I don't know why I get like that. Maybe it's because I'm starting to eat again. Not used to the sugar and calories so it's making me do crazy stuff. I've felt like punching walls for the past 5yrs but never been brave enough to let my anger out, I just used to shut it all in. Obviously this doesn't work in the long run because I've ended up in here. Now I'm talking to the nurses like never before. I'm telling them how I feel and what's going on.

The past 5ys have also had a pattern: - stop eating. Start eating- cutting wrists. Stop cutting wrists- stop eating. Start eating- take Paracetamol. Stop taking Paracetamol- stop eating. Start eating- solvent abuse. Stop solvent abuse- stop eating. Start eating- take Laxatives. Stop taking Laxatives- stop eating. Start eating- punch walls and suffocate myself.

This has been my life pattern for the last 5yrs. The last one being the past 2 months also involved not drinking. You might have also noticed that apart from not eating I haven't repeated the other stuff, try it and move on!

Just been talking to my Uncle and cousin, they phoned my mobile. I had a long chat with my cousin about the past few days. Last Wednesday Mrs H visited me. Yes that's right. It was amazing. She really cheered me up. She was always like the big sister I never had. I told her all that was happening and Thursday we went to watch the Lord of the rings with Leanne.

Talking to Mrs H and my cousin, they were both amazed at how honest and open I was being with them. Especially Mrs H, I never would have talked to her like I did that night. I can't express how nice it was to see her again. I always looked up to her and still do. It was strange though, going out with a teacher! I have to get used to calling her by her first name and my friend!

Gaby also went off on one today cause one of the new patients made another patient cry. Gaby started shouting at the nurses and threatened to punch this lady. I think she was over-reacting slightly, but that's the way Gaby is. She shouted at the nurses before because they weren't paying any attention to me. Gaby is really caring and looks out for other people.

You know what it's like, worry about others- forget yourself. It's what I've been doing for the past 5yrs, trying to make everyone happy apart from me. But in the long term it hasn't worked and I have to start being selfish and do what I want to do and not worry about what everyone else might be thinking. I've just got to try and remember to keep myself happy, which is easier said than done.

Well I'm sat/ led here listening to Cream Anthems 2001. It's now 11:00pm, time to start thinking about going to bed. I'll put a relaxation CD on to try and distract my thoughts. This works as long as I'm not too wound up. So for now, goodnight.

Tuesday 15th January 2002.

Dear Sky. Well today was quite eventful. Got woken up at 7:15am and dragged myself out a few minutes later, got dressed and went downstairs for my meds.

At 8:40am I headed off to their church to play the organ. It was quite pants. The Vicar there was nice but for some reason I felt awkward around him. Came back at 9:30am and lounged around the place until about 10:45am, when my Psychologists came, they're both nice.

I'm surprising myself about how much I'm talking to people. We talked about my eating difficulties and social problems. They told me that I have an eating disorder and suffer with depression. I guess in some ways I was relieved to hear that. I just have to keep telling myself it's not my fault, which I find hard to believe. I was glad he said I have an "eating disorder" instead of classing me as 'Anorexic.'

I've always believed in my mind that I wasn't Anorexic but everyone else thought I was. At least now I can back myself up with a professional view.

We talked about my body image and how I sometimes see myself as fat but never skinny. At the moment I weigh 6 ½ stone. My natural weight is 8 1/2 stone. Even now I don't see myself as too thin. My weight has never been a huge issue; I just don't like myself on the whole.

Just after seeing them I saw the dietician, only very quickly. Basically she is going to order me in sandwiches as I'm starting to feel comfortable with them. I had a cheese salad sandwich for dinner.

At 3:00pm I saw my doctor, she is really nice. We also had a student sit in. We talked about meeting with Carl again. I have to tell him that I don't want to go back to him, I need and want to tell him but can't.

Last Thursday we had a meeting and I was going to tell him that I needed time apart but when it came to him being in the room I couldn't even look at him let alone talk. I went back to my old self, shut myself away. I was listening to what they were saying but just didn't let it affect me. So we arranged to tell him on Thursday. I agreed that if I couldn't tell him and "froze" again then she would tell him.

It is going to kill him but Mum, Dad and him have to know before I get out of here. Being in here has made me realize that I have to think about myself. I've always thought about other people before my own happiness but that hasn't worked.

I've realized that when I agreed to marry Carl I wasn't thinking of my own happiness, more his and everyone else's. But that hasn't worked. I wasn't forced to marry Carl as such; I've realized that I was pressured into it indirectly. Everyone said we'd be together. My religion says you should get married and have kids. My family likes Carl. According to my Dad "there's no one else!" with me being the way I am I wanted to do what I thought was "right" not thinking about my own happiness.

I realize now that I have to think about myself. It's taken me a month of being in here to realize that. It's going to be hard work. Everything I do from now on is going to be hard and slow but I know that this is the way it has to be for it to work and for me to be happy.

Well between 4:30 and 5:30pm I went off on one again, started punching the wall again. Went downstairs to try and occupy myself. A patient and nurse were playing Scrabble and I went and sat by them.

I started swearing because I was agitated. The nurse tried telling me that I shouldn't be swearing cause of my religion. She really wound me up and I started pacing the room and chucked the table again. Walked off but another nurse stopped and held me. Asked what that was all about. I said
"Who the fuck does she think she is?"
She said I over reacted and said that that behavior is
"Totally unacceptable, you wouldn't do it at home so just because I'm on a psychiatric ward it doesn't mean you can do it here."

Went and sat on my bed to calm down then went downstairs to talk to her. I apologized and explained to her that it wasn't the first time that particular nurse had said things like that.

When I first came here they were only concerned with me drinking and had to have staff sit and watch me drink. It was during this time that nurse had said why am I doing this? Think of my religion. I'm letting my religion down by being like this.

She has always wound me up, not intentionally. But today was enough. I mean. Who does she think she is? The last thing I need is her telling me what I should and shouldn't be doing according to my religion. I know what's right and wrong and what I should and shouldn't be doing.

Part of the reason why I'm in here is because I did what I should according to my religion. Not thinking about my happiness. Don't get me wrong. I believe my religion and what it teaches about the past, Jesus Christ, Heavenly father and the future but living

the gospel just doesn't make me happy; Too many restrictions and guilty thoughts when you do something wrong.

I spent an hour or so with Gaby in the dorm playing a few games. We didn't have any tea but I had 2 pieces of toast for supper and Gaby had 2 cheese salad sandwiches. It was nice to see her eat. She hasn't eaten for weeks. I've not done too well in my drinking today, just one plastic cup of orange juice and hot chocolate.

That patient who I was talking about yesterday was on one again today. First she chucked a cup of tea over another patient in the smoking room but it went over the wall behind her. Then the nurses had to mop the floor up which meant they had to prop the door open with a bin. That patient decides she wants it shut. Someone was sat in the chair next to the door so she stamped on her foot and slammed the door. I then put the door back and started shouting at her. Nurses came and asked what was going on. I told them and they just said that the door had to stay open.

Then this evening I went into the TV room and it was freezing because someone had left the door open. Shortly after that patient comes in, opens the door and sits on the step whilst smoking. I asked her to shut the door, she said no. I shouted that she wasn't the only one in the room. I didn't want or be bothered to get into another argument, I'd been in enough trouble today so I went and got a nurse who made her come in. Later she comes back and throws a blanker over another patient for no reason and kicked her.

So today has been quite eventful.

Wednesday 16th January 2002

Dear Sky. Apart from extremely boring, today wasn't too bad. I was in a much better mood although throughout the day I did punch the walls several times.

For lunch I had 2 cheese salad sandwiches. I say "salad" but I have to take the Tomato and cucumber out leaving only Lettuce! Drink today I had 2 cans of Fanta and a hot chocolate.

At 8:00pm with the hot chocolate I had 3 slices of toast. The lady I was talking about yesterday was put on the lock up ward. It's a lot more hard core. All the patients dread being put on there. If you do something weird another patient will quite often say "they'll put you on the lock up ward." So today has been a lot quieter without her.

About 2:00pm I came upstairs to find Gaby with her music on and curtain drawn, we always draw back the curtain separating us so we can see each other whilst chatting. I went to my bed and asked Gaby if she was OK. She said she was so I didn't press her. A few minutes later she asked if I could get some tissue. She'd slit her wrists again quite bad but a little further up her wrist. So I drew the curtain back so I could keep an eye on her.

I've been in a funny mood today. I've been bored beyond boredom but at the same time not wanting to do anything and couldn't be bothered yet I had so much energy.

About 8:30pm I did something really dodgy. I led on one of the metal dinner tables across the 2 short sides on my back. Bent my legs so my feet were by my neck and lent over the side of the table so my head and neck were hanging over. I stayed like this for a good 15mins. I must have got so many strange looks. Well, it kept me occupied!

At 3:30pm I met Mum and Sister Hannah down town. Its Hannah's birthday and I wanted to buy her a watch. I thought it would be best if she was there so it wouldn't be

too big and it would be one she likes. She was over the moon. She chose a really nice one with a dolphin around the face. I also brought some more relaxation CD's, pens and an electric toothbrush which I paid for with points in Boots.

Just now I tried pulling my little toe nail on my left foot off. I got it half off then twisted it so it dug into my toe. It started to bleed so I had to get a plaster, of course. "I caught it on the bed."

Thursday 17th January 2002.

Dear Sky. Well another really boring day! Yet again did absolutely nothing. Had 2 egg sandwiches for dinner and tea and 4 slices of toast for supper. I've been punching the wall again and hitting my wrist with my brush handle.

The physiotherapist came to see me today and asked how my hand was. I told her I'd done it again so she said "let's get you up there then and get it sorted." I told her I didn't think there was much point because I'm going to keep doing it.

Two dogs were brought round today, "pets as therapy." They were gorgeous I could have spent all day stroking them instead of 5mins. I also saw the dietician and told her how I felt safe with the sandwiches as long as someone brought them to me. When she comes next we are going to look through the menu to see what I might be able to handle.

I made up with that nurse today. Apologized for yesterday although she said don't worry about it. We talked a little. She was really nice and we've been like best friends since!

Although there are 26 of us on the ward during the day it is so quiet it seems more like 9 of us. You wonder where everyone has disappeared too.

Had a chat with one patient, She's in for depression. She's been in for 5 months. She cuts her wrists and takes overdoses. She's middle aged. She's a nice lady, very thoughtful of others.

An older lady was on one today. She's in for self-neglect and she is a hoarder so her house is a mess although to her there is nothing wrong with her or her house. She talks to herself a lot and repeats everything over and over. She always talks about herself although she is a very nice lady and I get on well with her. She'd do anything for anyone.

She had to sign something to do with her house today. She can't go back until she's got a new settee. But "there's nothing wrong with mine." Social services had been in her house and chucked some stuff out, so she was really on one this evening. Not shutting up and talking at the top of her voice. Eventually another patient told her to shut up because she was giving her a headache.

Gaby had to go shopping with her Mum today; the doctors told them they needed to spend some "quality time" together. I think it went OK.

This morning I gave Gaby a pair of my jeans. They're way too big for me, size 10. I'm a size 6/8. They fit her fine. I wouldn't wear them again so I told her she could have them. Well, another short entry today; tomorrow should be longer.

LIFES STORY

One, empty, sheet of paper.
Waiting for the author to write.
The pen strikes the page.
His life starts to take place.
This story unfolds.
One empty sheet becomes full.
And the pen slowly falls.
The author picks up the paper.
Reading his life he starts to ponder.
What is this?
A big nasty blot.
Staining his spotless,
Work of art.
Wait, is this another?
How can he, these blots remove?
He tries to erase them from his sight.
But his life he did not live right.
These blots will stain forever more.
The author slips and hides.
Now on view for all to see.
Are the blots for eternity.



Friday 18th January 2002.

Dear Sky. What a day! Nothing to eat, nothing to drink and spent all day in bed. At about 7:20pm my key nurse came and got me and we had a chat. She's going to put me down for occupational therapy (O.T) and the gym. Great! I hate physical exercise I can't be bothered and don't see the point.

I was really down today. I'm finding it so hard to cope. As far as eating goes, it's all I can think of. When I do eat I just want to carry on eating and eating although I do stop myself. And I get times like last night when all of a sudden I decide that I'm eating too much and need to cut down. I get really down for no obvious reason.

My key nurse told me off for going shopping cause she had told me not to go on any leave as "I am a danger to myself" cause I'm still self-harming.

She thinks I'm "learning new habits" by being in here i.e. self harm and my leg has a nervous twitch. Little does she know that my leg is nothing compared to what I used to be like.

I started having really bad panic/anxiety attacks about a year ago and then just before I came in here. They would last up to 2hrs and were not very nice experiences.

My key nurse is supposed to be arranging another meeting with Carl so I can tell him I don't want to go back to him.

What I would like to happen is for me to go back to Mum and dads, be 100% honest with them, to be able to live my own life without feeling guilty for doing so and to like myself.

My key nurse thinks that finishing with Carl isn't going to solve my problem. I'm still not going to be happy, maybe worse. She thinks there is a deeper problem and I think she's probably right. Finishing with Carl would help but as for the rest of the stuff about my future life is probably just a load of useless dreams. I'm so confused and don't know what to do.

This talk with my key nurse today has just put a load of doubts in my head, but ones that need to be there.

Finishing with Carl was the only thing I could think of to change my life, to make me start thinking of me. To do what I want to do without guilt or worry of what everyone else might think. I still want to finish with Carl but now I have serious doubts if my life will ever be what I want it to be.

I feel like I am totally incapable of making any decisions about my life. To be strong enough to stand up and say "this is what I want!" I want to be able to. I want to tell Carl I don't want to go back to him I want to be 100% honest with Mum and Dad. I want them to support me and be there for me. I want to eat properly and do normal stuff. But I feel so powerless in making this nothing but a hopeless far off dream.

I really need to talk to my key nurse tomorrow. There are so many things I want to say but when it comes down to it I'm not able or I forget. I want to tell her about the pattern of my life I mentioned on the 14th. How I move from one thing to another. How it was only a matter of time before I started punching the wall. I want to say about how confused I am about the way my life has gone, why it's been this way and how it's going to go.

I don't know why I feel so bad about myself and why I do the things I do. I want my life to get better. There are days when I just want to go back home, back to work, eat properly again and just carry on with life, but I also know that this would just be running away. If I did this I would just end up going back to the way I was. Which is what I'm scared of the most.

I want to carry on with life and just put my thoughts, feelings and actions down to me just being silly but deep down I know this isn't the case. I know I have to take things slowly, not rush, to take the hard way out and not the easy. If I don't then I know I'll just end up back in here, if I'm lucky not to have killed myself first.

I'm dreading going back to work, back home and back to church. I'm scared I won't be able to cope and won't be able to tell anyone.

Before I came in here I never talked to anyone about my true feelings. There were times when I thought I was but looking back I never even came close. There is something about the nurses which is making me talk to them, OK sometimes more than others. Sometimes I don't say how I really feel but before I came in here never would I have thought to say most of the things I've talked about. Talking to me before you were lucky to get a "yes" or "no" answer, let alone a whole sentence.

I feel nobody truly understands how I feel or what goes on in my head. I get told off for not using the nurses but I'm not used to it. To go from not talking to talking about everything is hard. I want to and I know I need to. I have bad days and even worse days. I just don't know or understand what's going on in my head.

Some of the nurses are questioning whether being in hospital has done me any good. Well I don't care what they say, I think it has. It's got me talking. I've realized that I want to live life for me. I honestly want things to be better. I've realized that I believe my religion but living it is not making me happy.

It's made me take time out and think about my problems. If I hadn't then I never would have been happy and always living a lie. It's just doing and changing all these things that I'm having real difficulties with.

I need a lot of support from the nurses and encouragement. I also know that I need to take responsibility for my actions. I have to work with them, do as I'm told and take their advice. But it is so hard. There are days when I do OK, ask to talk to someone if I need to. It's when I don't ask for time that I need to change.

I feel that I'm not capable of changing my life and that I will always be and feel this way. WHY!! I want to be a normal teenager. To go out clubbing, go to the cinema, go bowling, do normal stuff. But it's too much effort.

When I was at school I didn't do these things because it was too much hassle, easier to say no. I didn't want my parents to hassle me and telling me I was "going astray." Now when people at work ask if I want to go out I just come up with some excuse that I'm busy. Partly cause of my parents but mainly because it is far too much effort. When I get home from work all I want to do is collapse.

When I was 17 my Dad shouted at me once because I'd made some flippant comment about leaving home. He was so angry. Another time he went mad because I told him I wanted to dye my hair. He said

"What's wrong with you? First you want to leave home then want to dye your hair. Why can't you just be happy with the way you are?"

That was the last time I tried standing up for myself. But you know what? It's OK for Katherine to do those things. Katherine goes out until late. Katherine dyes her hair. "Katherine might even benefit with leaving home, she needs her independence."

Katherine can wear non-church standard clothes, "It could be worse." But for me, all of these things were unheard of. I didn't dare, too scared.

Dad always wonders why I don't/can't talk to him. It annoys him and makes him angrier. But what does he expect? In the past when he's tried to question me I've not known what to say, wasn't able to talk. When I told him I didn't know why I did or felt stuff he just said I was lying.

He read my journal. His excuse was

"What else was I supposed to do? We knew something was wrong but you wouldn't talk to us."

He carried me out of JJB over his shoulder with me kicking and screaming, and he wonders why I feel like I can't talk to him!

I'm scared the Drs are going to discharge me before I'm ready. I need to be eating proper meals before I go. I need to have gone to church before I go. I need to have told my parents everything before I go and most of all I need to have gone back to work. I'm not talking about full time, just once a week or so. So then if I can't cope I have the

support of the nurses. I find it so much easier to talk to them than my parents. If I can't cope at work, something I enjoy, and being around people I like then how on earth am I going to cope with going back home and to church and eating?

As soon as I do something outside of here it distracts my thoughts, which is good because when I come back I still have the opportunity to talk and think about things. But I know as soon as I leave here permanently my thoughts and feelings will be distracted permanently. I'll begin to forget I have problems and pretend everything is fine again when in fact it's far from OK so everything will just go bad again.

THIS CAN'T HAPPEN!!! I wish I had all the answers, I wish I could make everything OK maybe I can. I've just got to be patient and not rush into things. Take it slow. Be honest. Talk. Ask to talk. Use the nurses. It's just so hard to change. It's so hard coping with my feelings. Asking, needing to talk to someone but not knowing exactly why. Why I feel like I do. Why I'm feeling so low. Most if the time I don't know why. All I know is that I feel totally crap. I also can't help feeling that asking to talk is just asking for attention.

I'm going on about all this negative stuff and you're probably thinking what hospital is doing for me. If I wasn't in here then I wouldn't be alive atoll. This is what it basically comes down to.

When my Dad took me to the B.R.I I told the doctor that
"As soon as I get out of here I am going to kill myself."
And I honestly meant it; after all, why not? I'd tried it before. Try it again. It was better than going home. I was brought to Barrow form the B.R.I by ambulance that night. It's probably been the best thing that's ever happened to me. It's made me realize that I do have problems and making me face up to them.

Can I change my life? Can I work with the nurses? Believe me when I say I truly want to. But how do you win a fight if both sides are in your head?

A clueless letter from Carl:

> I don't know for sure if these things that I'm about to tell you are the things that you want to tell me about but feel that you can't. I have felt the spirit guide me to help me to understand and to prepare me for the time that you feel ready to tell me details yourself but the spirit has helped me by causing me to think about different things that may have been a part of what you may be going through and has helped me by confirming to me that it is part of it.
>
> I'm sure there is many things that have took you to where you are today with the feelings that you have. It has not all come over night on yourself but you've been trying to work with it and overcome it for sometime now. It has taken me this last week to understand as much as I do and I'm sure there may be more still but I believe that you will share with me more and the feelings you have as you feel comfortable.
>
> I will try to explain what the spirit has guided me to gain an understanding of. To start off with I feel that you feel that you are ashamed of yourself that perhaps you feel you've not been a very good wife to me and have let down your parents. I feel that you have these high expectations of what it is that you should be or as you feel either people see you as being and want to live up to them but you feel that when you don't you must punish yourself because of it.

That because you like to be in control you try to punish your body because you can control that. That as you starve yourself you feel that you are able to punish yourself for not doing what you feel that you are able to punish yourself for not doing what you could and a way of being able to stay in charge in someway.

It's not so much that you feel you have a weight problem you may feel a little over weight at times but you do it to punish yourself mainly. Also that in the past and even now you feel that it is almost like 2 people or voices the one that helps you to overcome it all and face it and deal with it all; The other one that gives you the fear and causes you to feel down about yourself and tells you that you are useless.

You feel like you want help and there are things that you have done to try to get it but then things soon change and the other voice tries to take over. The opposition that you feel is very good at pulling you down but you still feel that you can overcome it. You want to, there's been a time where you've spoken to people and had desires to tell people but that fear would come where you're scared as to what people might think that you may be letting them down. As well with it recently you have felt that you have this knowledge that we both want children.

There have been times in the past where I've been able to be a great help to you in that fact that because you love me so much you were able to forget all worries and enjoy yourself. But even though you would try to do this it would all come back even if you thought and hoped that it was all part of the past. But as you know now this is the time a lot is coming out in the open and you've taken a big step as to overcoming this.

You feel that you would like to let the doctors and nurses help you but you want to be in charge as much as possible. I know you don't want to miss Christmas because you enjoy this time of year so much. But those fears again what will people say and think. You want to do what's needed but you have doubts as to will it all really work. Even though deep down it will, you think of what you can have in the future with children and a husband, friends and a family, a job and the enjoyment in life you see it and want it, you know that you must work with your heavenly father there's times that you feel that you're not worthy to but you know that he will help, you have felt it in the past and it can come again. Trust in him and he will provide.

They can help you there, I love you and will be there for you at anytime and in anyway I'll be there for you. I love you, Carl.

Saturday 19th January 2002.

Dear Sky. Well today wasn't too bad. After writing all that stuff yesterday I decided the best thing to do would be to show my key nurse. So this morning I plucked up the courage to ask to talk. She's taken away my journals to read bits of them. We talked a little bit about what I had written and my feelings. We also talked about food and getting some lunch from the trolley instead of someone getting me sandwiches. I agreed that I would as I really wanted to.

Over the next hour I sat and chatted in the dinning area. As lunch got close I started to panic a little but tried telling myself that I could do this and I was exaggerating, eating a meal wouldn't be that bad. They brought the trolley with drinks, knifes and forks out. Started panicking a little more but stayed where I was.

Then they brought the food trolley out and everyone went up to get their food. I was left on my own, not being able to make any decisions about what to do next, how I was going to get that food.

I had to quickly get away. I went into the TV room and stood there, drawn into myself with every emotion shooting in every direction. A nurse came and asked if I was having something to eat. I said that I couldn't she was like
"What do you mean you can't?"
By this point I guess I wasn't really making any sense. She took me out into the corridor to talk to me.

With all my feelings going everywhere I started backing away, further away from the noise and the food. The nurse had her hand on my shoulder trying to calm me down. I just couldn't think straight. I agreed to a sandwich so she went and got me one which I ate without any problems. It's so frustrating not knowing why I reacted the way I did.

All my thoughts and feelings took over and became 10xs more overpowering. With toast and sandwiches it's simple. Toast: bread, toaster, butter, plate. Sandwiches: brought to me, ate, throw rubbish away. But there is so much confusion and choices with a meal. I want to eat a meal but I can't fight my thoughts and feelings.

I kept myself occupied today by talking to another patient who's really nice. We did a puzzle together to pass the time, which it did quite nicely.

I spent most of the day missing my car. I have an "L reg" citrus green Citroen AX Spree. I would love to have it here with me. Not having to rely on a bus to town, restricted to times, restricted to only town. I love my car because it gives me a little more independence. Within reason I could go where I wanted.

Several times I've wanted just to drive somewhere further away but not been brave enough cause of questions. I would be so pleased to have my car with me here, now. It sounds stupid I know but I just love being able to decide I'm going here, now and go. I love not having to rely on anyone.

Memory:

I'm not sure exactly when but around 7 years ago when I was about 12 I remember a specific walk along the sea front at W.S.M. we'd walked along the front to the pier. After the pier Katherine and I decided to walk on the beach whilst Mum and Dad went with the younger 2 along the top, Jane would have been about 5yrs old.

Well if you've been to W.S.M you'd know that the wall of the sea front gets quite high and there are few steps going down.

Well half way along Jane decides that she wants to walk along the beach with me and Katherine. With steps down being quite some way Dad has a brilliant idea. I could catch her! It would be simple. Dad would dangle her down, let her go and I would catch her! I remember pleading with Dad that I would drop her and not to do it, nearly crying. But he wouldn't listen and told me not to be silly.

I can still picture the fear in Jane's eyes as Dad lent her over the wall. I remember feeling so scared. Before I know it Dad's let go of her and she's falling into my arms with faith that I would catch her.

She fell, straight through my arms and onto the sand. Luckily she wasn't hurt because I'd broken her fall. Jane started crying, I started crying and Dad started shouting. I was lucky he wasn't able to reach us.

I remember trying to comfort Jane, trying to get her to stop crying. Dad shouting that all I had to do was catch her, was that so hard? I shouted back saying that I told him I couldn't catch her. He told me to go away, get out of his sight before he looses his temper.

The lonely walk on the beach afterwards, all the hurt, confusion and anger. Why did he do it? I told him I couldn't catch her but he wouldn't listen. Don't cry, this won't affect you, you're stronger than this.

Once Dad had calmed down he came and gave me a hug and apologized for loosing his temper. Told me he loved me. Of course, as usual, "I love you too." Big hug, he feels better, everything's OK when in fact every time this "making up" happened all I wanted to do was to scream at him exactly how I felt. Just because he'd apologized things weren't forgiven and forgotten.

Monday 21st January 2002.

Dear Sky. I started schooling at the age of 4. I went to a nursery school where we had a play house in one corner of our classroom. I had a best friend who was a boy.

We often played together in the playhouse. He would be the husband and I the wife. He would go to work in the morning leaving me at home to do the house work. Shortly after he'd left he would return as a thief. I would end up lying on the floor. He would then return as the husband and find me.

One day I was lying on the floor with my eyes closed waiting for him to come and find me. When I opened my eyes I was lying on a table with the teacher asking me if I wanted any milk. My friend had taken so long to come back I had fallen asleep.

On my friends birthday we went out for a meal with his parents and sister. His sister was a year or two younger and she called me girlie.

At the age of 5 I started at Infant school.

My best friend went to a different school. My best friend then became Katheryne Gardener. We live in an 8 housed Cull-d-sac. We moved there when I was 2. Katheryne was already living there. Because we were the same age we became good friends.

When I was 4 ½yrs I started playing the piano and started lessons at the age of 5. When I was 6 ½yrs I took my preliminary exam and passed.

One of the holidays this year I will never forget. Katherine used to have difficulties with her speech and she used to go to the clinic for therapy. One day Katherine and I rode our bikes. The clinic was a 5-10 minute walk; Jane had just been born and was pushed around in a pushchair.

We had to go down a small sloped lane with no pavement, just a single road. At the top I got off my bike to walk it down as I was scared to go down. Mum told me not to be silly. If I thought I was going too fast I just had to put my brakes on. Still terrified I got on my bike and went.

Half way down I didn't like the speed I was going and put my brakes on. Nothing happened, held them down, still nothing. I started picking up speed. I started screaming, panicking and shouting for Mum.

I remember Mum running down after me, shouting at me to put my brakes on. The next thing I remember is getting into a ladies car and seeing my bike on the floor.

She took us to her home and I remember lying on her sofa. She took us to the B.R.I where they did an x-ray on my right leg. I had a deep cut on my shin; nothing was broken so they sent me home.

I remember lying on the sofa feeling really ill. Dad came home that night and got funny cause there wasn't any tea, we'd been at the hospital all day. He cooked himself tea. Mum then had to call the doctor out that night because Dad had given himself food poisoning.

The doctor took one look at me and told my parents to get me back down the hospital. They took me down the next morning. The doctors did tests and said I was dehydrated and kept me in over night for observation. Now I'm left with the memories and a scar.

In year 2 I had a "boyfriend," he used to bring me flowers and a mars bar, puppy luv!

I remember queuing up to have my work marked. The girl in front of me was called Heather. When the teacher had read her work she said "well done you good man." I remember thinking "why doesn't she ever say that to me?" it took me a little while to remember that "Goodman" was Heathers surname.

My work was always good and at parents evenings the teachers couldn't give me enough praise, always the top of the class.

1990- age 7, I started junior school. I really liked my teacher. My best friend was still Katheryne Gardener although Anthony and I became close friends. Katheryne and I used to fall out all the time. We would kick and pinch each other under the table. 5mins later we were best friends. Anthony was a thief. He was always taking things from the teacher.

Christmas I had a wrist band with a small dolls head on that I really liked because it opened up and had make-up inside. We had P.E so I put it in my draw. When we came back it was gone. I was so upset but I blamed myself for taking it into school in the first place.

Anthony had a pad-lock and Katheryne and I dropped it down a drain at lunch time to get him back. Then we told Anthony we had seen someone put it sown the next drain along Anthony went mad and tried getting it.

The toilets had stone walls which everyone used to write on. One day a girl in my class told me that someone had written my name over the walls. I went and had a look and it was, in quite a few places. My name and that I loved someone. So I got a pencil, scribbled out my name and wrote Stephanie instead. Which was who they told be had done it. We went back to our class.

My teacher then took me into the toilets and asked if I'd done that? I told her I had. She was furious and told me to get rid of it. It was in pencil so I rubbed it out. She took me to our head of year. I was so scared that I was going to get a detention. He told me he wouldn't take it any further, he thought I had learnt my lesson and told me not to do it again, too right I wouldn't.

We went to Barton camp for a few nights. One day we went to the pier at Weston. Everyone was going on the grab machines. Stephanie, another close friend won a small teddy. I was so jealous, so jealous that when packing to go home I took it.

At school she told me that she'd lost him and was quite upset. A few days later my conscience got the better of me and I gave it back to her. She was quite angry and said that she was planning on giving it to me but now she wasn't.

The rest of my junior school years were pretty average, boring. From year 3-4 our classes were split. Katheryne and I were separated although we stayed friends over the years we grew further apart.

I had a new group of friends who were all boys except one. We generally all got on well. In year 4 James and I were close but in yr 5 I came closer to Roger which caused James to be a bit jealous.

By the end of year 6 I had passed my grade 2 piano exam. Throughout junior school my work was excellent, one of the best in the class.

In year 6 we were all still friends with me being the strongest of the group. We had our arguments like everyone else. Stan and I didn't get on too well. During year 6 Stephanie had several weeks off school due to an operation. It was during this time that the boys had enough of me and we fell out bad. (See entry for 13th January) basically I was accused of being a bully. Eventually we all made up, even though it was hard and a lot of bad feelings.

Stephanie and I used to fight a lot. Pinching, pulling hair, although I always seemed to come off worse. One day in the classroom when she started pulling my hair really hard another girl came over and started pulling Stephanie's hair to make her let go of mine, which she did.

Another day I was challenged to a fight. Our teacher used to let us go to the toilet without asking so one by one 4 or 5 of us went to the toilets. I threw the first punch and she went for me but for some reason we stopped. Can't remember who it was or why we stopped.

I never talked to my parents about the big fall out or yr 3 toilet incident, I was too scared. If I started crying, usually because I'd broken friends with someone I always felt silly telling Mum, like I was making a big deal out of nothing.

Throughout infant and junior school my home life was probably pretty much average. I've been brought up in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Mormons for short. As my whole family is of this religion it has played a huge part in my life.

A few memories of times up to age 11; every other year we would go on a family holiday with my uncles. I can't remember how old I was, probably around 8 when on one of these holidays we were going somewhere with Dad driving and Mum reading the map as we were leading as usual.

My cousins and I were crammed in the back. We missed a turning or got lost and Dad started shouting at Mum (this often happened if Mum had to map read.) this row was quite bad; Mum was very close to tears.

I remember sitting in the back, not daring to breathe. Mums head bangs against the window as Dad pushes it. Dad stops the car and shouts at Mum to get out then drove away. We all sat silent, too scared to make any noise. Where was my Mum? Was she

OK? Someone plucked up the courage and asked "what's happened to Mum?" Dad said that one of the other cars would pick her up.

One of my Uncles lives in Newcastle. For his 40th birthday the whole family was traveling up to surprise him. Dad drove with Mum in the front and me, Katherine, Grandma and Granddad in the back. Jane and Hannah stayed with someone else as they were very young. Before we picked up Grandma and Granddad Mum had to quickly see the doctor.

We dropped her off and drove round the block. Dad started getting angry cause Mum was taking longer than, say 5-10mins. Dad was so worried about being late. When Mum did finish Dad had a right go at her. Mum started answering back so what started of as an angry telling off turned into an argument. Dad started threatening Mum. Saying he was going to kill her. Mum told him to "go on then." Then he'd get put in prison. Katherine and I sat quietly in the back terrified.

We got to Grandmas and I opened my door. Before Mum could open hers Dad locked the doors so Mum couldn't get out. Mum started crying again and asked me to open her door. Dad shouted at me not to, to go into Grandma's house. Mum was pleading with me to let her out. She was terrified. Who do you obey? Mum or Dad? Crying, Katherine and I went into Grandmas as Dad drove off. I was so scared. 5-10mins later they came back having made up.

Then there was a day out to Weston- super- mare. (See 19th Jan) Piano lessons were tough. Katherine was learning as well. Several lessons I came close to tears cause I couldn't play a piece. Mum and Dad making us practice and telling us off when we didn't.

Piano lessons were expensive. They kept asking us if we wanted to learn and of course we said yes because we didn't want to hurt them or waste their money.

Most tea times I hated because I was a fussy eater. (See 13th Jan) I see exactly the same thing happening to Hannah although she doesn't get shouted at as much because Mum and Dad have calmed down.

When we were young Katherine liked to use her fists. She had the same temper as Dad. We'd always argue and get sent to our beds. I remember Katherine biting me once. She used to hit and push me quite a bit. Of course, me being the little mouse that I was didn't fight back or tell my parents.

Then in 1994 I started at senior school. I went in on the first day not knowing any of the girls in my tutor, but they all seemed to know each other. In juniors most of my friends were boys. In senior school boys grouped and girls grouped, end of story. James and a few other boys from juniors were in my tutor.

I knew one girl who I tried to "hang around" with but she also knew Linda. The 3 of us got on OK but I didn't fit in. Over the summer holidays it seemed that everyone had changed and I was a total stranger. I didn't know how to make friends. I was scared of the other girls, felt intimidated. The friendship with the three of us didn't work. I was different, too quiet.

So soon I was on my own. I was the "loner", and "teachers pet." I was never badly picked on. Nobody spoke to me to bully me. I was the girl who wandered around the school during breaks; Passing the same people time and time again. I was always looking at the floor for pennies so I could buy chewing gum from the hot dog van.

I hated non-school uniform days. I had loads of nice clothes that I really liked wearing some of which my Mum had made but they were different to what other girls at school were wearing, out of fashion.

One time I wore a waist coat that my Mum had made. Some older girls made fun so I soon took it off. I didn't fit in. lets face it, whilst all the girls in my tutor were into Take That I was still listening to nursery rhymes and reading the Famous Five whilst everyone else was into Point Horrors. I was not your average teenager.

There was a girl in my tutor called Daniella. Everyone bullied her cause her hair was big, she wore a skirt and she had Asda carrier bags. They called her "mop head." She was often physically bullied but told no one.

Somehow we became friends. You wouldn't see one of us without the other, although our friendship was only at school. Everyone still picked on her whilst we were friends but for some reason they never started on me. I just watched whilst they punched her in the face. We had our arguments but always made up.

We'd spend lunch times on the field, just the 2 of us. I remember one time she brought a lock and key diary in. We were on the field, I chucked the key. I remember hiding her pencils and stuff. She never knew it was me. We also got involved in the school library and spent ½ lunch times helping out which I enjoyed.

My work was excellent, top set, straight A's, all the teachers loved me. Year 8 was pretty much the same as year 7.

Towards the end of year 8 Daniella and I broke friends again over something. But this time was different. She started smoking and hanging out with the same girls who had bullied her. She changed. Well, that year she left and we never made up.

I was alone again. I remember walking the corridors one lunch time and a teacher stopped me and asked if I

"Have any friends, every time I see you you're on your own."

Of course, rather embarrassed I told him I did. Mr D, my head of year also found me alone at lunch times and let me go on his computer in his room.

My home life was still pretty average. Dad calmed down over the years. Rows became only that and not as bad. Meal times were slightly better. Didn't have any close friends at church. I was too quiet. Everyone preferred Katherine, she got all the attention.

We went on holidays, went to Florida. On the whole family life was good. I was an angel. Did exactly what I should. Didn't answer back or get angry. It's just a shame I remember so many bad times over the good, because I'm sure there were lots of good times, I hope.

1996- I was now 13yrs old and in year 8 at school. With Daniella gone I was on my own again. Tried making friends with the main group but I didn't fit in.

Made small friends again with Linda and her friend. They started bullying another girl in our tutor which ended up with Linda's friend leaving.

Alone again I made friends with Sue. We got on well. She had to see the school counselor cause of the bullying. Sue asked me to go with her for support. I said yes, I'd already been before to support Daniella.

This meant time off lessons. I told Mum and Dad. They weren't happy with me missing lessons. So as far as they were concerned I didn't go. Anyway a few months later Sue and I broke friends and I started to pick on her. Nothing physical, just name calling, soon after she left, on my own again.

There was a girl called Sara in the same year as me, she went to our church. She started bringing a friend out, Leanne; they were in the same tutor. Our year group was split into 2 halves, P and Q. I was in the Q half.

In yr 8 Leanne and Sara's tutor group were split. Leanne was in my half. She was in a few of my lessons. I was still alone; she didn't really know anyone so we just kinda clicked.

It was around this time that I was so desperate for a friend that I started praying. Every night I would ask heavenly father for a friend in my tutor group. For weeks I prayed every night.

Then one day she arrived, in the form of Suzanne. From the moment I saw her I knew we were going to be great friends. I was determined. We got on great. We worked together in lessons and me and Suzanne spent break times together. It was great. Probably, almost defiantly the best time since I'd been in senior school.

I had a group of friends who liked me. I had someone to sit by in lessons and someone to hang around with at lunch times. I had had enough of being the loaner.
It was because of this I started being more confident.

The first time I remember getting into trouble was that year, year 8 in a R.E lesson. We had a supply teacher. I'd started getting at the teacher for some reason. She asked what my name was. I told her my name was Leanne who was sat next to me. Leanne piped in saying her name was mine. The teacher then asked why I had her book. "I was looking at it." Well she brought it.

That lesson we misbehaved slightly. I misbehaved more than Leanne. The teacher wrote our names down to give to Mr D. Of course I didn't get into trouble but because I had been the worst behaved Leanne got a telling off! I remember feeling so excited that lesson. I guess a kind of adrenalin. The lesson was different than usual, more exciting, not the average boring lesson, it was fun, especially as Leanne got the stick for it.

Apart from that one incident the rest of year 8 we were well behaved. Maybe sometimes a little loud but didn't get into trouble.
I remember one French lesson at the end of the year. Linda and I started flicking pen ink over each other but the teacher didn't do anything, it was the end of the year.

Year 9, what a year! Suzanne left. One day she just didn't turn up and never came back. Me and Leanne had built up a strong friendship. Because of this friendship I spent lunch times with her and her friends. Although I was closest with Leanne we were a close group.

With Suzanne gone I was faced with my old problem. No friends in my tutor group but having Suzanne and Leanne had given me a little more confidence.

Before Suzanne left during year 9 I remember a music lesson. We were sitting at the back with the girl I hated most in front of us. I started pushing our table into her back. The teacher came and pushed our table further back. I pushed it into her back again. The teacher came back and tried moving our table again. But I wouldn't let her and told her I wouldn't do it again.

She said
"Either move your table back or go and stand in the corner."
So I stood in the corner and lent out the window. The teacher came and closed the window. As soon as she went I pushed it back open. She came back screaming and slamming the window and told me to go to Time Out. I left but didn't go to time out.

I also remember having a fight with a boy in English. I lobbed a book at him, caught his cheek, he punched me in the back, we calmed down. Well, the teacher came over. Again it was a supply teacher.

I also started "withdrawing" in Art lessons. I wasn't great at Art but usually found the lessons OK. During yr9 I started not working which frustrated the teacher. I remember one lesson walking out crying. It must have been around this time that I stopped eating;

Yr9, 14^{yrs} old. I'd misbehaved in one of my lessons and had to see Mr D after lunch. I was so worried. I had a plate of chips but I was so worried that I physically couldn't eat them.

Mr D didn't understand what was happening with me. I was accused of "Trying to impress the new girl," meaning Suzanne. This made me angry. I wasn't trying to impress anyone; I just wanted to fit in.

OK, Suzanne's gone, no one to sit by in lessons as Leanne was back in the P half; Didn't want to be sat on my own again, what do I do?

Year 9 Science class. I had the same teacher as last year and 2 girls from another tutor; Beth and Selina. For some reason we got on OK and worked together.

We had a student teacher for Science that I didn't like. It was during this time that I started to misbehave. I chucked things at people, hit people, was loud and the worst behaved pupil in some lessons and Selina and Beth started liking me even more.

We soon became good friends as they were in most of my lessons. Beth and Selina were OK behaved pupils. Not naughty, just talked a lot. They thought it was funny when I got into trouble, so did I to begin with.

I was actually getting some attention. People knew I existed, people liked me. I had 2 groups of friends; it was like something was screaming inside of me. Everyone was like, who's this new girl then, getting into so much trouble?

During lunch times I used to encourage Leanne and co to get into trouble. Leanne was always accused of being a bad influence on me but it was always my idea to do things. My idea to run around the corridors, ignore teachers and be rude to them, it was fun!

Year 10, oh boy! 1997-1998 age 14-15. Things went from bad to worse. I constantly swapped my lunch times with the 2 groups, some weeks with one, argue, weeks with the other.

As things got worse so did my eating and overall feelings of "life." I started eating less and less. My weight dropped from 8 ½-7 ½ stone quite quickly.

Throughout yrs 9-11 I always confided in Leanne. First ½ hour of lunch times were always awful. I'd spend them with Leanne and co. We'd push 2 tables together so we could all squeeze round. Everyone would get their lunch. School meals, sandwiches, hot dog van, I just sat there.

Nobody ever commented that I wasn't eating. It was what happened. It was on the odd occasions that I did eat that people commented. This made me angry and aware.

Aware that people were watching me. Angry cause I wasn't allowed to eat; stopped by myself and comments from friends.

I was unhappy though I don't know why. I just didn't have a positive outlook on life any more. I began to hate myself. Nothing drastic happened to make me feel this

way, it didn't happen over night. I just slowly changed. I was very rude to the teachers and disruptive; most of the time this was down to the fact that I wouldn't work.

Although in appearance I was loud and disruptive, inside I was withdrawing further and further away from everyone.

Food became an obsession. I told myself I wasn't allowed to eat, most of the time I was too upset to even think about eating. Whenever I did eat I had to force myself.

The unhappier I got the more disruptive I was. The more disruptive I was the sadder I got. Too scared to break the chain things just kept getting worse.

In April that year; 1998, year 10, aged 15 I started "self harming." Leanne had been doing this for years. I might have got the idea from her but I was not doing it to copy her.

My parents realized I wasn't eating properly so kept a closer eye which meant I had to find some other way, some other way of coping, some other secret that my parents didn't know about. I hated myself for doing it which made me angry, frustrated and confused.

If I didn't like doing it why didn't I stop? I did it when I was angry with myself which then made me angrier for doing it, another chain. I think I did it mostly in rebellion. You can't control what I do if you don't know what I'm doing.

Soon I was self harming all the time, even during exams. I hated myself more and more, I misbehaved more and more. I was disruptive in nearly all my lessons, at times even ones which I enjoyed and usually got on well in.

My head of year Mrs H knew I was "out of character" and tried talking to me. I talked to her a little but not much. I was too confused. I told her enough for her to realize I dreaded my parents finding out. So it was pretty much kept from them. Of course there were parent evenings, school reports and rare phone calls home. I made out that things weren't as bad as the teacher had made out.

I used to sit up in my room in the evenings. Every time I heard the phone ring I started to panic thinking it was a teacher. I guess I was pretty much a nervous wreck.

It was after one of these phone calls that Dad told me we were going to have a little chat. I ended up telling him I self harmed. That was the last time I ever did. I was ashamed and hated myself. The secret was out so there wasn't much point in doing it anymore.

Things got a little better only to get bad again. I couldn't cope with being happy. I couldn't cope being down either but it was safer. With Mum and Dad knowing I self harmed I stopped eating again.

Year 11, give me strength! Up to now I had always been in top sets but because of my attitude I was moved down to set 3 in Science and set 2 in French. These lessons became more bearable. Mostly because the whole class misbehaved so I wasn't singled out. Most of my other lessons were still bad.

I began eating less and less and by October I was back to the usual me but with 2 secrets. Not eating and solvent abuse. Solvent abuse was a new secret. I don't know where I got the idea from, nobody influenced me. Again I didn't enjoy doing it and I felt awful, really bad. This alone was enough to make me stop before it got really serious.

The beginning of November led to me wanting to kill myself, taking Paracetamol and wanting to kill myself even more. I was at a total loss. I don't know what made me

decide to take overdoses, hadn't copied anyone. One day I just decided to buy some and that was it.

When I was taking them I used to shut my mind off from what I was doing. I used to tell myself.

"Don't think about it, just do it. Think about it afterwards cause then it's too late."

And that's what I did. Didn't think about the reality of what I was doing. It was just another harmless secret.

I was so desperate. Not wanting to finish it. Taking everything out on me was all I knew how to do.

Outside of school I was still the quiet, perfect girl. Nobody could get close to me. I didn't show any emotions. Put on a hard smile. I didn't let anyone affect me.

I totally isolated myself. I didn't even have conversations with people. If someone tried making everyday talk with me I would be really blunt and hard hearted, wanting them to go away. Keeping answers as short as possible and not asking questions back, so they felt awkward and kept conversations to the minimum.

Mum and Dad found the Paracetamol and went mad. They didn't know what to do. They tried talking to me and took me to the doctors but I wouldn't talk, couldn't talk. I was too confused and used to keeping my feelings to myself.

I had to start seeing the school doctor, although this was a complete waste of time. I carried on taking Paracetamol and couldn't talk to her. Everything inside of me was screaming listen to me but I couldn't talk, couldn't say how I was feeling.

The Paracetamol made me feel so ill, to a stage where I couldn't physically stomach them so I had to stop. This left starvation being my only secret the one thing my parents didn't know was wrong. I could hide it behind lies and fake smiles. Nobody could touch me. I didn't like people and life; it only hurt you and brought disappointments.

Then I left school.

Flash back. When I was 11 we had new bunk beds from social services so we could foster. These went in Jane's and Hannah's room.

One evening Katherine and I walked into their room to find Jane drawing over the wooden buck beds. Katherine went and told Dad. He came running upstairs, saw what Jane had done. Started screaming at her "look what you've done" pushing her head against the bed. With Jane crying her eyes out I just stood there watching, terrified.

After leaving school I started working at JJB sports as a full-time sales assistant. Because I worked hard I had a lot of responsibilities. I was "in charge" of the footwear stockrooms and spent almost all of my time alone out there.

I slowly unofficially took over my supervisor's job. I told people what to do and they knew I was in charge so they did it. This meant my supervisor spent hardly any time on his department because I had it under control. It was perfect. With all this responsibility I started working 6 days a week, 54hr weeks. If I didn't do the work nobody else would.

I stopped taking lunch breaks, this caused concern. Tea was the only meal I was eating and occasionally missing that.

November last year I was permoted to footwear supervisor. Because I wasn't doing all the work I was doing before, because I had other responsibilities things weren't

as tidy as they had been. It was good but not good enough. It's hard when you're constantly told what you're doing wrong or what's not good enough.

Because I wasn't getting home until 8:40pm I rarely had an evening meal with the family. If they'd had something I liked Mum would leave me some. If I didn't like it I'd do myself something. I always ate this alone in the kitchen. It kept going through stages when more often than not I'd miss tea for a few days.

It was about a year ago that I started taking Laxatives. I started on 5 at a time, then 10,20,30,40. I was taking 40 a day for several weeks; it was so hard to physically swallow them. Nobody knew. I don't know where I got the idea from, again I just decided it would be a good idea and shut myself out from the reality of what I was doing.

Over the past year I've taken laxatives on and off. I only took them at work and kept them in my locker where some were left after I'd been admitted to hospital.

Before I got married my eating got slightly worse. I was missing tea whenever I could. I'd go 2-3 days without eating or drinking. After I got married I didn't have to think about my parents finding out.

Something inside of me one day just told me to stop eating, so I did. I had nothing to eat or drink for a week. Then over the following 2-3 weeks I ate and drank very little, a sandwich every 2-3 days which led me to collapsing at work and being taken to hospital.

At the end of March last year we went on holiday back to Florida, I loved it. It was also a holiday I really needed, Away from fears of eating, away from Laxatives, Away from panic attacks and away from my awful life.

We spent one week in Orlando and a second week in the Keys. During the first week we did all the theme parks. Whilst we were there they had a bush fire that lasted over the 5 days. Driving down the road with fire either side, coming out of a ride in Sea World and being surrounded by smoke.

Second week we drove down to the Keys and swam with dolphins and went scuba diving it was an amazing holiday.

I would be returning home to Carl. I was excited but nervous. We hadn't seen each other for 2yrs because he had been on his mission.

Whilst we were at the airport Dad had a chat with me, told me not to get my hopes up. Because we hadn't really kept in touch over the 2 years he said it probably wouldn't work between us but he also said that "there's no one else."

The first time I saw Carl was uneasy. We didn't know what to say or how to act round each other. But with effort we got back together.

I was still taking Laxatives, still not eating, still withdrawn. I didn't show emotions. I'm not sure what my feelings were towards Carl. I felt uncomfortable holding hands or him touching me in the slightest way. I was happier when we weren't together. I told him a little about eating. He asked if he'd helped in the past. Of course I told him he did. It made him feel better.

We started talking about the future. About being married and having kids. I said I wanted to get married and have kids. It made him happy, it was what he wanted. I always felt awkward around him, like I just wanted him to leave me alone.

A few weeks later Dad sat me down and told me I wasn't treating Carl right. To either start treating him better or finish with him. So I finished with him. Sent him a text message, told him it was over and not to ask any questions.

I was angry but not upset. I just closed myself in even more and carried on not taking Laxatives and not eating. I kept myself to myself. Put on a brave smile. Hardly mixed or talked to anyone. I felt trapped. 18yrs old, trapped.

Over the next month Carl and I didn't talk. I avoided even eye contact. It was during this time when Dad accused me of being the happiest he'd seen in a long time. Little did he know? I'd just become an expert, an expert at living a lie.

All I enjoyed doing was working. This wasn't a picnic, constantly being criticized. Told I wasn't doing as good a job as what they thought I would after I was permoted.

I would get quite wound up. Often I was left to run the store by myself, most Saturdays we'd take £12.000. I'd have to take responsibility and make decisions for things I didn't know how to deal with and shouldn't have done.

Sunday 1st June 2001. Carl and I hadn't spoken for a month. I was home by myself and someone knocked on the door. The last person I was expecting to see was Carl. He purposed. I said yes.

As soon as I opened the door to him I knew what was coming. Whilst he was talking I remember thinking

"If he asks me to go back out with him I'll say no. If he asks me to marry him I'll say yes."

I couldn't say no. Couldn't do it to him. It was what he wanted. I always did what people wanted.

Everyone was surprised but very excited and happy for us. My Mum organized most/nearly all the wedding and did a very good job. I didn't want anything to do with it. I still felt awkward with Carl. As far as everyone was concerned we were both very happy together, the perfect couple.

The next 5 months flew by. Saturday 10th November 2001, the big day. It was a strange feeling. As far as wedding days go it was perfect. But not once did I ever think "I really love this guy."

The whole day I felt that I was putting on a great big act. It was like I was doing my duty. What I should be doing. It was like it wasn't really happening, like it was just another day. What's the big deal? The first night together was awkward. We fondled a bit but nothing much.

Second night tried having sex. I remember feeling sex wasn't right but of course. Carl wanted kids. I did what people wanted.

Over the next month things got worse. I still hated physical contact with Carl, preferred to be alone. I stayed as far away from him as possible and slept as close to the end of the bed as possible, hugging my teddy.

I spent more and more time alone. I preferred being alone, I didn't have to act.

Just before we got married one of my rats died. I was home alone, just got back from work. Held her for about 5mins then she died in my arms, it was like she was waiting for me to come home. I was so upset. Her limp body was just lying in my hands, tears streaming down my face. After 10-15mins of sitting there I picked up Rascal and we buried her.

I got another rat on bonfire night so I called her Sparkle. They were my rats. I didn't even like Carl being in the same room whilst they were out. I just wanted to be left alone.

Still taking Laxatives I started "calorie counting." Started just having Super Noodles for lunch each day then kept changing to similar things but with less and less calories until I was on about 300 calories a day.

One day I really didn't want what I was going to take.
"So don't take anything then."
Who said that? I hadn't thought of that. What a good idea. I didn't eat or drink for a week.

By the end of the week I was so drained I had to tell someone, this ended up being my deputy manager. I was a right mess, couldn't work, and could hardly stand. Still wouldn't eat. This led to him calling Dad and with me trying to push my boss away from the door to try and get out the office. Stumbling each time I got up.

One thing led to another and I ended up being admitted to Barrow hospital where I am now.

Wednesday 23rd January 2002.

Dear Sky. I know I keep going on about my car, but it truly means so much to me, to have my freedom.

I've been thinking. My key nurse advised me not to bring it cause it might get vandalized, not insured, and I might "accidentally" crash it. Well. The vandalism and insurance are consequences due to my fault. I'll have to pay the price. My mistake, I can live with that. I'll just get another one!

Suicide, if I gave the nurses my keys so I couldn't just take off and always took someone with me then I wouldn't kill myself. Do you think she'd agree? At the end of the day she can't stop me but I wouldn't do it unless I had her approval. Try and pluck up the courage to ask her tomorrow.

I had another thought. Katherine's hopefully going to pass her test soon and will need a car. What if I sold her mine, cheaper and I brought a new one. I wanted a new one to start off with but my parents put me off the idea, didn't want me to get into dept.

I'm dreading when this ward closes in February. Throughout my life I've made friends with one person then they'd leave. Daniella, Sue, Suzanne. I tried making friends with Carly. She said that she didn't want to be friends because she'd also spotted this pattern and didn't want to leave. My friends all deserted me, all the teachers left. My support just disappeared.

At work I talked a little to Matthew. He told me he loved me so I stopped talking to him. I started talking to Charlotte at church, she told me she'd always be there for me, that she'd never leave me. She did leave me, when it got too much for her.

Now, just as I've started to build up trust with the nurses and my Dr they're all gonna leave me as well. It's the story of my life. Always passed on to someone else to try and sort out.

I know that as soon as I leave contact with these people I'm just gonna go back to how I was when I first came here. Is this gonna be my life? Passed on from person to person, someone else's problem to try and sort out.

I don't know if going back to my parents is the right answer. All I know is that I wouldn't survive on my own. I wouldn't know how to use a washing machine, I wouldn't clean, cook, I wouldn't cope.

I guess I'm scared of being left alone. For people think "I'm better." I know I will never "re-cover." I'll always be this way things might get a little better only to go right down again.

The nurses have been talking about me going to support groups especially for people with eating disorders. I've started to realize that this wouldn't be a good idea. I would feel that I have to compete with other patients, be worse than them, expected to behave in a certain way.

In here everyone is here for different reasons and have different "behaviors." I'm not the same as everyone else. I'm not expected to behave in a certain way. I'm an individual. Classing me as something or other would make me feel that I'm supposed to behave like that.

I had a dream last night that I was on day leave from here. I dreamt that I went to church. There were loads of people there and I couldn't cope with seeing people I knew, putting on a fake smile. I had to get out and back to hospital.

I'm so scared this is really going to happen. Fake smile, I'm fine, too much to try and cope with. Will I really be strong enough to stand up for myself and do what I want, whatever that maybe, most likely not. I'll go back to the same old me. The one that everyone thought was happy or at least coping, when in fact I just wanted to escape.

Looking back on when I was taking Paracetamol, Laxatives, solvent abuse and self harming. Deep down I didn't really want to die, I just wanted my life to end, if that makes sense. Didn't want to die, didn't want to live. So killing me seemed to be the only answer. After all, I have nothing to live for. What's the point in looking to the future? It only brings disappointment.

I guess that's why I did stuff that I believe wont effect me. I didn't really want to die. If I did then I would have done it properly. I.e.; crashing a car, jumping in front of vehicles and jumping off high places. The stuff I did wouldn't kill me, not even physically affect me, which they didn't. I've not damaged my insides. Not even slightly. My body can cope with anything. It doesn't get affected.

I got this crazy idea into my head. Because it's there I know that it will only be a matter of time before I do it. Suffocate myself in such a way that I can't stop myself when it gets too much. Tape my mouth, tape the pillow tight and tape my hands behind my back. Because I've got this into my head I know it's what I'll do next.

FIGHTING WITH ME

Who do you think you are?
You don't deserve to live.
What makes you think you're special?
You are worthless; of this you can be sure.

You can't have joy and laughter,
You shall hate forever after.
You are meaningless, of no worth,
Your life ended when it started with birth.

You belong in this world alone,
You don't have the right to moan.
You chose this path to take,
You decided to live for others sake.

You live for others to please,

You can't like you with ease.
You cannot win this fight with me,
These are your thoughts and that's how it'll be.



MY DREAM

Yeah, I remember her,
She changed my life.
She helped me cope,
Through my toil and strife.

What a great person,
Someone to look up to.
Who you respect,
Glad for what she can do.

Loving every day,
Fulfilling ones needs.
Caring for others,
Doing good deeds.

She was free,
Did as she pleased.
Loved what she did,
And did it with ease.



JUST A TINY MINUTE

If you were given just a tiny minute,
What would you do with it?
Sixty seconds,
That's all that's in it.

Would you hide it, never to be seen?
Somewhere where nobody has been.
But what good would this do you?
For nothing with this tiny minute you could do.

Would you use it to do only good?
Help someone else, it's what you should.
Use it to bring joy and laughter,
To bring happiness forever after.

The person you did this good dead for,
Would change their life forever more.
The time you had was just a tiny minute,
But the memories that last forever are in it.



Friday 25th January 2002.

Dear Sky. Sorry I didn't write yesterday but it was a really awful day.

At 3:00pm I had a meeting with Carl and my Dr. It was terrible. Told him I didn't want to go back home to him and told him that everything had been lies. He asked me questions which I didn't answer.

He started gong on about how he thought I wasn't being completely truthful with him. How he "knew" that I love him dearly. How I wanted 3 kids. That I knew how important those things are to have a husband and family for eternity.

I just wanted to stand up and scream that "you don't have a fucking clue, I hate you" and walk out. But I didn't.

As soon as he started telling me how I felt I shut off again. He reckoned that I'd felt the spirit guiding us to be together. That he felt the spirit now saying the same.

WHAT CRAP!!! HE DON'T HAVE A CLUE#!#

At 4:00pm I had a meeting with my care team, Mum and Dad. It was horrible. I started off with trying to answer their questions, nod of the head. Then someone asked a question that I couldn't answer with a simple yes or no which made me shut down for the rest of the meeting.

Dad said that I'd better not be thinking to come back home cause there's no place for me. The families moved on. It hit home what I already knew. I was just living in fantasy land thinking I could go home. Deep down I knew I wouldn't. Knew it wouldn't work out, be convenient.

As my Dad said, "I have a home of my own and a husband. I can't just throw everything away and move back home."

With everything that had gone on that day I hadn't ate or drank anything. Come 8:15pm I had 4 slices of toast, yogurt, biscuits, hot chocolate and Fanta. If I'm going to die I might as well die fat.

10:15pm I went upstairs. I drew my curtains together. Propped my teddies on the headboard along with page before last of you showing and my book of poems I'd written open on "what would you say." I unplugged my charger, got my headphones and tied my phone charger tightly around my left wrist and headphones tightly around my right. I got into bed.

I'd found a strip of knitting in a draw. Folded it over a few times and tied it as tight as I could around my mouth and nose. Then I wrapped several layers of wool very tightly on top of that. Then somehow I managed to tie my hands together behind my back with the rest of the 2 leads.

There was no way I was going to let myself get out of this one. I was going to kill myself. At last I'd found out how. It would work. I won't able to pull everything off when I couldn't breathe.

I must have gone unconscious because the next thing I remember is the wool being round my neck and a nurse was just cutting the leads. She tried to take me downstairs but I fought with her. She went and got another nurse and between them they managed to get me, fighting, into the interview room.

I was sat in there for 5-10mins when I rushed upstairs. They came back with a male nurse and fought with me to get me back downstairs.

They called the doctor out who tried talking to me but I was too wound up, angry and upset to talk. How dare they find me? I so very much wanted to die. Life won't get better and even hell has got to be better than this.

They brought my mattress down and I had to sleep in the interview room that night. I woke up and was told to go and lie on the sofa because they needed the room this morning.

After about 15 minutes I told them I was going to the toilet. A nurse followed me and held the door because I wasn't allowed to shut it. Then I told them I was going to use the phone. They followed me. As I couldn't sit on my bed because the mattress still wasn't there I sat on Gaby's bed and phoned work on my mobile.

Spoke to Daniella. I'd got paid £300, Ahhhh. My area manager was there so I spoke to him. Asked where I stood with work. I still have a job if I want it. Told him I really did. He said even if it was too hard to go back to my store he could put me in another one. He's such a darling.

Well I put the phone down and led down. I just wanted piece and quiet. The nurse asked me to come down because I couldn't sleep in Gaby's bed and "upstairs wasn't safe for me." Eventually we went and got my mattress and I wrapped my head up in the sheets. Nurses had a major tugging fight and then went. I put the covers over again. Another nurse came and again they told me to come down because I wasn't safe up here.

Pulling me off my bed and with me holding on to it for dear life they pushed me downstairs as I fought to walk back. They sat me on the sofa. I tried to get up but they pushed me back. Then they told me that they were moving me to the downstairs bedroom next to the office. So I've had to move all my stuff down here.

I've been on constant watch all day and last night with nurses taking turns to sit and watch me and follow me when I moved. They jammed my bedroom door open and sat outside so they could keep an eye on me.

What a day! But guess what? They took my leads away but they didn't see the wool. So I can do it again! Use the wool to tie my hands instead. Hopefully they won't find me as quick. Because upstairs "isn't safe" I'm not allowed up there.

If I don't co operate with the nurses I will be moved to another hospital. I don't see the point in carrying on. I don't have a family. I don't have a home. I don't have a job.

WHAT IS THERE TO LIVE FOR? A family is who you come home to, who you live with. My "home?" I wouldn't be able to cope with living by myself. I don't know how to look after myself. Job, Is this just another hopeless dream? Deep down I know it is. I wouldn't be able to return to work.

Saturday 26th January 2002.

Dear Sky. I feel so alone, so isolated, I want to curl up and hide. So insecure, I just want someone to come and sit on my bed and hold me. Hug me, for me to talk, talk, and cry and for them just to hold me forever. My whole world feels like it has collapsed.

So today I'm either going to find a bridge to jump off or suffocate myself again. What's the point in carrying on? I can't cope. What's the point in trying? My life is always going to be crap. I've lost everything. The only thing left to loose now is life so I might as well. It's the only thing I am able to do to improve things. I just want someone to sit and hold me tight, to be strong for me. I just don't see any other way out of this hell life I'm bound to.

I'm going to get my jacket and trainers on and go and find a bridge. I don't know what else to do. R.I.P.

I failed miserably. I walked out only for a student to follow me. It was raining and she had no coat. I kept on walking until 2 other nurses pulled up in the car and took me back.

I then spent most of the day on my bed. Got my scarf out and thought about strangling myself. Since last night I've been on 5 minute obs. So I knew it wasn't worth trying, they'd find me too soon. The student tried taking the scarf off me but I wouldn't let her. It was the only safe thing I had.

I eventually gave it to a nurse and cried my eyes out to him. I told him how I had nothing to live for and I just wanted to die.

6:00pm the alarms went off because Gaby had tried strangling herself with another patient's dressing gown belt. I'm not allowed upstairs, if I had then she wouldn't have the chance to do it.

6:20pm we were both sat in the TV room talking about jumping off the suspension bridge. I said to Gaby,
"Let's do it then, let's go and jump off the bridge."
She said no, that we'd get caught. I carried on saying how I was serious. Let's finish it, tonight.

So Gaby went and got her coat and shoes whilst I got mine. I phoned her to make sure she was going through with it, I didn't think she would. I kept her on the phone whilst she walked to the door. Then I grabbed her hand and we ran. We ran just off the road and saw the staff get into their cars.

It was dark and we weren't too familiar with our bearings. We stumbled through the trees into the field, not knowing where we were going or what we were doing, just walking, trying to get somewhere.

It was still raining and the fields were mud fields. I kept loosing my trainers in the mud and being half way up my leg in mud with no trainers on. We didn't have a clue where we were going; we just wanted to get to the Suspension bridge.

Well we went round in one big circle for 45mins. We tried getting out through the main gates. The security guard was on the radio. As we approached, still holding hands he said

"Yeah I'll keep a look out for them."

Then we ran but didn't get very far.

The nurse incharge came and got us and took us back into the interview room. Told us he'd had the police out looking for us as well as nurses. He thought they'd find us hanging from a tree or something.

Gaby and I spent the whole time laughing and when we were caught, trying not to laugh, which the nurse was very annoyed with.

"I hope you enjoyed yourselves?"

Now I need to try and explain to you why I did it! I don't know; spontaneous craziness? I wanted to prove to Gaby that once she was on the Suspension bridge she wouldn't jump then we'd come back and Gaby wouldn't try and kill herself again. If she did jump then it was what she wanted, it's better to be dead than to carry on living like this forever. But now, because they caught us it was a complete waste of time. Gaby is going to try and kill herself again.

Looking back now I can see how utterly rediculas, careless and thoughtless I was being. But that's the problem. You don't think it through, you just do it.

I might be wrong in saying this and totally out of line but I don't regret doing it. I acted on impulse, got the rush and was excited. I didn't know what I was doing or was going to do next. Something I hadn't done since school. I know it was totally irresponsible for me to do it and I wasted a lot of people's time.

I like to think that I've now got it all out my system and things will only get better from here on. But I know deep down I can't promise that. As soon as you start thinking about killing yourself it's too late. It's like a drug. Once you start you can't stop. You just want to keep trying to kill yourself again and again.

I want to believe that I've got it all out of my system that I do have something to live for but then I think that I'm living in fantasy land. Things will never improve.

I've already planned my next suicide attempt, I can't stop it. It's like a bad habit, no matter how bad or how hard you want to finish, stop, you can't. Something else takes over. Something you can't control, thoughts you can't occupy, feelings you can't make go away.

All you can think of is how you are going to kill yourself. Even if deep down you don't really want to die.

Sunday 27th January 2002.

Dear Sky. I was a good girl today! Even though I felt like killing myself all day. I was being watched anyway, spent most of the day doing the puzzle.

I had a chat with a nurse about yesterday. How even though most of the time I don't want to actually die as soon as I start wanting to die I can't stop my thoughts and actions. Although the thoughts were still there, they weren't as bad as Thursday night.

Thursday, after my meeting with my parents, my fantasy world was shattered. It destroyed me. Now I'm living in the fantasy of Carl moving out and Katherine and a girl from work moving in. As long as I have that fantasy, which is all it is, the thoughts of killing myself will always be there but that is all they will be, thoughts. Once that fantasy is destroyed, which it will; then once again I will be destroyed.

Gaby asked if I would walk with her to the Orchard rooms. I said no. I knew that if I did then we'd end up doing a runner again! And that's not fair on the nurses!

I had 2 sandwiches for dinner and I had supper. After I had supper I started panicking. My trousers were too tight. I was too fat. I've got to stop eating.

I started having a full on panic attack which lasted for an hour. Feeling your lungs get tighter and tighter after each breath, shaking, and not being able to talk. Not focusing on anything, just staring.

Gaby and a male patient were in the TV room with me. Gaby left me alone but he came over and sat with me and put his arms around me stroking my hair, touching my face and holding my hand.

I just wanted to get away from him, for him to leave me alone, feeling his hands all over me. But I couldn't say anything or do anything. Just think about how fat I was and how I just wanted him to leave me alone. But felt so powerless. I wasn't able to stop him.

My family also came and saw me this afternoon, including Dad. It was OK because my sisters were there. We could only laugh and joke as if everything was perfectly fine. I told them about mine and Gaby's adventure. But didn't have the guts to tell them where we were heading for.

I always hate going to sleep. Last night I got up at 1:30am after tossing and turning for 2hrs thinking about killing myself. I went into the staff room just for company really.

Took some Tamazipan and played a game of scrabble with a night nurse and at 3:00am went to bed and straight to sleep. It's also part reason why I panicked earlier. Dreading the thought of lying in bed for hours, thinking, not being able to sleep. Every night it's the same and has been for years.

Sleep scares me. It's like dying but again you fail and wake up. Just lying there for hours whilst the rest of the world goes on around you, you have no part in it, you are powerless.

I take a few hours to fall asleep. All those thoughts, planning my next suicide attempt. Planning to get up and do it there and then. Getting frustrated cause I can't sleep which makes me even worse, which makes me not sleep. One big chain, every night it's the some story.

Monday 28th January 2002

Dear Sky. I woke up this morning feeling really worried about my weight. Too much to eat the night before: 3 slices of toast, yogurt, chocolate bar and hot chocolate. My trousers were tighter, that's when I start to panic. I will not allow myself to be a size 10. That's when I really am fat. A size 8 is fine.

Didn't want to ask the staff if I could weigh myself because I didn't want them to know I was worried about my weight. Eventually I got too wound up and asked if I could weigh myself. 7 stone, I hadn't put on weight since last time I was weighed. That took a load off my mind, allowed myself to eat.

Gaby's birthday today, wanted to take her down town to buy a present but we weren't allowed, couldn't be trusted. So we're going to try tomorrow.

On 15min obs today, I didn't do much. Puzzle, chat, scrabble, that's about it. The staff had called my Consultant to discuss Saturday night. He just said what I'd already heard from other staff.

Dreading going to sleep again, took meds and went to sleep at 2:00am last night. I really want to go shopping tomorrow, just have to persuade the staff that we'd be good girls.

Because I'm living this fantasy of living with Katherine and girl from work I know I won't do anything tomorrow, so neither will Gaby. I know this fantasy is just that. It will never happen in reality but as long as I'm fantasizing that it could I'll be all right. When I know that it would never happen is when I'm not safe. I would also like to get a new car when I get out. I like to have the best of everything.

Tuesday 29th January 2002

Dear Sky. I hate myself. I wish I was dead. I'm just a mean, stupid and selfish cow who doesn't deserve to live.

What I did Saturday was so out of line. But I didn't think things through. I wish I had because I wouldn't have done it if I thought about it. I inconvenienced and upset so many people. I was stupid and selfish not to think about how it would affect everyone else.

I didn't think about what would happen once we got to the Suspension bridge. I didn't think about what consequences my actions would have. I wish I did think about it. I can't stand upsetting people which is all I've done. How could I be so stupid and thoughtless?

This fantasy of living with Katherine and girl from work is just that, a fantasy, it would never happen. I don't even have beds for them and they wouldn't be able to afford it.

Why do I make myself live these fantasies? I just want my life to be over. I don't want to inconvenience anyone, which is all I'm doing. Why should people care about me? I'm nothing special, I don't deserve to live. I just cause a load of hassle and inconvenience to everyone.

You stupid bitch, why can't you just kill yourself and make everyone's life easier?

Wednesday 30th January 2002

Dear Sky. Felt better for most of today, had a chat with my key nurse. We discussed Katherine and girl from work moving in with me. Told her that I knew it was just a fantasy, which would never work out.

She said the best option would be to go into "supported housing" where you live independently but there are staff there to support you. If I think about it I know this would be the most sensible option. If I was to go back home I wouldn't have someone to talk to at all times, just appointments. In supported housing I will have my independence but also professional support when I need it.

Just having doctors appointments would be no good for me. I need someone to be there all the time even if it is just for the sake of knowing they are there.

Saw my assistant psychologist today, we chatted about the weekend. I also mentioned my panic attacks. Also briefly saw the dietician. Someone from church came to visit me. I find it so hard having visitors.

It's 12:30am and I'm feeling like I want to kill myself. It's taking all my effort not to. Not to ruin my hard work these past 2 days. But it's so hard. I know I'm not going to sleep tonight, thinking too much about ending everything.

I want to go back to work, back to church. Buy a new car, have my car here so I can do more stuff. But the only way this is going to happen is if I behave myself. I'm trying so hard.

Haven't told the nurses yet but I'm planning on getting my car Sunday. I've just got to behave myself. I know I'm not supposed to have my car here but I believe it will help me so much. To have a little bit more normality. I also want to go back to church maybe week after next. I need to see if I can cope. See if I can cope with having some kind of normality back in my life.

I was scared to come into my room tonight. Wouldn't come out alive but lying here with my music on and writing to you has calmed me down a bit. The thoughts are still there, they always are but they're easier to control. I believe yesterday changed a lot of things.

Led on my bed writing to you and listening to music, lying there wanting to die for 5hrs. All I wanted to do was hide away from the world, to go unnoticed, curl up in a ball and disappear. Killing myself wasn't working.

During those 5hrs although I wanted to kill myself I couldn't be bothered, too much effort. It was easier to hide from everyone as if I didn't exist, which is what I did till I had calmed down, 5hrs later.

Was this a turning point? I believe so at the moment but how long will that belief and hope last? Not long, give it a few days and I'll be trying to kill myself again. It's the way it always is.

> A letter from Mum. I just felt that I needed to write you this letter. I want you to remember how much I love you, but I feel there are a few things that I need to say.
>
> I know that you don't want to be married to Carl anymore, but you must remember that in the eyes of God you are still married to him and his feelings are just as important as yours. If you do decide to finish with him, there is no reason

why you cannot still talk to him and be friends with him. You need to see him and sort things out and be considerate towards him.

You also said you wanted to have some fun and enjoy life- all I can say about that is, GOOD FOR YOU. I agree, have some fun, but remember you can still have fun whilst living the commandments; you don't want to ruin your eternal life. You can enjoy both.

I hope you can read this letter and know that it is sent with love and concern for you. Thanks again for talking to me Sunday. I appreciate it. I know the answers I give may not always be the answer you want, but I only want to guide you. Remember they are only a guide and suggestion, NOT a you must do this or that. You do what you think is best for you. Remember I love you and if you want to talk I'll always listen.

Take care and make wise plans for your future. All my love, hugs and kisses, Mum.

A letter from my Auntie; I thought I would put pen to paper as there are some things I want to tell you that come right from the heart, and usually when I try to express them the tears come and the words just dry up. But I want to share some things with you because I truly care about you and love you.

I feel that you need to hear this at this time. I know that what you are going through can't be easy and the pain in your heart weighs heavy, I wish I could take it all away from you but I can't (but I know a man that can.)

I know that 2 people can have exactly the same loss or illness and yet both people can feel so totally different. I don't pretend that I know half of what you are going through, but I know when there seems like when life can't get any tougher there is light at the end of the tunnel. I know that sounds like such a cliché but I know it's true.

I also know that when you don't feel loved when you don't even love yourself that there are 2 people that love you so much, will always love you and ache deep inside because one of their children is hurting.

I know heavenly father and our brother Jesus loves us. I have not always known that and at times didn't want to believe it. I guess at times I didn't want them to love me after all who was I?

There's a scripture in Nephi when he promises us that the lord will give us nothing we can't beat and that he will prepare a way for us. Well this was like having a bitter pill to swallow for me especially when I feel like I'm trapped in a dark room and nobody can hear my screams and am so depressed all I want to do is die, life is too hard, I can't think straight, my feelings are numb.

I have been here so many times I suffer with depression and according to doctors I always will, it's taken me many years to come to terms with it, knowing that for the rest of my life on and off I will take anti-depressants.

Why am I telling you these things? Because there's something more I have to say. You know I work with people who are dying, everyday they live they are happy. I also work with the severely disabled who can do nothing for themselves yet I didn't understand at first why they were so happy.

I've learnt that they all found it hard coming to terms with their disability but have found a way to enjoy life and work with it. I believe this is what I have learnt and am still learning.

Yes I have a disability I suffer severely with depression, it is a secret illness but one that is quite real. But I can do something about it to relieve the symptoms but it's only happening because I want to have more good days than bad and I do.

About 2 weeks after I married your Uncle I locked myself in my bedroom, I was rocking and shaking and I hated myself. I thought he had married a fruitcake; I loved him so much that I felt he would be better off without me.

There have been many times I've hurt him, I've pushed him away. There have been weeks at a time that I have not even stood him being in the same room as me there's been coldness in me, I've seen the pain in his eyes and I couldn't feel anything.

Your Uncle is a warm loving person and needs hugs and kisses. A part of me wanted to give him the warmth and love he craved but I couldn't. I have hurt him verbally and through rejection.

I have shared a bed with him and it had been like sharing a bed with a stranger. I have been void of any feeling. He once offered me a divorce because he loved me enough to let me go. At times I purposely tried to push him away I was cruel and heartless I tried to get him to leave because he deserved better.

People had told me before I got married that he deserved better, I guess it hurt so much because deep down I really believed what they were saying was true.

My biggest problem is that I had no self worth. Suicide seemed a good option, life was too hard. My parents had robbed me of any self worth I had. I was told I was a child of God but I didn't believe it one ounce. Everybody thinks I'm good old happy Auntie and for years I wasn't.

This is what I want you to know. We all have problems some bigger than ever. I thought mine was too big. Someone once told me that depression is of the devil, I got really upset at this and even today I truly believe they were wrong. But what I know is that there really are 2 forces good and evil.

Heavenly father takes our weaknesses and makes us strong; in my case it took years. But Satan takes our illnesses and disables us even more.

I know when I am low really low I struggle to think straight let alone make decisions so I don't. I still have very dark days but I know I am winning the battle because I have more good days now. I have a warm close loving relationship with your Uncle, at times I find it hard work to be affectionate or hug him but I'm working on it.

I am amazed that we are still together after 18yrs but so eternally grateful I am. If I had to put up with him like he put up with me it would have been really hard.

Should he have left? Some would say yes. But I've also learnt it's not for me to force him into making that decision to go. He loves me, it's taken me a long time to realize it or should I say believe it. I wanted him to love me when we got married the problem was I didn't think I deserved it.

Life has so much to offer your Uncle and I. I accept there will be hard times and bad times but I love the good times so much that's why our marriage is so strong.

I could never have hoped or imagined 18 years ago that I could have the love in my heart. I always had it there I've just learnt to use it and use it well. I could have let my depression put me in a wheelchair and made me a complete lonely cripple with nothing but I got up and walked. Sometimes I need crutches called anti-depressants but it doesn't stop me from walking at these times, I just walk a little slower.

I'm telling you these things because I've learnt the hard way, because I love you. Heavenly father loves you and is hurting because you are.

I am worried that you have made the wrong choice concerning Carl. Don't take this wrongly but I'm not sure you are thinking straight. When we think clearly we don't starve ourselves or hurt ourselves or want to die.

I used to binge, get angry and then get angry at your Uncle. I would blame everybody else for my depression but things can hurt us if we allow it to and boy did I allow it.

You can't change the past you can't change what happened 5mins ago, but you can let the past destroy any hope of a future and that's a choice you have to make.

You're a very beautiful talented young lady, everyone but you can see that. I hope and pray one day you'll see it for yourself. Carl loves you so much, he refuses to give up on you, I'm so glad your Uncle didn't give up on me. At times marriage seems one sided but there will be times when you need each others strengths.

It won't be easy but I can promise you it will be worth it. I know he's prepared to wait and I know there would be no pressure. Please don't give up on Carl or eternity. You must have a pretty wonderful life ahead of you for Satan to try and break this eternal bond.

Have courage, don't throw your marriage away with Carl because you can't deal with it right now just put it on hold till you can.

There's a saying that says "you can eat an elephant a bite at a time" yes it will take effort "by an inch it's a pinch, by a yard it's hard."

I hope and pray you will find the courage to want to get better and that you'll put your trust in the lord. There is hope and there is happiness it's there for the taking. You have to start by reaching out and asking for help from those who love you.

I just wanted you to know that your weaknesses can disable you or make you strong that there is hope and that I love you lots.

Thursday 31st January 2002.

Dear Sky. Today wasn't that bad. I was in quite a good mood. I had a nice long chat with my key nurse today. She made a few points that I need to live up to.

She said that my parents need to come to turns with my illness. I asked her "what illness?" "Anorexia" when she said that world I went cold. She asked me what I thought.

I said that to me Anorexia is when you are really skinny, force fed, damage to your body, really serious.

She replied

"Your in a psychiatric hospital, how much more serious can it get?"

That thought hadn't crossed my mind before. Apparently when I first came in I was between 70% - 75% of my body weight, 65% and you're force fed.

What is my honest opinion? I don't know. I've read biographies of girls with Anorexia and there are things I see in me but there are things that aren't relevant to me. I guess I'm scared; scared of admitting there is a serious problem, scared of being "ill." Scared of being classed as "Anorexic." To me if you're Anorexic then you will never "get better."

This may sound crazy but I'm scared of getting "better." How I've been living, not eating has been "safe." Now everyone knows. The secret's out. So am I Anorexic? I would like to say yes, but I'm too scared.

There is also something else I need to tell my key nurse. Something quite important but I'm too scared. I'm scared they'll class me even more as being Anorexic. I need to tell her, there's not much point in being here if I'm not completely honest but it's my secret, not something I'm proud of.

Gaby had been complaining that her key nurse hasn't spent any time with her. The way I see it is that the difference between me and Gaby is that I'm trying my hardest to work with the nurses. Now I might be completely wrong in saying this but Gaby doesn't seem to be trying to work with them.

My key nurse also asked me to write 2 letters tonight but not ever send them, one in reply to my Auntie's letter and one to my parents.

I went to get my car today and took Gaby with me, I'm so glad I did. To cut a long story short the car battery was flat so I went back carless.

Being back home with Carl made me realize how much I don't want to go back to him or the house. I don't want anything to do with either of them. This might sound rediculas, why did I marry him, but he really gets on my nerves! He annoys me, always has and always will. Everything he does or says annoys me. What stupid bitch would marry someone when they felt this way even before they were married?

Dear Mum and Dad. I love you. I love you both dearly. In my heart I want to be completely honest with you and tell you everything but it is so hard for me to do this. I don't know why, I guess one reason why is because of how you will react to the whole, honest, complete truth.

It will also upset you, I know you will still love me and be there for me, I don't doubt this, and I'm worried about how it will affect you.

You know that I have never felt comfortable talking to you, this is no fault of your own; it's the way I am. What you don't know won't hurt you. I know that you've always said that you won't think any worse of me but this doesn't stop me thinking that talking will only cause hurt and upset and disappointment on your behalf.

Whether this is the case or not it doesn't matter. It's what I will always think so this stops me from talking and finding out.

I also want you to know that I know the church is true; I have no doubt about this. I never have and hopefully never will. But I have come to realize this. I believe the gospel is true but living the gospel doesn't make me happy.

I don't know if this makes any sense to you. I've come to realize that I need to live for myself. All my life I've tried to please others and do what I've thought right but this obviously hadn't worked. I need to live my life to do what I want to do without your disapproval.

I don't like upsetting people so I will do what pleases others over myself. I've been living for others. Everyone else's happiness is more important than my own. I don't like bringing disappointment to others.

Like I mentioned earlier, whether I do or not doesn't matter. It's what I think that matters. Whenever I've told you bits and pieces or told you things I would like to do, intentionally or not you have always made me feel bad and guilty for doing so.

Voicing your disapproval; of course only being the same as any other parents. But because of the way I am I always wanted to please you. You'll say that I have, that I haven't let you down in anyway or disappointed you in anyway. You could say this over and over it wouldn't make any difference. It doesn't stop me from trying to please others over myself.

I know that telling you everything will hurt you. I so do want to tell you. You have to understand this. Accept that I find it hard to talk to you. No matter how much I want to.

Please don't blame yourselves for this you have done nothing wrong to make me this way. I love you both with all my heart. We all need to work hard and get to know each other all over again. I am constantly trying my hardest. It just takes a lot of time and effort.

Dear Sky. Sorry to bother you again but it's 1:40am and yet again I can't sleep, too many thoughts.

I've just been staring at the stars; I could do that for eternity, looking, and thinking. When you first look up you only see the brightest star. But the longer and harder you look you start to see dimmer ones shine down upon you, trying to shine as bright as the brightest. Wanting to be seen but only noticed if someone takes the time and effort to look hard.

I am so scared, scared of being Anorexic. I know there are "behaviors" that I follow and this scares me.

I don't like to admit it but I'm really struggling with eating. I find it so hard. ANOREXIC!!**!! I had to try my size 6 trousers on just now to make sure that they still fitted. I'm happy being a size 8. Size 8 is nice. 10 is too big. 6 is too thin but even when size 6 is too big I still don't see myself as being too thin. ANOREXIC!!**!! I've counted calories. ANOREXIC!!**!! I've weighed myself 4-5 times a day. ANOREXIC!!**!! I lie about what I've ate. ANOREXIC!!**!! I'm ashamed to eat. ANOREXIC!!**!! I've taken Laxatives. ANOREXIC!!**!! I see people who I know in reality are bigger than me thinner than me and envy them. ANOREXIC!!**!! I store food and eat in secret. ANOREXIC!!**!! I've heard "the voice." ANOREXIC!!**!! Nobody was aware of any of the above. I'm a master of deception. ANOREXIC!!**!!

HELP!!**!! I DON'T WANT TO BE ANOREXIC!!**!!

Writing that letter to Mum and Dad was strange. Even on paper I couldn't say everything I wanted to say. I didn't want to hurt them didn't want to go there.

With you it's different. It's like I've built up this friendship with you and can tell you everything. You don't judge me. You don't see me for what I might be. You listen. You are always there and you take me for who I am. I can tell you everything without upsetting you.

Guess what? Carl's still got the Christmas tree up with presents underneath, how totally stupid. I guess he's holding onto the hope that I'll come back and we'll have our Christmas then! I hate myself.

WHAT'S WRONG?!!**!! I WANT TO DIE. WHAT'S WRONG?!!**!! I have panic attacks. WHAT'S WRONG?!!**!! I can't see a future. WHAT'S WRONG?!!**!! ARRRGHH!!!!*****!!!!!

Everyone's been saying not to make any decisions about finishing with Carl. Wait until I've sorted everything out. I'll see things differently. What people don't seem to understand is that I've been trying to love him for the past 3yrs. I've been trying to be happy all my life.

Or am I thinking irrationally? Will I learn to love him? Do I need to give it more time? Every marriage has its ups and downs! Am I just giving up? We've only been married 3 months so it seems like I have given up and not given marriage chance. Our situation has changed but over the past 3yrs my feelings haven't.

I've just not questioned them. It's always been: do you love Carl? Shut up, course you do! Do you want to marry him? Shut up, course you do! Do you want to have kids? Shut up, course you do! Do you want to spend eternity with him? Shut up, course you do! Do I really? Shut up, course you do, you're supposed to!

It's now 2:45am. STILL CAN'T SLEEP. My brain is too active. I'm not tiring myself out during the day like I used to when I was working. I am so scared and frustrated. You could ask me any question about Anorexia and 9/10 I'd be able to give you an answer; an answer in my opinion and in a professional opinion. This makes me so frustrated.

I know about Anorexia. I know behaviors and recognize when I do them. So shouldn't I be able to stop them? If being Anorexic scares me so much and I recognize the behaviors why can't I stop them?

Friday 1st February 2002.

Dear Sky. Well lets try this calming down method again; music on, writing. Just went for a walk round the grounds. That didn't work. Didn't sleep until 7:00am; 2hrs sleep, great.

I AM NOT ANOREXIC. If I keep saying those words again and again then it will go away. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic.

A girl started work at my place about 1yr ago. She was from Australia. 16yrs old and very shy. I started trying to talk to her and we became close friends and we started talking.

In my eyes she was Anorexic although in hers she wasn't. She went crazy and left a few months after. Everyone asked me what was wrong with her. I remember talking to my boss and told him she was Anorexic, so much so that she should have been hospitalized. AAARRRGGGHHH!!!*****!!! THAT'S WHERE I AM!!!**!!!

I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. I am not anorexic. Just keep telling yourself this and it will go away.

I hate myself. I just eaten supper and my trousers are too tight I started panicking, made myself sick. There is no way I am going to buy a size 10 pair of trousers. I felt so much better afterwards. I'd got all that crap out my system. Hated doing it but it had to be done. I don't have any Laxatives. Have to buy some tomorrow. Just for emergencies like today. Need to cut down on what I'm eating.

My key nurse said that when I came in if I lost another 4lbs I would have been force fed. This eating in secret also has to stop. I must get more control over what I eat. I'll ask to be weighed tomorrow morning. If I'm the same weight I'll be more lenient on myself. Just took some meds so I should sleep fine tonight.

I'm planning on shopping tomorrow, something to do. Gaby might come, depends how she feels.

Saturday 2nd February 2002.

Dear Sky. I received this letter from Carl at about 8:00pm.

When I was in the last meeting with you I was feeling as though there were different reasons to why you said what you did.

Thank you for the great amount of love that you have for me in that you are willing and feel that I would be better off with someone else and that you love me enough as to let me be loved by someone else.

I know that you are feeling a lot like you were that time when we broke up just before we got engaged.

I know that you're thinking that overcoming the depression will be hard and I can understand that you want to try to concentrate as hard as you can on overcoming this, also that you have the idea of how a husband should be treated and that at the moment it would be hard for you to do both; to be able to show me that love and care that you feel that I deserve and need and also to be able to overcome the depression as well.

So this is why you have been trying to help me to feel that I would be able to find what I need in someone else. I know that you have thought about this a lot and it takes a lot of love for a person to be willing to give them up so that the other person can go on to achieve what it is that is possible.

As you know, I love you just as much as you love me and there is no way that I would turn my back on you and let you go through this alone. I have felt as I know you have felt also. That spirit as strong as to what we can have in the future when we have over come this trial on our lives.

We have Patriarch blessings that interlock that give promises of great blessings for both of us with children and a growing love for each other as we'll work together to overcome whatever trials that Satan may try to put in our way.

As I have expressed to you before I will be willing to wait for the time that you are able to share with me what it is that you are feeling and needing to do to overcome this problem. I will be there for you to help you in anyway that I possibly can.

I know that you can overcome this and that the future although it may never be a bed of roses all the time, there will be ups and downs as all relationships have but I want to be there with you and I can think of no other that I'd rather be with as we go through the trials that life may bring.

I will be able to help you in progressing and developing strength as you have done for me in the past and as we work together we can do whatever that may be needed in order to make your life a life of greater happiness and joy like I know you want and long for so much. To be able to have a normal relationship with me this man that you love so much.

I know that it will happen and it will not be too far away when you feel you are being that wife that you so dearly want to be. I have been able to have the spirit guide me and help me to know parts of what you are feeling and have to deal with in your life.

I have no doubt that heavenly father through the spirit will guide you and help you as you do these things that you need and that heavenly father wants for you to do.

I know as I'm sure that you do that we know that we were meant to be together in the pre-earth life and as we were told of our future together we embraced each other with joy and love for each other.

I know that we can do it together that when the time is right we will be able to stand together with our children by our side and be told that we have been prepared and now are ready to enter the Celestial kingdom.

This is my dream and I know it's one you deserve also. We can do it, together.

I am so angry; angry at myself, angry at Carl, angry with life. Carl thinks he knows how I feel but he has no idea. He thinks I love him. He couldn't be any further from the truth. I am not going back to him or the house. How dare he tell me how I feel? I don't want him to be part of my life. I hate him. Why did I marry him? You stupid bitch.

I was so angry with myself for making myself sick yesterday instead of talking to someone. I just felt physically sick. I had to get all that crap out. I've tried making myself sick a few times before but never succeeded. I didn't realize how far you had to stick your fingers down.

That relief afterwards and the sense of achievement were so strong. I had to weigh myself this morning. I felt like I had put more weight on but had to make sure. I hadn't, still weigh 7 stone.

Didn't have lunch but had tea and supper. The moment I feel like I've put on weight or actually do I will have to start taking Laxatives again. I don't want to. I hate doing it. But I can't go into size 10 trousers again. I used to be OK being 8 1/2 stone, wasn't happy. But most of the time accepted it. Saw myself as fat but didn't let the situation get out of hand, it couldn't. Now I feel exactly the same about 7 stone. I'm OK being that. It's too heavy but I can accept it.

Thursday night when I went home I brought a load of chocolate back with me. Sat in my room and started eating it. Not hungry but the desire to eat was too overwhelming until suddenly I got up and chucked it all in the bin. I did this over Christmas just gone as well. If the food's not there I can't eat it. If it is there I will eat it even if I'm not hungry. I hate myself for doing this, all this deception.

I WANT TO GO BACK TO WORK! Didn't go shopping today instead me and Gaby spent all day doing puzzles, watched Casualty.

On one of the scenes there was a poster stuck on the wall, it said; 'you don't have to be mentally ill to suffer from a mental illness.' What's the difference?

I want to go back to work, back to church. Live my own life but I don't see how any of this is ever possible. I'm going to be in here so long that I won't have a job to go back to.

I want Carl out of my life. I want to be on my own, to have my job, to have fun. It's this that is fighting.

All day today I told myself I wasn't going to eat, that it was nil by mouth. I managed till tea time. Although I want to get out of here I'm scared. Scared I won't cope, won't have the professional support. Be left to get on with it, only having the weekly appointments. If this were to happen I would only go back down hill again.

Sunday 3rd February 2002.

Dear Sky. Went and got my car this morning, which made my month! Gaby came with me, put a CD on loud. It was really exciting to be in control again, had to fight with a nurse to be able to get it though.

She wasn't aware of the situation. She wanted me to wait until this afternoon, when my key nurse was in but I kept on at her, I wasn't going to leave it. I could understand exactly where she was coming from but for some reason I just kept on.

Yesterday somehow Gaby and I got into the conversation of we only wanted to go shopping to buy Laxatives. Today we went to shopping in Boots. We both needed a few bits and pieces. On the way in Gaby said Laxatives? I told her no! Not today. The nurses were trusting us and I didn't want to betray that trust. She gave in and we didn't buy any.

Even if I wanted to I wouldn't have brought any with Gaby there. It's something that is private to me, something that I am ashamed of. Not to be taken as a joke and shared with someone else.

We went to Sainsbury's and brought some Celebrations for the nurses. They were putting so much trust in us. They weren't too happy but put that trust in us.

Had sandwiches for lunch, didn't have any tea which meant I pigged out on biscuits for supper. I felt OK. I could justify eating in the evenings if I've done well and missed a meal during the day. I will allow myself to eat more in the evening. I can justify it by telling myself that I've missed a meal so it's OK.

Mum came and visited me today, we chatted casually. She showed me a new card game. I found myself thinking to talk to her whilst she was alone, whilst I had the chance.

Took a deep breath and said lets go in the interview room. Mad impulse decision. Told her about the Suspension bridge and why I was in the observation bedroom, about punching walls and not wanting to go back to Carl. I was so relieved. Relieved it was out.

Did you know I've spent £900 in the last month! I feel so uncomfortable with people calling me an Anorexic. I hate being classed like that. It's like Anorexic is a different species to a human. It makes me feel so uneasy.

When Mum went I had a chat with my key nurse. Told her that I'd told Mum and shown her Carl's letter, she also read the rest of you. I find it a lot easier to talk to her once she knows what I want/need to talk about. I'd like to work along the lines of spending time with her each day she's in, reading to date of you and then discussing it. I really do want to talk to people instead of write but I just find it so hard doing so.

Gaby and I are planning on catching the bus to town tomorrow. I need to get a few things but I can drive down now. But I can't make my mind up if I can be bothered. See how we feel tomorrow.

Monday 4th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up today feeling good, 9:00am I went and woke Gaby up, she was feeling OK so we asked the nurses if we could go down town. They said yes I had a hot chocolate and was quite excited, left at 9:30am and said we'd be back for 12:00.

Brought a new phone charger and headphones also brought some more Disney socks and Michael Ball CD's. Then we went and brought "our babies." It was a surprise for Gaby, the teddy bear factory. We were like 2 little school girls. It was really good.

When I went and got my phone charger Gaby went into Boots! I knew why but just turned a blind eye. I didn't want to be part of it. Didn't want to betray the trust of the nurses, didn't want them to say that my car was a bad idea.

If the truth be told Laxatives would have been brought on the next shopping trip. Whether that would have been by bus or car, or by me or Gaby.

If I'm completely honest, if I'd gone by bus on my own I would have brought some but because of my car it stopped me. I didn't want to ruin that trust.

Well we got back for 12:00 like 2 laughing school girls. It was a really good few hours for both of us. Dressed our teddies, we were both in such a good mood. The only problem with being like that is it can only go down hill.

A nurse brought me my lunch in the TV room. 2 egg sandwiches, Fanta, yogurt, 2 packs of salt and vinegar crisps and I ate it all. I felt really bad.

I suddenly asked Gaby to come upstairs. I asked her what Laxatives she'd brought. She showed me and I took the box and ran out the room but Gaby grabbed me and eventually got the box off me. I begged her to give me 10. She had 30. I wanted them all but that wasn't going to happen. She was reluctant. Wanted just to give me 5. I promised her I'd only take 2 or 3, eventually she gave me 10.

I went downstairs, asked for some orange juice and took all 10 in my room. Felt relieved. This meant it was OK to eat because it was all going in a few hours. Started eating crisps and chocolate biscuits I didn't want to but I've starved myself for so long that my body is craving everything and I'm not strong enough to fight it.

Took the Laxatives at 1:30pm, I felt so guilty, so ashamed, so angry that I'd involved Gaby. I didn't want to share it with anyone else but all I could think about was getting those Laxatives. It was the only way. If she hadn't have got them then I would have been OK.

I'm so ashamed, so utterly ashamed. Felt so guilty I had broken the trust of the nurses, betrayed them. They won't trust me again. I'm so angry with myself for letting everyone down. They trusted us so much and we just threw it back in their faces. How could I?

About 6:30pm a student got it out of me. We chatted in my room and I told her everything. What I did how I felt and also told her that Gaby still had some Laxatives as well as a load of Paracetamol. I hated myself for doing so but if she hasn't got them she can't take them. I hated getting her involved, it seemed like a joke to her. Saying she was only going to take 5. I don't think she understands how controlling it can become.

They called the D.M.O (Duty Medical Officer) out. The one I don't like. Lectured me about the damage I was doing to my body, stuff I already knew, argued with him that it was only 10 instead of 40. If my body can cope with 40 then I think it can cope with 10.

He weighed me 7 ½ stone. I was shattered, you fat cow. Gonna be strict with myself, got to get back down to 7. 7 stone is "safe."

It's 11:00pm. Unbelievable pain, unbelievable guilt, unbelievable shame, I'm not proud of what I did, I hate myself for it. So why do I do it? Just had a chat with Gaby, she'd taken 10 as well.

We're OK. I apologized, she said it's OK, she just wouldn't tell me next time and that's fine by me. I want a good friendship with Gaby but I don't want her feelings and actions, but the two come hand in hand.

I'm so ashamed, let everyone down, hate myself for doing it; it's not a nice experience to go through. I don't think people realize how much pain is involved. Unbearable stomach pains, you feel so weak, so drained.

I'm not going to leave the ward till Saturday. My cousin is coming down and we'll spend the day together. I want to go out and buy some more Laxatives and spend time in my car doing "normal" stuff. But I don't trust myself. My car is my life line and I don't want to abuse that.

Today brought back a load of memories; being at work, being at home, being at church and not being able to walk without unbelievable pain. I was taking 40 a day, anytime of day. Always at work though. I've still got some in my locker. I don't want to go through all that again. IT'S NOT NICE. So ashamed, so ashamed.

Tuesday 5th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Didn't sleep last night, I took my meds but even they didn't work. My head is in turmoil. Woke up feeling alone, Frostie, the teddy I brought has been with me all day, comfort.

Had a chat with a nurse, talked about yesterday. Food is becoming more and more of an issue. I was worried about having dinner. I'm so scared. I don't want to be like this but I don't have any control over it.

I keep telling myself that I'm being stupid that I'm making a big deal out of nothing, to eat and get on with life but I can't. I can't shake my feelings. I don't want food to be an issue but I can't deny the fact that it is. I had my lunch whilst watching Hook. I love that film. It's full of childish fantasies. I just managed to cope with lunch. There weren't any Laxatives around, if there was I would have taken them.

Had a lie down at 4:30pm, listened to Michael Ball. Nobody came in to ask if I wanted any tea, probably thought I was asleep, felt better when I got up.

At 7:00pm I had hot chocolate and biscuits. Right now I'm sitting in the lounge watching Holby City. Started getting restless which is why I got you. I was thinking of food. Toast is out at the moment but I've gone off it. If there was something cool I'd have it but of course I don't ask, ashamed to need something.

Gaby and I are OK but not spent too much time together which is best. I've got to learn from yesterday, learn from my mistakes. Gonna tell Gaby that if I even think she's doing something I don't approve of I will tell the nurses. I don't want to be her partner in crime. It might distance us a bit more but I have to keep telling myself not to worry about Gaby.

From now on my car is for me. If Gaby wants to get Laxatives and Paracetamol that's up to her, I don't want to know. She came in just now looking quite irritated, probably done something. Wanted to give her a hug and ask her what's wrong but I managed not to, to let the nurses deal with her. I feel really cold hearted but I've got to keep thinking of life outta here.

I need to be well enough to get back to work before they give my job to someone else. 3 patients left today, went to Southmead and home; another was moved to Southmead yesterday. I feel so isolated; I just wanted to keep myself to myself. Couldn't cope with the noise of the ward which is why I shut myself away and played my music loud, couldn't hear what was going on outside. I just wanted to be left alone, felt better afterwards until just now.

Thinking of food too much, telly doesn't distract me, nothing does. It's OK now I'm writing to you, takes more concentration to do 2 things at once, write and follow what's on TV.

Stayed in my PJ's all day, didn't see the point in getting changed. My bodies craving everything; food, chocolate, crisps, yogurt, sandwiches, all fatty stuff. I want to eat and eat all the things I crave; I just want to be normal. The frustrating thing is that I know that when I am 8 1/2 stone I can eat virtually anything without putting weight on but 8 1/2 stone was too much, I wasn't happy and still not. 8 1/2 stone is still too much.

I don't know how to cope with myself. I need to talk to my key nurse tomorrow, discuss what I've written since she was last in. I feel like I need so much attention, time with the nurses. It's better once I've talked but that feeling doesn't last long and in a few hours I need to talk again. But I feel that I don't deserve the attention. They have other patients to worry about. Why would they want to spend time with me?

So hungry, just want to eat and eat. There are 2 packs of biscuits on the table in front of me, tempted to eat the lot of them. I'm doing well at the moment, just keep writing. But if I'm hungry why not eat? I can't win.

They put me down for O.T (occupational therapy) today, give it a go but not tomorrow, don't feel strong enough to be around new people. New people mean fake smile, something I don't want to deal with at the moment.

I'm scared to go to sleep tonight, nothing new, trying to sleep means thoughts. Once I'm asleep I'm OK. Of I wake up, noise, I'm OK. Go straight back to sleep. It's just getting to sleep in the first place that's the problem. Lying there alone scares me, being alone, even the meds aren't working now. I don't like sleeping; I don't have control about what happens whilst I'm asleep.

I dream at night. Always remember them, well most of the time. They're not nightmares but some of them aren't pleasant.

When I was younger I was so gullible. I was about 8. Katheryne Gardener told us that in the newspaper there was a man going around stabbing people in our areas. Katherine and I being so innocent believed her.

Later on Katherine and I went to the shops. This middle aged man was walking towards us. I started to get scared. I could tell that Katherine was as well. We got tenser and tenser as we got closer and closer. We got level with him; he put his hand in his trouser pocket, so scared, pulled it out, terrified. Keys! He walked into his house and we walked past him, so relieved.

If me or Katherine were ill and couldn't stop coughing at night Dad would get really angry and tell us to stop coughing. Can't do that! Lie under the blanket trying to stifle a cough.

Dad used to put a burner on top of the cupboards. It was supposed to help stop coughing. It smelt so bad. We dreaded that burner, scared to cough at night. Scared of getting shouted at and the burner being brought in.

Gaby has just come in. I'm shaking. Calm down. She had a cup of chicken noodles. Said she felt so guilty. I didn't want to know. I told her to either go to bed or to talk to someone. She said if she leaves this room the only place she is going is the toilet to be sick. I didn't want this responsibility.

Grabbed her hand and pulled her out. She resisted a bit. I told a nurse that she needed to talk to someone. She took her to chat. Gaby is the nurse's responsibility, not mine.

I'm so scared to go to sleep, always have been for as long as I can remember. Sometimes are worse that others but that fear and trouble sleeping is always there. Never goes away.

Wednesday 6th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Sat down to watch the film Godzilla but it doesn't distract my thoughts, thinking of food too much. Writing calms me down because I have to concentrate harder on the film. I'm so hungry.

Just want to eat and eat. I gave into the biscuits last night. I didn't sleep last night either, too scared and too restless. Couldn't calm down, tried but unsuccessfully.

Don't know why I'm still taking these antidepressants, they're not doing anything.

Can't get these thoughts out my head. I'm going crazy; it's always food, food, and food. Why can't it just go away and leave me alone. So mixed up don't know what to do.

A nurse just brought me in some crisps and yogurt scared to eat them once I've ate them I'm going to spend the whole day thinking about eating, craving. I hate myself.

Why does food have to be an issue? I can't stand it. I just want to get on with life but I can't get on with life. Food will always be an issue. I just want all these thoughts to disappear.

Didn't go to OT today, couldn't face it. When I'm around people who don't know everything I have to act. Put on a smile. Be someone I'm not which puts added pressure

on me. People think I'm coping so put more pressure on me which makes everything harder to cope with.

That's the way it is in church and especially at work. Of course I don't let anyone know I'm slowly breaking down. That's the point, slowly. People don't notice. Everything just gets worse and worse. Pressure and responsibility get more and more. I try coping more and more until I can't cope. I can't cope with all the pressure. Because it happens so slowly even I don't realize. I think I'm coping, that I can handle all the pressure.

It's not until I look back that I realize I wasn't coping. I would eat at work. We'd get pizza in, sit and eat it with everyone. I had to put on a smile at work. Everyone had a laid back attitude. Laugh. Have a good time.

It's catching, at least on the outside. On the inside I'm still not right. Not coping but no one knows. I feel so guilty, so guilty. I've just ate. Don't want to eat. I'm fighting with my thoughts. Forcing myself to eat but not wanting to I know I need to eat but it doesn't stop the panicking feelings.

I want to stop it. I don't like being like this but it is such a fight. I don't like eating. But I can't resist it if it's there in front of me, temptations too strong. Why do I have these thoughts? Why can't I get rid of them? I'm like a slave. I want out of these feelings and emotions tied up in food but I don't know how.

When my cousin comes down Saturday I don't know how I'll cope. What we do, whatever that may be will be great but how will I cope with eating? How will I avoid it? I can't eat and pretend everything's fine. It's not but I don't know how to cope or what to do about it.

Thursday 7th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I've just been crying my eyes out. I sat down and did a crossword with a nurse, laughed and joked with him being sarcastic, my old self.

How did I get in here? I still can't believe that things got that bad. OK I wasn't coping. Couldn't walk, concentrate, I kept going dizzy. How bad would it have got? It's hard to believe that all that actually happened to me.

I didn't choose to be like this. It just happened. It didn't start a few months ago. I've been relapsing most of my life but this stuff doesn't really happen; it's the kind of thing you read about.

Work! Do I really enjoy it as much as what I say and think I do? I obviously couldn't cope with it because I'm in here, but it's a safety net. I know the job, the job knows me. I'm too scared to move on, to leave everything behind. I do enjoy my work most of the time but its long hours, hard work, lots of pressure and lots of responsibility.

Did/can I really cope with all that or is work part of why I'm in here, couldn't cope. I go down hill so slowly that no one notices, not even me. I just find myself crying at work, not coping but don't tell anyone.

Friday 8th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I didn't sleep again last night. I'm still having weird dreams. When I realize that I'm dreaming I tell myself to remember but when I wake up I know I had a weird dream but can't remember what.

Planning to go to OT today but whether I actually do is a different question. That's always the case. I plan to do things but when it comes down to doing them I can't motivate myself, story of my life.

Why am I still not eating hot meals? It's so frustrating. I feel like I'm being stupid but it really does scare me. Sandwiches are safe.

I had to move back into the main dormitory. I was in there originally but had to move because I couldn't sleep- too noisy. But there are different people in here now. It's safer in here.

I went to OT this morning, concentration skills. A nurse came with me which helped. It wasn't too bad. It's just taking that first step and going.

Sat and chatted most of the day. I've been in quite a good mood. My moods take such a swing. Last night felt like the end of the world. I couldn't stop crying and didn't sleep either.

Where does my life go from here? The next step is supported housing but after that? Do I want to go back to JJB? There are loads of other careers I'd like to do. It's just doing them. Don't think I'd cope. JJB is "safe." I know where I stand.

To be honest I don't think I'd have the ability to do other jobs. Like teaching, social worker, paramedic or nurse; physical and mental.

Whilst we were chatting today I found myself thinking about the nurses here. They'd all had completely different jobs before nursing but I find it so hard to make that change. It doesn't feel right. I'm very loyal. Feel like I owe JJB.

I am so worried about my weight. I feel so alone and insecure. Like I don't know who I am and what I'm doing. I had a visit from someone from church this evening. Wasn't looking forward to it but I couldn't say no.

This might sound really evil but I don't like having visitors. I just want everyone from the outside to leave me alone. She was shocked at how "thin" Gaby is. It's so hard not to compete with her. I'm so confused at the moment. Don't know where I stand.

Haven't given myself limits for food. I'm at the phase where I don't want to eat mentally but eat anyway. It then takes a lot of effort to stop eating again. It's not something I make the decision to do, it just happens. I don't know how I'm going to cope tomorrow with my cousin. Will tomorrow be what slides me into not eating again? Too scared to eat so don't, then once you start it's hard to stop.

I'm so worried that I weigh too much, pigged out this evening, couldn't help it, the food was there.

I still haven't written that letter to Carl. I can't, so here are my thoughts, non-letter.

Make everyone happy. Don't question your doubts. You're doing what you are supposed to. Everyone's happy. Except me but I don't matter. Other people's happiness comes before my own.

When I question my thoughts everything changes. I never was head- over- heals in love with Carl. Never went weak in the knees when he looked at me. I hated looking him in the eyes. Him staring back with all that love, love I didn't feel back. I just wanted to be by myself all the time, before and after marriage.

On the rare occasion that I wanted to spend some time with someone I never wanted to spend it with Carl. The less time I spent around him the better, harsh? That's the way I felt.

After about a week of being in here I took my wedding and engagement rings off. I didn't want to be part of it anymore. I didn't miss Carl. Didn't miss being around him. I didn't feel anything towards him. At the moment I feel so much anger towards him. I want to see him hurting. It's been like that before.

I told him once that he'd helped me with my emotions. Yeah, so he'd feel better. Help me! Never, when he talks I just want him to shut up. When he's near me I just want him to go away. Everything he does is pathetic. It's the way it's always been. I just want him out of my life. Like it never happened but it did and I need to act rationally.

Saturday 9th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I had quite a good day today. Didn't do anything in the morning, didn't have any lunch. Nobody brought me any and I couldn't bring myself to go up and ask. Wanted to but couldn't.

12:45pm my cousin got here. It was actually nice to see her. Went shopping, had to buy the next note book for you. Brought some more clothes for Frostie, more crossword books, 2 CD's one dance/bass for the car and the best of Rolf Harris, how sad!

I really wanted it, when we were young we used to go on day trips with Grandma, we'd always have a tape on with mostly Rolf Harris, loved that tape. I just had to buy the CD.

On the way home we played it in the car full blast singing at the top of our voices, sad? Yeah! But it was fun.

Got back for 5:00pm and played cards, we were quite noisy, laughter. I imagined the nurses to tell us off. We watched Pop Idol and Casualty. Will won. They dragged it on for so long.

I didn't have any tea, same reason as before. My cousin went at 9:30pm; I must admit I did have a good time today. It was nice to see her.

Sunday 10th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I woke up at 3:00am this morning. It's now 5:00pm. Spent all day upstairs listening to Rolf Harris! Can't help but be in a good mood whilst listening to it.

Mum and the girls have just visited followed by my Auntie. Got another strip of knitting came upstairs and put Pearl Harbor soundtrack on, my suicide CD.

Princess Margaret died yesterday; it was all over the TV and papers today. What's the big deal? She wasn't that special was she? Just some lady who had nothing to do with me and therefore it doesn't matter whether she's dead or alive.

I haven't had anything to eat or drink today, in too good a mood. I didn't want to spoil it by eating. I associate food with feeling bad. It's when I'm in this mood that I'm most dangerous to myself.

I'm outgoing on the outside. Appear to be happy. Maybe I am but then everyone thinks I'm OK even the nurses. Tell everyone I'm fine. I then stop eating but because I've maintained this mood nobody notices until it's too late. I don't do this on purpose it just happens. Brighten up a bit so tell everyone I'm fine. Stop eating and collapse.

It was really nice to see Mum and the girls but one sentence Mum said brought me right down. She said how at church a letter was read out from the first presidency saying about how urgent it was to get our food store up together. Mum mentioned that we don't get told something like that unless it is important.

IT'S ALL THIS SECOND COMING STUFF. When Christ comes again, everyone says that for the saints it will be a joyful day, a day of great rejoicing. But I don't want it to come. As everyone says, the scriptures are being fulfilled. The time is nigh!

For example; "There will be wars and rumors of wars" which is all this September 11th stuff.

"All nations will come unto Zion," which is the winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. Apparently people I know have been told that they will see this day. I don't want to.

Quote from 'teachings of presidents of the church: Joseph F Smith.' "I testify, that unless the Latter Day Saints will live their religion, keep their covenants with God and their brethren. Honor the priesthood which they bear, any try faithfully to bring themselves into subjection to the laws of God, they will be the first to fall beneath the judgments of the almighty, for his judgments will begin at his own house."

When I read this I cried. WHERE DOES THIS LEAVE ME? I don't want to be around for the second coming. I don't want this way of life to end. I don't want to die. I don't want to live. Which option do I take? Death! I've tried life, that doesn't make me happy. Maybe the "after life" won't be as bad as I make it out to be.

ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, stop being a chicken and do what you want to do. KILL YOURSELF. It's the only thing left to do. Die and face up to God, live and face up to God.

I'm just exaggerating everything. I hope I will be "saved" but exaggerating is what I do and to me that is reality.

I have my head phones on as loud as it goes. Block everything out. Life, thoughts, suicide moves. When I do it I mustn't have thought about it just try to concentrate on the music. I know I'll do it tonight but for now I'll just concentrate on the music.

Next time I move from here I'll be coming back to kill myself. Whilst I'm up here I'm OK because I can't stop thinking about it no matter how hard I try.

It's now, when I go downstairs that I'm in trouble. There's more to occupy me so my thoughts calm down a little. Then it is the mad, spontaneous, irrational decision to end it all that happens and I do it. Moment of madness, I haven't been thinking it through so I just go and do it.

Where as now I'm thinking about it too much so I won't do it, it's like saying "in a minute, in a minute" but like tomorrow, it never comes. But spur of the moments happen without warning. Too late, the thought had been thought. There's nothing you can do except carry out your deadly deed.

Do I go downstairs or do I stay up here??? Oh well, down I go, back up, goodbye.

(It's actually the 12th now as I couldn't bring myself to own up to what's been going on since.) Well as you can guess I failed miserably again. Tied some wool around my hands then my mouth and nose then tied my hands together.

Gaby came up and found me followed by nurses. Had a long chat with one of them after about how I feel about the second coming. I actually told her everything, all my feelings and thoughts. Felt better after.

Went downstairs and watched TV, well, kinda watched TV, sat there holding Frostie not really concentrating on anything.

As usual when I'm like that I find my nails digging into my skin. I do it all the time, when I'm talking to a nurse, when I'm not really doing anything. I do it without realizing it, slowly digging my nails in harder and harder then pinching at it. Then I realized I had to get rid of the skin, to destroy it.

I started pinching harder and harder, pulling at it. I couldn't get through, couldn't tear away at it but I had to. Teeth, their sharper than my nails! Without realizing that's what I did, bit away at my skin. It didn't really hurt. It had been numbed.

It wasn't until I had actually made a hole that I stopped. It started bleeding. I was satisfied. I'd hurt something, ruined it. I'd taken away its perfection. I went to bed at about 12:00 holding my little secret.

Tuesday 12th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I woke up today not wanting to get out of bed. It's boring in bed but I can listen to music which is the best way to distract my thoughts but I got up because my marks needed cleaning up.

Suddenly decided I would go home and get some of my puzzles and get some money out. Got home Carl was there. He tried being nice, casual and chat but I just couldn't answer him. After a few silent replies he let me get on with it.

I got the rats out. I say "the" because they're not mine anymore. They don't know who I am; I'm a stranger to them.

Carl's still got the Christmas tree up with presents underneath. He was in the middle of wrapping a box of chocolates up in red wrapping paper probably for Valentines Day. I don't want them.

It's his birthday tomorrow; he's not going to hear from me. I know I'm treating him really badly and I'm evil for doing so but it's the only way I know how to cope. Didn't say goodbye to him, I just left and went down town.

Got some money and bumped into Mum, Jane and Hannah. They were waiting to meet the twins so I waited with them. I haven't seen them for ages; they were our last lot of foster kids. They were 4 when we first had them, they must be 6-7 now. We waited but they didn't turn up.

Jane, Hannah and I had our portraits taken in this booth. It was quite funny. They're going to scan it off and give me it Sunday.

Got back just gone 12:00 and have been doing puzzles since. It's now 10:30pm.about 3:00pm these 2 students came in for a chat. Was open with them but not completely, probably more like what I was like with the teachers, told them but not in depth.

Realized I could plug my CD player in downstairs so whilst I was doing the puzzles I was listening to Rolf Harris! It distracted my thoughts quite well.

I've been sleeping a lot better recently, 6-7hrs a night. Looking back over the past few days I can see why things happened. Eating and drinking was slowly getting less and less since last week.

Sunday sparked off suicide, don't want to see the second coming. Also wasn't feeling on top of myself because I wasn't eating or drinking. After suicide, self harm. Then because of this secret of harming myself worrying me so much I couldn't/wouldn't eat or drink. Once I had told a nurse my secret was out so it was OK to eat and drink.

Been feeling OK today, had a bit to eat and drink but not much. I've still got that terrible headache. See myself as fat at the moment, makes me angry, want to stop eating and especially drinking.

Something I haven't really questioned before. Something the students tried talking about but I was quite closed towards them. Why can I get on with people at work, mix, approach customers, cope with being shouted at by customers when I refuse to give them refunds, give staff jobs to do, give training sessions, team briefs, tell them off, have a laugh with them, manage the whole shop for days on my own, why can I do all this at work yet when I'm not in work I'm so closed in and isolated, why?

Is it because I put so much into work that I don't have the time, energy or will power to do anything else? Do I find my job too hard that I can't cope with it? I'm so scared to go back to work and to "cope" again because that's when it all goes back down hill again.

Wednesday 13th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning not wanting to get out of bed but 8:30am dragged myself downstairs to do the puzzle, I wasn't in the mood as I was feeling quite low.

About 8:45am there was a phone call for me, it was Carl's Mum. She said she thought I ought to know that Carl had been knocked down by a car on the way to work; he's in the B.R.I waiting for an x-ray. Drs think he's broken both his legs and will be staying in overnight cause it's complicated.

Went and had a chat with a nurse then woke Gaby up and cried my eyes out led on her bed. Now I've cried myself out I've gone past the crying stage. My natural reaction now is to carry on as if nothing's happened. It's the way I cope. At least cope on the outside but be torn on the inside and cry my eyes out when I'm alone, but everyone sees that I'm coping and that's all that matters, but Carl needs me.

I'm supposed to support him, be there for him and be the loving wife that I'm supposed to be. But that's not how I feel. I wouldn't wish this on anyone but I'm not upset for him, not worried about him and I don't feel sorry for him, at least that's what I feel without questioning my thoughts.

Whatever I do next, whether I see him or pretend it hasn't happened I'll cope on the outside, be strong, smile and carry on but on the inside and when I'm alone I'll just collapse.

Exactly how I've always coped. Not let anyone know how I really feel, don't show it. I sound like a mean bitch, that I'm only thinking of how this affects me and not Carl.

The way I see it I have these options: See him, be strong and support him and collapse inside ignoring everything or being strong and pretend I'm fine and collapse on the inside. I either act or don't act. Even if I just make a phone call or ask how he is it's still being strong for him and letting him know I'm there for him when I'm not.

Now I've cried my eyes out I'm pretending I'm coping, that I can handle this, lock all my emotions up and unlock then when I'm alone. I can't change what's happened so accept that it's happened and get on as normal, cold, heartless bitch.

Thursday 14th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Sorry I didn't finish writing to you yesterday, I'm finding it really hard recently, I don't have the energy or motivation to do anything so I'm writing this in the morning again.

Well, Mum phoned last night; Carl was going to have an operation, she would phone me when he came out. She phoned again in the evening to let me know that he hadn't had the operation, that he was in too much pain but he was due to go shortly.

Apparently the driver had been speeding-40mph. The Drs said he was lucky and it was in the Evening Post.

I feel so evil; all I could think about was who was going to look after my rats. I bravely mentioned this to Mum and heard Dad sigh in the background, the kind of sigh that's, Carl's lucky to be alive and all you can think about is your rats. Mum said that maybe it was something I should think about, who would look after them. Yeah like I'm in the position to do that!

Had very little to eat and drink again. I know that's why I was feeling the way I was and it won't help things. But it's not something I plan to do it just happens. I do want to eat and drink like a normal person but for some reason I can't, I can't be normal and cope with everyday life and situations.

I just want to hide myself away and shut myself out from the harsh realities of life. It's what I've always done. I'd like to say its how I've always copped but obviously I haven't coped because I'm in here.

Dad's got this weird theory into his head that part reason why I'm like this is because I read Point Horror books when I was in my early teens. HELLO! I'm not the only person to have read those books. Everyone else who's read them hasn't ended up like me.

I know nobody has a straight forward, happy go lucky life but they manage with situations and get on with life. Why can't I do the same? I used to think that that was what I did, carried on as normal, cope but obviously I wasn't copping, can't handle normal life.

Maybe that's why I got on so well at work most of the time; I shut myself off from everything else, just focused on my job. I say most of the time cause there was often times when I didn't manage, when everything got too much. I just didn't let it show. I always took the Laxatives at work, too scared to have them at home incase they were found.

Well, it's now midnight and today has been mostly bad, stayed in bed all morning apart from a phone call from Mum and a chat with a nurse.

Mum said how the op had gone well but they needed to do another because he needed a skin graft, a bone was sticking through his leg. Mum mentioned about the rats

saying that the only person she could think of was an Auntie, no way, or to look after them myself or find someone myself. In other words this is your problem, you deal with it. We've had enough of sorting your life out whilst you're in there. Yeah, like I can really go home everyday to feed the rats.

Didn't have any sandwiches till 1:30pm, they forgot about me and I didn't ask, I just go without.

A parcel arrived for me today, didn't want anything to do with it. At about 4:00pm I had a chat with a nurse, by this time I was quite wound up. I told her how I have no feelings for Carl, that I hate myself for feeling that way. I should love him, be his dutiful wife but I don't feel like that which makes me angry with myself.

Talked about work, how if you look at individual situations, I copped with then but when you step back and look at the whole picture I wasn't copping. I got the nurse to chuck the parcel. I just didn't want to know about it.

Well after that, 5:00pm, I went home. Nobody was there and to be honest it wasn't too bad. Before I left the ward I didn't want to go. I wanted to kill myself but I had to go for the rats. Good job I did because they didn't have any food. It was so good to see them. Sparkle was a lot more confident around me, climbed up my shoulder.

Came back at 6:10pm, about 6:45pm Gaby said how she fancied some chocolate. I was thirsty. Hadn't had anything to drink all day and I wasn't going to ask a nurse. So we popped into Long Ashton. Gaby brought chocolates, I brought drink. Got back and I drank 3 cans of Apple Tango.

Felt so guilty and fat afterwards but still wanted to eat and eat but I didn't. I was craving laxatives. Just to get rid of that fat. I'm feeling so suicidal at the moment that I just want to end everything.

I'm going to hell anyway so I might as well just face up to my fears and go take the punishment I deserve. Hell is for evil people and that's what I am. I'm causing everyone so much hurt and inconvenience. I'm not living the gospel how I should and I'm not doing anything about it, STRAINGHT TO HELL. But hell can't be any worse than this.

Something in my head is saying tomorrow, tomorrow, laxatives or suffocation. I don't want to do either but I am powerless over it. I know there is a pattern to feeling like this. Stop eating and drinking, feel awful, talk to a nurse, feel a lot better, eat and drink again. Well it's 1:45am and I'm struggling to stay awake so goodnight.

Friday 15th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I needed to write this out otherwise I'm going to make a decision without thinking it through. Just made a phone call home, the one person who I didn't want to answer did, Dad. I asked to speak to Mum, he asked me if I had any plans to see Carl, I said no. he said

"Please go and see him, he really needs a visit from you, please."

Speaking to Mum I started by saying that in reality I have to give that rats away. Wanted to talk to her about Carl but didn't know how. She sensed that I wanted to talk and asked if I was going to see Carl. Deep breath.

"I'm worried about giving him the wrong impression."

She said yeah, that's tough. Said how I could go and see him, tell him only as a friend, be honest with him. I said I'd think about it.

OK, thinking about it! I could ask a nurse to come with me, for support and be honest with him. Am I strong enough to do that? Can I say things to him without being cold and heartless, will I cope, just go in, and say what I need to say then go. But I feel so cruel. I need to think of what I'll say to him before I go. Need to discuss it with a nurse, think it through, not just jump right into it.

What a crap day today's been. It's nearly midnight, midnight of hopefully my last night. Gonna wake up at 8:00am tomorrow, catch the bus into town, buy 100 laxatives, tell the nurses I'm just making a phone call outside and jump on the bus.

I haven't had anything to drink today and only 2 sandwiches at lunch, prep for tomorrow. Nothing has made me do this, it's been building up since Thursday night.

Gaby had the alarms going this evening; I started panicking, too loud, nurses running around. I couldn't cope, that's what sparked tomorrow off but it wasn't because of that incident.

Went home to feed the rats again, I felt so insecure, so venerable, didn't like being in the house. All I wanted to do whilst I was out was buy laxatives but forced myself not too. I hate taking laxatives, they're a last resort, and tomorrow is that last resort.

I put an ad in the Trade It today for my rats; they deserve a kind loving home, which is something they don't have at the moment.

I don't have anything to live for, I don't know what I want for the future, and therefore I don't have a future. I'm so scared about what I'm going to do tomorrow; scared I won't actually kill myself. Will 100 laxatives do the job? Let's hope so because I don't want to go through everything if I don't die.

Well going to bed now. Next time I write to you I would have taken the laxatives.

Saturday 16th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up at 3:00pm this morning, couldn't get back to sleep. Gaby slept in the bed opposite me last night because she didn't feel safe enough on her own.

8:00am I went downstairs and did the puzzle, I spent the whole time wishing that 8:40am would hurry up and get here.

Told a student I was going to make a phone call and jumped on the bus when it arrived. Went into every chemist in town and brought 40 Nylax, 36 Surelax and 100ml of Jackson's herbal laxatives, also brought some Tango to take them with.

Went up to Castle Green, for some reason I wrote out what I had taken. I just sat there, in my own world watching everyone walk past below me and shoving laxatives into my mouth.

Binned all the evidence except this piece of paper and wandered around town till the next bus at 12:45pm. I was so cold, so scared, started panicking a bit, I just wanted to get back to the hospital but I had to wait.

Got back and went straight upstairs and stayed there on my own until 2:45pm when a student came up. I just handed her the piece of paper. They called the doctor out who took bloods.

Its 6:15pm just had a chat with a nurse and feel a lot better for doing so. I'd taken the laxatives at 10:30am so the affects have started to kick in. So far it's not been too bad. I've had worse effects when I was taking 40 but it's not over yet.

I get the feeling that my Dad thinks I'm just playing games, that I should stop being stupid and wake up. Does he think I enjoy being like this? I don't enjoy taking laxatives. I don't enjoy suffocating myself. I don't enjoy starving myself. I don't enjoy being thirsty all the time. I don't enjoy hating myself. I don't enjoy wanting to kill myself.

Talking with the nurse made me realize I need to stop thinking about the future, cope with one day at a time cause its when I think of the future that I feel that everything is too much to deal with because I think that I won't be able to cope going back to any kind of work or any kind of "home."

The nurse mentioned that being in here wasn't doing me any good. I didn't completely stop eating and drinking and get admitted over night. It was over 2 weeks.

Those 2 weeks were hell because everyone knew. The night I was admitted Carl was going to make me eat tea! I couldn't cope with everyday life. I couldn't cope because I couldn't hide, everyone knew.

This is what makes me believe that I won't cope when I get out. I come across stronger when people don't know there is a problem. When they don't know I can hide behind it. When people know I'm left with nothing to hide behind, vulnerable.

I've always hated talking to my Dad, when he thinks he's right then he is right and you're lying. There's no point in arguing with him cause he just gets angrier, so I just sit there, let him say what he has to say, think what he wants to think and tell him what I think he wants me to say.

Listening to Pearl Harbor sound track, my suicidal CD, I put it on when I suffocate myself and when I'm feeling really low. I focus on the music and it helps me relax. There's no point in panicking when you're suffocating yourself. You have to be calm.

Now that I've taken the laxatives suicide by suffocation is the next attempt but as to when that'll be, who knows. It could be tonight, tomorrow, next week. It could be at anytime because nothing has to "happen" to make me do it. Small things just build up and become one big thing. Just like this future stuff. Cope with thinking about now, before the big picture. If I can't cope with now then of course I'm not going to cope with the future because the future only gets worse.

Its 6:45pm, gonna try going downstairs, see how I cope, watch some TV and have my yogurt, I quite like those yogurts. Well speak to you later.

WHY ARENT I DEAD??? The amount of laxatives I took I should be dead or at least in danger but I suffered worse before. What's wrong with me? Why won't my body just give up and die. How much further do I have to push it? I don't understand why I've had so little pain!

A nurse said I overdid it this time. Did I? It doesn't feel like it. My body can cope with anything, it's proved it!

Just had my lunch, its 10:20pm! Feel so guilty. I forced myself to eat and drink it which was hard because my stomach felt quite dodgy.

Why do I go and take a load of laxatives just to go eat and drink again? It means I went through all that for nothing. What a complete waste of time. What did I gain from doing it? I don't set out to gain anything, just loose a life. So angry with myself for allowing myself to eat and drink, what did I go and do that for?

Got Pearl Harbor on again. I so want to gag myself again. Bishop phoned this evening and asked if he could come down sometime, I said not at the moment. Didn't tell him why, he asked a few questions, I lied. I so wanted to tell him everything. I must admit it was nice to hear his reassuring, understanding voice but I couldn't tell him. Can you imagine it? "Well actually Bishop, I took a large overdose today." As if!

First shop I went into today there was this guy in there. As I approached him he was looking at me so I smiled at him, being polite. Then he started talking to me. Great, here we go. Asked where I lived, did I live alone? Being polite I talked back, a bunch of lies, just to make him go away. He carried on, asked of I would meet him tonight. To make him happy I said yes so he arranged to meet me outside Mc Donald's at 10:00pm, we'd then catch a taxi back to my house and he'd "give me some sex, I looked like I wanted it." Asked if I had a phone number, said no, my mobile was sticking out my pocket!

I'm not that stupid. I know when I'm putting myself in danger. So this total stranger left with a big smile on his face cause this girl was gonna give him some sweet lovin tonight!

Stupid cow, why did you take those laxatives? You've just made everything more complicated. Why do it? What are you trying to prove? Questions I can't answer. I wasn't trying to prove anything, don't know why I did it.

Walking round the shops today there was so many nice clothes that I would have liked but I'm not stupid. I would be buying them for the sake of buying them, I don't need them. I can recognize when I'm doing that.

Everyone moaned at me last month cause of how much I spent but I needed that stuff; at least I thought I did. Now I don't need anything I won't buy stuff just because I like it. I'll spend hardly any money on clothes now for months, maybe even not till next Jan.

I do that every so often, I change my wardrobe, get rid of most things and keep buying new until I believe I don't need anymore but once I've got enough I stop. That's the difference, I bulk buy. If I spread that amount out no one would notice but I bulk buy, go for a change in wardrobe, what's wrong with that? Don't feel guilty about it because I know I won't but any clothes now for ages unlike most people. It's probably to do with all this impulse stuff, suddenly decide I need a change and act on it.

I didn't take my meds this morning, went before they came out. Don't see the point in taking them anyway, only taking them keeps everyone happy. "She's on medication so she must be getting better." The truth is the meds do nothing. They never have. I've said that from day one.

After 2 weeks of no improvement I was told that it takes 2 weeks to kick in. then the same after 4 weeks, so I just gave up, shut up and took them. And guess what? After 2 months they still haven't done anything!

I'm so not tired at the mo. Its 11:00pm, usually I'm shattered but I don't want to go to sleep tonight. It means giving up and going on. Just to wake up to anther crap day

tomorrow. If I don't go to sleep then I can't wake up. Therefore I don't have to worry about waking up to tomorrow because it'll just blend in with today.

Why aren't I dead? I should be dead. I didn't want to live to be writing this. I truly believed it would kill me. Maybe that's why I started panicking, didn't know how it would happen. But I feel "fine." Now there's a word," fine." When I say "I'm fine" what I mean is, I'm feeling dreadful, hate myself, want to die, haven't ate, haven't drunk, physically feel crap. But I'll cope; I'll be "fine," I'll manage. When I'm not "fine" that's when you need to worry because that's when I will act on my thoughts.

Well, I've talked enough crap for anyone to start screaming, so, ta ta.

Sunday 17th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I hate myself, I hate myself so much. How could I cause so much hurt to so many people. I'm just a mean spiteful bitch who doesn't care about anyone else's feelings.

Mum and Dad have just come in, I wasn't expecting them. They asked what happened yesterday, they think that I went down town planning to see Carl but just couldn't go through with it when the truth is I just forgot about it.

Then Dad decided to tell me stuff. How he wasn't coping, that he gets depressed thinking about me, how he's thinking of taking time off work. Then he went on to say that he can cope with my illness but he can't cope with me saying that I don't love Carl and want to finish it with him.

As far as he's concerned I am lying when I say that and I'm just not thinking straight, and of course I didn't argue with him, there's no point. He said how Carl had confided in him and Dad had said that maybe he needs to start dating me again, to make a fresh start.

He said how he'd help me through this illness but not a divorce. That after 3 months of being married I couldn't decide I don't love him and give up, that every marriage has its trials.

Then what made me even angrier is that he said I need to start getting back on with life, how maybe I should come home so that they could be harder on me than the nurses- force me to eat more, put more pressure on me. THAT'S HOW I GOT IN HERE!

He was angry when I had the courage to tell them that I hadn't had any hot meals that I was still on sandwiches. He just thinks that I'm hiding away in here, getting too comfortable. What's there to feel comfortable about? Hating myself, trying to kill myself, not eating or drinking? Hello, I'm not having some kind of holiday here!

He said that I should come out more and have fun with them. Why? So I can eat again? That's what they're thinking. They think that forcing me to eat will make things better. That being in here is doing me no good. OK maybe I'm trying to kill myself more and I'm upsetting a lot of people but I'm eating more and most of the time what I do eat I feel safe with eating.

Up till yesterday I wasn't taking as many laxatives and I'm telling people how I feel. Maybe that's what they don't like. They're used to me keeping quiet and going with the flow.

Monday 18th February 2002.

Dear Sky. What a roller coaster of emotions. As usual I woke up not wanting to get out of bed but soon got bored and got up. For some reason I clicked into a good mood, was it because I woke up to my key nurses smiling face!?

Didn't really do anything this morning, sat and did the puzzle, sat and chatted. One nurse has such an interesting childhood, could have listened to her all day.

The family were planning on visiting this evening but I begun not to feel up to it. About 3:00pm I phoned home, Dad answered, great. Bravely asked him if they could miss the visit, he wasn't happy, sigh, I asked if they could make it another evening. Dad said how he didn't know if they'd have another evening if this evening didn't suit me. Said how he was loosing his job in March so he had other things to think about.

I felt really bad. How could I be putting so many people through so much hurt? Is it really worth the hassle- splitting with Carl? It would make everyone happy if we got back together.

I tried suffocating myself again. Had a chat with a nurse and felt better after. I know that doing things like that won't help but when will I learn that?

Dad had said to me that he hadn't come out with the rest of the family the Sunday before last cause he was feeling so "depressed" about everything. OK, so it's all right for him not to feel up to a visit but not for me!

Yesterday when they came he also mentioned the house. Said how Carl would be on sick leave for a few months so he'd be getting paid little. Said how everyone was willing to help us out financially till we got ourselves sorted out. That it's something I need to think about because I'll be the one with all the debts and court proceedings because the mortgage is in my name.

AS FAR AS IM CONCERNED, JUST SELL THE STUPID HOUSE. I don't want it; I'm not going back there. It's Carl that's living there, not I and I have no intention of going back. But of course, I didn't tell my parents that.

Wednesday 20th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up today feeling quite low for no reason but managed to pick myself up this afternoon and now in quite a good mood.

Got my music on, I've been wanting to read over my journals again recently but not had the motivation to do so. Its 3:35pm, seeing as I'm in quite a good mood I'm going to do it now.

Took me till 9:00pm. I hate being in a good mood. I always have done, it makes me feel guilty, that I have no right to be happy. It also means that things are only going to get worse.

OK I'm going to take a really big step now. I've been wanting to for a couple of weeks now but I don't like planning for my future because I don't want the disappointment when it doesn't happen. It might sound crazy but this really is a big thing, to work towards a certain kind of future.

Deep breath. When I get out I'm going back to JJB as a sales assistant till I get my feet back on the ground then I'm going to be a Health Care Assistant. There you go, I said it. I've admitted to a plan for the future now I just have to wait for it not to happen!

I want to and have to go back to JJB to begin with, they know the situation I'm in and they know what kind of work I'm capable of. It's easier than finding some new job straight away.

I don't think going back as a supervisor straight away would be a good idea. Take a step back. OK it's less money, nearly half but its less pressure. I know they wouldn't put pressure on me straight away but as a supervisor I'll put more pressure on myself, work harder and longer.

Whereas if I went back as a sales assistant I would be under hardly any pressure and relax more. I would also work on the basis of doing whatever hours I feel capable of to begin with; take it one day at a time.

Then when I'm more stable go into nursing. It's something I've thought about before, what people think and believe interests me, that's why I was going to study psychology. I would like to be a psychiatric nurse but I'm totally useless at studying.

I like to do what happened at JJB, start at the bottom and work my way up. Prove to bosses that I'm good at my job and enjoy it and get permoted instead of going straight in at the top.

Well who knows? Now I've admitted plans for a future, will it ever happen?

Thursday 21st February 2002.

Dear Sky. Oh deary me! Mum phoned up last night saying she had some forms I needed to sign as soon as possible so I said I'd come round today.

Set my alarm clock for 6:40am to get to my parents for 7:30am, before the girls left for school. If I'd gone later only Dad would've been there and that would have been awkward.

Went to bed at midnight last night after taking my meds, could I sleep? I was so restless. Got up at 12:30am, went downstairs into the smoke room and chatted with other patients till they left one by one.

2:00am I was the only one left. I was past tiredness and went and chatted with the night nurses till 2:30am. Had a bath till 3:00am, did the bath quite hot on purpose because it makes me feel a bit dodgy and need to lie down.

After I had a bath I went up because it was stating to work a little but a few minutes later I had a nose bleed. By the time I'd sorted it out I wasn't tired again. It felt like it was mid day so I went back into the smoke room alone doing cross words.

Went up to sleep at 3:45am and woke up at 6:40am. Went out to my car and the battery was flat! A nurse gave me a jump start and I went to my parents then onto Quick fit to get a new battery. £50, not my day and it was only 9:00am.

Took Jane to school seeing as it was close to the garage then went on to JJB. Had to get pay slips and find when I needed to get another sick note in by. It was nice to see everyone again. The shop floor has changed so much but it always is, that's part of my job.

Went home to get my "holiday diary" and my English book with The Diary of Diana Dervane in and got back for lunch.

Going back to work has muddled me up again. I knew it would. You know, put that face on, cheerful, chatty, it was so strange and it's put doubts into my head about plans for a career. I can't make a decision and stick to it.

I read my English book. Flipping Eck. It's so depressing. I didn't realise how bad it was. Also how much I was talking/referring to myself. I read it and I was quite shocked at what I had actually written. Especially feelings once she was in boarding school. They actually were/still are, actually my thoughts. I was aware when I was writing it that I was basing bits on my life but I didn't realise how deep the thoughts were, how intense and relate to me as well as half her actions.

I'm so worried about going to sleep tonight. I know I won't sleep which of course will keep me up even more.

Just had a chat with a nurse, I asked if there was anything stronger I could go on because I couldn't go though another night like last night. We talked about it; he made a lot of sense. Said how I've always had problems getting to sleep, as long as I can remember. It's something that meds might not be able to solve. I know this is true but we're going to see what the D.M.O says.

I've tried everything to get myself to sleep without success. Music-no music. Stay in bed-get up. Read- as soon as I stop I'm not tired again. Slow control of breathing. But nothing works.

I know its cause of thoughts cause once I'm asleep I'm fine. If I get woken during the night I get back to sleep easily. It's just that first time. I always wake early as well, usually around 5:00am. Then just drift in and out of sleep. This is why meds might not work.

It's my thoughts that need changing, not my physical self. Also meds have a lot of side effects. Things I don't need. You also get very dependant on them, keep upping the dose because you get used to it and it stops working. This is something I really don't want, to be dependant on drugs but I also need to sleep. Which one!?! I can't win!

Struggled to keep on top of myself today but somehow just managed. I hate being like this cause everyone thinks I'm fine and I know things can only go downhill, It's just a matter of when! Like with the laxatives, it was something I had been building up to. I had to do it. It was all I was thinking about. Now it's done it's out my head and not a concern but for how long? I'd like to say forever but I can't.

I DON'T CARE

Whatever job I do, important or not,
Doesn't matter one bit.
As long as I enjoy,
Each day that goes by.

Weather I'm rich or poor,
Live well off or not.
It doesn't matter,
As long as self worth is top.

Weather I'm 10lbs or 10 stone,

Doesn't matter in the least.
As long as I like the decision to make,
To put some on or loose some weight.

I want to be happy just being me,
I want to like me, whatever than means.
I want to be content with the path I take,
I want to be me, and not some fake.



Friday 22nd February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning at 3:00am and couldn't get back to sleep properly, I just lay there tossing and turning till 9:30am. Put my trousers on and they were too tight. I know they would be, they're a small size 8 but they're still a size 8, knew I had to loose weight.

Decided I wouldn't eat or drink. The feeling of tightness all day put me right down; just wishing the weight would go away so I could eat again. All day, just wishing that my trousers would get looser.

Kept myself to myself, like I have done these past couple of days. Had an appointment at Petherton Resource Centre for 2:00pm, went OK.

Came downstairs at 6:30pm, watched TV and just kept thinking about my weight more and more, wanting to take laxatives, knowing that this was how it started last time.

I find it so hard not to compete with Gaby. She is so thin, the perfect size, the more I saw of her the more I wanted to be like her but she thinks she's fat and wants to loose more weight.

Went and spoke to my key nurse. Told her I wanted to take laxatives. She asked me not to go out over the weekend. We talked about my future which took my mind off the laxatives.

I then had my sandwiches, yoghurt, Fanta, crisps and hot chocolate. Took my trousers off and put my PJ's on. If I can't feel the tightness I find it easier to eat. But so wish I hadn't afterwards.

These past few days my stomach has been so tight, like it's constantly being stretched, I've so got to get rid of that stretched feeling, until I do I'll still be building up to laxatives and cut down on food and drink until its cut out.

My key nurse asked me to write down and think through my options of life outta here.

Defiantly going back to JJB, not sure if I want to or not but I need to financially. Do I go back as supervisor or staff? Staff= less pressure, less money. Supervisor= more pressure, more money. Would I be able to cope with the pressure I put on myself?

Just thinking! I automatically think that things will be the same as they were before but will they? Before I hadn't been in hospital and I'm going to have professional support.

Go back to Carl or get a place of my own? I never wanted to be around Carl, felt uncomfortable, wanted to be on my own.

Whatever kind of future I think about I automatically think what's the point? There's no hope, things have never gone right before. But I've suddenly just realised I have professional support, something I didn't have before so things wont be the same as before.

I find it so hard to focus on the positive, especially when I'm feeling so fat. I can't deal with those feelings as well. They just make me want to shut myself off. I keep trying to stay positive about going back to work and live by myself; after all it can't be much worse than my life so far.

I just want to be happy with being me, or at least satisfied. Is that possible? Automatically think no but I've got to keep thinking things are different this time.

Gotta keep thinking that things aren't suddenly gonna get better overnight. It's going to take a lot of time, hard work and cause a lot of upset. Really it's only when I get out of here that the hard work will start. Hospital is just to get me to the stage where I can cope with life, or at least try.

Sunday 24th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning in pretty much the same mood as yesterday. Brought my cross stitch downstairs again, did that all day. Two patients were sat down with me and I brought my Rolf Harris CD down and we sang away with it. It was quite funny. Two of us were up dancing silly, singing loud and the other was laughing his head off. Goodness knows what the nurses would have thought if they'd seen us.

Was in quite a good mood until about 2:00pm when Mum phoned up and asked if they could visit around 4:30pm, I said yes. After that call my mood went slowly down. I didn't link it at the time.

Come 4:00pm I was quite unsettled. I knew that the meeting wouldn't go well if Dad started asking questions, which he did. It was fine until the questions.

As far as I can remember it wasn't him that started, it was my youngest sister Hannah. She asked if she could try my wedding ring on. What do you say to a 10yr old?

Then the questions started coming and I knew I'd have to let them know more, that I defiantly wouldn't be going back to Carl.

Dad started saying that he doesn't think being out here is doing me much good. It might be doing a little but not much. HELLO! Who got me her in the first place? He said how I would become ill if I stayed out here with the loonies. That took me aback. "Loonies?"

I said how I wouldn't be out her if the Drs didn't think it was a good idea he said. "No, but there's more to it than that isn't there?"
what? I have no idea what he means by that.

They've forgotten or didn't realise what I was like when I first came in here. 5″5, 6 ½ stone, hadn't ate in 2-3 weeks, very little to drink. Even after being in here it took another month to get me stable again.

Still in hospital I wasn't eating atoll and it took all the nurses effort to get me to drink about 3 cups a day. They had to sit with me, force it into my hands. I couldn't walk

without feeling dizzy, had blurred vision, my body felt like it belonged to someone else and I had no desire to eat or drink.

Dad asked where I'd go from here, I said a flat. He asked about the house, I said sell it, he got up and walked out. I knew he would if I told him and I'd only told him the basics. Telling him everything would have meant arguing with him.

Mum asked the girls if they could go out so we could chat. Talked a bit more to Mum, can't really remember what about.

They left. I went and sat in the lounge and cried my eyes out, hugging a patient. Calmed down a little and went and got a nurse and cried and talked some more. Felt better afterwards.

Imagine this! "There's more to you being out here." "Yeah Dad there is, they don't want me to go home and have you forcing things on me." Can you imagine what kind of response I'd get to that?

My Dad can't cope with my thoughts. You see up to me being admitted to hospital, "I loved Carl, felt he was the right one, was happy with him." This is what answer everyone got when they questioned me; it's the "Mollie Mormon" answer. I'm doing everything like I should answer. Now since I've been in hospital I've told them the truth, I don't want to be with Carl. But because I'd told them time and time again that I love him they still believe that I do and that because of my "illness" I'm not thinking straight. It's like my "illness" is an excuse for everything.

I've realised that I can't cope with people calling me anorexic, it makes me cringe but I can cope with people saying that I have an eating disorder. My Mum wants me to go to "an anorexic unit." I cringed when she said that. See, the nurses hardly refer to me as "anorexic," just an eating disorder. I can cope with that but for people to turn around and call me anorexic, that's a different story.

Can't believe that Dad called the other patients "loonies," I found it so insulting. The patients out here are nice. It's a matter of looking at the person not the illness. I see the other patients out here as kind, caring people who are struggling with certain aspects in their life just like me; we are all here for the same reason. We couldn't cope in the "real world." So does that make me a "loony?" because just like everyone else in here I couldn't cope? The situation's just different; I'm no better or worse than them, just different. Once you see beyond the illness and know the person and the personality they have, they are the most caring bunch of people I have ever come across.

At about 8:00pm dad phoned and said that he can't cope with me being out here, that I will always have a home with them to go back to and said that he'd spoken to Carl and anything to do with the marriage now is between me and Carl. It's up to us what we decide, at the end of the day I'm their daughter and that's all that matters. That I get out of hospital well and that's all that matters.

I was so relieved to hear him say that. It's what I've longed for him to say. He can't cope with everything that's happening so why talk about it? Lets just talk about everything else, normal stuff.

Monday 25th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning not in too good a mood but tried carrying on like the past two days.

Went downstairs at 9:00pm to a rather happy patient, she had just been told that she was going home, today. I felt so happy for her, took her to the coffee shop and treated her to coffee, cake and Pineapple Rock. She was over the moon.

Another patient also went today. The ward is so empty. It's closing Friday so all patients have to be out by end of Thursday.

It's so sad seeing them both go, gave them both a big hug. I'll miss them. Although I'm sad to see them go it's also good, because it's what they want, to get back on with their lives.

My main psychologist came to see me today. Talked about where I go from here. He did mention what I'd already thought of, to going back to work whilst I was still in hospital. What? That's what I wanted from the start but I'm not getting my hopes up.

I have a C.P.A Thursday, everything will be decided then. Told him I've stopped eating since Saturday night. He asked me why. I don't know, it just builds up. I know that's why I was feeling worse today, lack of energy.

But it's just struck as to what sparked it off. Friday evening I jumped on the scales whilst getting meds. 7 ½ stone, it confirmed everything I'd been feeling. I need to loose weight, 7 ½ stone is too much.

After talking to the dietician and changing my diet slightly I forced myself to eat this evening. Believe me when I say forced. I so didn't feel like eating it but knew I needed to. I knew the reason why I didn't want to eat was I'd gone past the hunger stage that the need to eat would just get less and less the longer I left it.

Also I want to get back to work, they're not going to let me unless I'm fit enough and that means eating. It's just; I get away with eating less now because my mood has picked up.

I can hide behind it like before I came in. Everyone thought I was eating, it wasn't until I was faced with a new situation, everyone knowing and coming into hospital. I was so mixed up with other feelings, not knowing how to emotionally cope with being in hospital, people knowing, my defensive barrier was down.

Now it's back up. Because my mood has improved I think that I don't need to eat, that I can get by without it, don't need it even though I know that the only reason why I'm in a better mood is because I've eaten.

But because I don't need it I don't have it and know I'll only feel bad again but I'll cope with that when it gets to that point.

Gaby is being discharged tomorrow and I couldn't stay away could I. had to go upstairs and ask her how she was. We talked and cried. I was describing her feelings, knowing full well that I was also describing my own.

She's so worried about leaving, that she won't cope. I said how this not eating stuff is just because you're trying to make yourself happy. Said that all I want from life is to be happy, it doesn't matter whether I'm a size 8 or 18, whether I'm manager in some top company or a dustbin lady, as long as I'm happy with whatever I am.

But at the moment I'm not happy being anything. I know that being a size 6 won't make me happy but that doesn't make me start eating again. It's like I have no control over eating. Eating has control of me.

Ended up leaving Gaby and went downstairs trying to stop my tears. Knowing that whatever I said wouldn't make a difference. I started thinking. Right, I'm not going

to let you out of my sight tonight but then what happens when she leaves, she has to cope by herself then and she will be OK.

Had to force my thoughts away from her, which isn't easy when a few minutes later 3 nurses dash upstairs. Just had to keep telling myself not to worry, she'll be OK, it's not for you to worry about.

Tuesday 26th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Carl phoned this morning asked if I wanted to do something with him. What?

"Do something with you?"

"Yeah, I'm bored, lounging around the house all day."

I said no. I was so shocked. I'M NOT YOUR WIFE ANYMORE! When is he gonna get that into his thick head. The only reason why I'd talk to him is about the house.

Today wasn't too bad, did basically the same as these past few days, although my mood was slightly lower.

Said goodbye to Gaby although she is going to be a day patient. There are 13 female beds on this ward and there are only 3 of us left, it's like a ghost ward.

My key nurse told me this evening that I'm moving over to another ward 11:00am tomorrow so I've just packed my stuff.

I need to know where I want to go from hospital before my C.P.A. My key nurse said I need to come up with something but I'm so scared because I've never made any plans about my future before and carried them out.

Go back to Carl and the house? Make everyone happier, the easiest answer for accommodation. Only short term happiness, going back to what I came from would mean me defiantly ending back in hospital, still be trying to please everyone else over myself, going back to someone I don't love, I feel vulnerable round Carl and the house.

Go back to parents? Cheaper, see more of my sisters. Feel trapped again, wouldn't stand up for myself, eat for the sake of others not myself, uneasy atmosphere, and feel pressured into doing things.

Flat of my own? Independence, will be doing things for me, a fresh start, and detachment from family, make decisions and follow them through. Until I've worked a month finance will be very hard.

Points for C.P.A; trying to find independent accommodation, returning to work, remaining engaged with Psychology/dietician, joining self help group-eating disorder, fixing realistic discharge date. Engaging with intensive support for period of 4-6 weeks.

Wednesday 27th February 2002.

Dear Sky. I moved over to the other ward at 10:30am, it's in the middle of being done up, my room's nice share with two others. Downstairs is horrible; it's so loud and open. Most of the other patients are loud and aggressive.

I tried to stay downstairs but couldn't handle it. Went back to my old ward with another patient and played table tennis. Course we had to go back, I felt like hiding away in my room but didn't want to, hiding doesn't help but I couldn't cope.

Didn't have anything to eat today, I know it's wrong and childish but I rely on the nurses. On my old ward if they brought it to me I ate it, if they didn't I didn't eat. The nurses here didn't even approach me.

When I went back to my old ward I cried, a nurse got me a yoghurt and I sat and watched TV but couldn't stop crying. So I snuck upstairs, all the lights were out, went and sat on my old bed in 3 dorm and cried my eyes out. Cried until I was all cried out, I can't cope on the other ward, I feel so vulnerable, like I'm open to abuse, for people to treat me however they want, just the way my life's always been.

Thursday 28th February 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning not wanting to go downstairs, had a shower to waste time, it was so cold. 10:00am me and another patient went back over to my old ward. Chatted with the nurses, nearly started crying again.

Had my C.P.A, there were so many people there. All there to talk about me and how they could help me when I leave hospital.

It was decided that I would aim to be discharged in a month, remain working with the dietician and psychologist, rent a shared house, have intensive support for the first few weeks and go back to work.

My consultant was so nice, said how well I'd done and how far I'd come since I came in seeing as I couldn't even talk, eat or drink. Also had a little laugh to myself when he said to my key nurse about talking to my supervisor at work, I am the supervisor!

Spoke to one nurse and made me realise that I'm not going to be bullied into hiding in my room. I'm stronger than that. Since then I've found the ward OK.

Had sandwiches, yoghurt and Fanta for lunch then popped into work. Spoke to my manager about coming back to work, he's worried about me returning before I'm well enough and me collapsing again.

Said how he wanted to know what my diet plan was and that he would force me to eat. That sent shivers down my back. Told him that wouldn't help, at the end of the day I am honest with the nurses. If I haven't eaten all day I'll tell them and they get me to eat in the evening or the next day.

Spoke to my area manager on the phone; he's in the store on Saturday so I'm gonna talk to him then.

Speaking to my manager made me realise how right my key nurse was when she said I needed to join a self help group, so I'd have people around who understand me.

My manager made me realise how strong I'm going to have to be, outside people don't understand, they think that by forcing me to eat will make everything OK.

Spent the rest of the day downstairs doing my paint by numbers, it's so time consuming. Had a relapse at tea, they brought me in an Enlive and a meal. Started panicking, there was no way I was going to have either. I don't know why they're still sending Enlives; I've only ever had one.

Ended up settling for a cheese sandwich which a nurse had to make especially. Only had one drink today, they don't realise I'm not drinking.

Friday 1st March 2002.

Dear Sky. Didn't go to bed until 3:45am last night, I had too much on my mind. Chatted with one of the nurses, he was really nice. Talked about my problems and found it really easy to talk to him.
Went to the craft store after lunch and crashed into another car on the way back. I was very shaken.

Dad came in unexpectedly, was nice. Haven't eaten all day, too fat. Gaby came in; she had just been discharged from Southmead after taking a large overdose.

I've been aware that I have been driving carelessly recently, too fast, too confident. On my way to the Mall I remember thinking "you have to start driving more carefully." I came to a roundabout, changed lanes at the last minute, going too fast and drove straight into the car in front. Her cars not really damaged but my lights are smashed in and the bonnets bent.

Driving back afterwards was scary. Crying my eyes out, I shouldn't have drove but all I wanted was to get "home." I just kept crying and calling myself every name under the sun. Now I'm not aloud to drive unless I've eaten because the doctors think that was part reason why I crashed.

Dad has finally come round to the way of thinking that I hoped, not talking about the marriage; it's not his concern but talking about bits of other stuff. I wasn't completely open with him but more so that what I have ever been in my life.

I'm finding that my old thoughts have come back. You're too fat, you need to loose weight, and you don't need to eat or drink. Anything that goes in adds weight so I haven't eaten all day and had ½ a glass of orange juice. I know that it only makes me feel worse and it does at the moment but it doesn't over ride the above feelings. It's gone back to exactly the same as when I first came in. Only I'm talking about it.

Saturday 2nd March 2002.

Dear Sky. Went into work this morning and spoke to my area manager about coming back to work. He was so nice and supportive, everyone at work slag's him off but he's always been nice with me.

Starting next week I'm doing Wednesday 9-5, Saturday 9-5 and Sunday 10-5. I'm a bit nervous but it will be nice to get back into it especially doing those hours.

Wednesday all the price amendments would have been done by then and weekends there are more staff and customers so I can just mainly supervise instead of doing the work myself.

Gaby has to come in everyday to get her meds, sounds like she came close to finishing everything. I feel sorry for her but trying not to get emotionally involved, which I'm doing quite well with.

I had 2 slices of toast and orange juice this morning so I could go out but that's all I'm having, I need to loose weight especially as I'm planning on going swimming Monday.

It's happening again, these past few days I have really cut down on food and drink, too fat. Proved it today, 8 stone and now I'm not going to eat or drink but I'm so scared.

I want to go back to work but I won't be able to unless I eat. But the thought of not eating is too strong, I can't fight it, it's taken hold of me and won't let me go. 8 stone

is too much for me, if I put anymore weight on I'll kill myself, no half measures, Laxatives, Paracetamol, suffocation, the lot. But as long as I don't eat I'm only on the border of doing the above.

I want to jump in my car and go but I keep telling myself to stop eating and drinking for a few days first. I know loosing weight won't make me happy but I have to loose weight. 8 stone is too much but we both know that the figure will go down each time until I get so low that I have no energy left and end up as bad as when I first came in.

5:00pm- 1 hour to tea and I'm dreading it, I know the more I refuse food and drink the worse the situation gets but loosing weight is too overpowering.

I just dashed out to get some Laxatives, need to loose weight but the stupid shop didn't have any so I found myself buying 16 Ibufraine. So scared, don't know what's going to happen.

Took them about 1 hour ago. They want me to have tea, no way, they don't know I've taken them; I've come upstairs and put my suicidal CD on.

Sunday 3rd March 2002.

Dear Sky. I hate myself, I hate myself so much, and I feel so ill. I'm so hungry; I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday morning.

I wanted something to eat last night but I couldn't ask the nurses, probably for the best cause at the moment the only thing that is stopping me from being sick is that I have nothing to bring up.

I've got one of my Michael Ball CD's on, I've brought 8 of them, and I just love his songs.

I've come to realise that there is only one me. I always used to think there was two. I've come to realise that I want to get out of here, get back to work, back to normality and go into caring as a career. I want to make something of my life.

It's not me talking when I say I'm fat, need to loose weight, want to kill myself and stop myself from eating and drinking, it's something else. Something else takes control of me, something else that overpowers me and stops me from being the kind of person I want to be.

Whenever I talk to a nurse or they ask me questions it's like they're asking two different people. The one who answers is whoever is strongest at that time.

When a nurse brings me stuff to eat, I want it, I know I need it to function in life but something else stops me, tells me I need to loose weight, that I'm too fat and that I don't need this food.

It's got hold of me again, it's got hold of me and won't let me go. It won't even let me talk to any of the nurses. I'm trying to fight this all by myself but the fights already been won. I can't fight it. It's not even letting me take my medication.

I just want someone to take it all away, make it disappear. I've even gone past the hunger stage now; it's well and truly got me, especially as it knows that I don't know the nurses well enough to talk to them.

My key nurse came in at 2:30pm; it's her first day after moving over to this ward. I was crying my eyes out uncontrollably, she gave me a hug which was nice, first time. Brought my meds up and I took them.

The family came in, my phone had been nicked Saturday morning, Dad helped sort it out.

Had a chat with my key nurse after she had read to date of you. I don't know why but I always give in to her, she got me to eat and I ended up asking for more. It's probably because I've confided in her so much, built a trusting bond with her, she really cares about me. She makes the other side weaker and me stronger.

Whilst I was upstairs another patient wandered into our dorm then a few minutes later walked out. I didn't say anything to her or ask her what she was doing but I thought it was a bit odd.

About 10:00pm I went upstairs, the same patient was by the front door talking to some bloke. I heard her say "you know! The skinny one." Wondered what she was talking about.

Went upstairs and my CD player was missing. I couldn't believe it. I went downstairs and told the nurses. They said that it was my property and they couldn't do anything. So I said fine, I'll call the police, so I did. I was so worked up.

I went back upstairs and noticed my CD's were also gone, all 40 of them. I went mental. I stormed downstairs and started shouting at the patient I saw go into my room and talking to the bloke, I knew it was her. A nurse had to intervene.

I went back upstairs and spotted that my trainers had gone as well. That was it, I was so angry. I stormed back downstairs and found her in the smoke room with another patient and she was wearing my trainers, what a cheek.

I started screaming at her. I went crazy, never screamed at anyone like that before. She said the trainers were hers, someone had given them to her and she hadn't taken my other stuff.

I screamed at her so much then I started hitting her over the head. She just sat there with her hands over her head; I just kept hitting and screaming at her. A nurse came in and held me back. I don't know if I'd stopped if he didn't.

I went and calmed down with another male patient, he was so nice. I couldn't believe what I'd just done. I've never hit anyone before in my life, always to scared they'd hit me back.

An hour later and nothing had been done; she was still wearing my trainers. I asked a nurse why the police weren't here, I wanted her arrested. She had messed with the wrong girl in the wrong mood. They said they'd call them at 11:30pm if they hadn't turned up.

I started intimidating the patient calling her all names, scum, fat cow; it was like I had this power over her. She was scared of me which kept me going at her.

The nurses still hadn't done anything so I went in and asked what was going on, I asked if they could search her room. Said they couldn't, that it was out of their hands.

I was really wound up. The nurses were useless, didn't do anything, like they didn't care, especially the fat one.

Well, all the other patients started getting involved and it got me talking to them as if I'd known them for ages. Their not that bad a bunch! They reckoned my stuff was still in her room so another patient went up and checked and it was.

I raced upstairs, the CD player was plugged into the wall and the CD's were in a bag along with some of my socks! I was so relieved.

Still worked up I started having another go at the nurses. They said they couldn't go into her room. What! I went mad, of course they can, and they always do. They only had to walk in there and they would have seen the stuff. They didn't have to touch anything.

I argued with them. When I'm that worked up people should never argue with me because it just winds me up even more. It's was like they didn't care. So I just had the trainers left to get now.

I got another patient who I share the dorm with to come down and get them off her with me, which we did quite easily. Just held her feet and took them off. I was so pissed off. I started shouting at the nurses how all this shit could have been avoided if they'd just gone into her room.

They started saying how it was my fault for bringing it in. Sorry but my CD's help keep me sane. I was arguing mainly with the fat one. I was so wound up. I ended up walking away calling her a fucking useless nurse.

Then I had an idea. I grabbed another patient and ran up to the girl's room and I started chucking her stuff out the window whilst the other patient kept watch. All her clothes and shoes. Got half way through when she shouted that the nurses were coming, we dashed downstairs and sat down in hysterics.

A few minutes later the nurses came back down trying their hardest to hide their laughter. They went out with a bag and picked all her stuff up. I then grabbed the patient again and chucked the rest of the girls stuff out leaving only her makeup.

It's now 2:00am and as far as I know it's still out there. I hate the nurses here, especially that fat one.

I'm going to keep myself to my old ward nurses that moved over, oh and that male staff I talked to the other night. All the others don't have a clue how to help me so they can all piss off.

Monday 4th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Didn't get to sleep last night until 3:30am. Only then to be woken by a fire alarm at 5:30am, one of the patients set it off to "wake everyone up for work!"

I refused my meds again this morning but then a nurse from my old ward asked if I'd had them, she asked if I would take them if she got them for me so I said yes.

I really don't like the nurses here. I feel like I'm being bullied into eating. I wanted to go swimming this afternoon but they wouldn't let me go unless I ate something. I ended up eating but felt so bad after.

I asked a nurse from my old ward for a chat. I told her how I felt. She was really nice, I hardly talked to her before. I said how me going a day without food isn't an issue, my body is used to it, it's when I go 2 or 3 days without eating the nurses have to start worrying.

I said how I'd got to a point on my old ward where I wasn't eating all day, the nurses would ask, I would say no, they left it at that but come 8:00pm when I did feel like eating I'd ask a nurse for something to eat and I felt OK because I was hungry.

Not like today, I wasn't hungry at all but I ate it which made me feel like such a pig. If the nurse had left it I probably would have asked for it after swimming and I would have been OK because I'd have been hungry. I'm used to only having the one

meal around 9:00pm. Them giving alternations and bullying me into eating is only making things worse.

Got a meeting with the dietician tomorrow, I'll discuss it with her then. The nurse alarms went off twice today. One patient locked herself in the bathroom just before lunch and put a bag over her head.

I went up to get something and the nurses were walking her back to our dorm with an oxygen mask. This place is a lot more chaotic than my old ward.

My key nurse is off sick for the rest of the week, I'm going to struggle without her.

Wednesday 6th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Got given double my meds last night, took them before the nurse realised which meant I actually slept well for the first time in ages. I woke at 7:30am and got ready for work. They didn't have enough to give me all my meds, what a great level of care they provide.

It was strange being at work, whilst I was there I physically just coped but now at 10:00pm I feel so down and drained.

Not knowing any of the nurses to talk to meant I cut my wrist. That was about 20mins ago and its still bleeding.

I don't know what to think about work. Whilst I was there it was OK but I'm glad I'm not going in till Saturday, don't think I'd cope. I don't want to go back full time because it's too much pressure and too many hours, I don't want all that pressure anymore, it's time to move on. I'd stay for a couple of months, do as little as possible, just till I get my feet back on the ground.

Dad sorted my car out today, it's now got a silver bonnet, cost about £70, I love my Dad really.

I feel so worn out. I ate too much this evening. Sandwiches, Tracker bar, apple, 2 yoghurts and Fanta. Didn't want it but forced myself, not going to eat tomorrow. Still not happy with the weight I am.

I'm so glad I'm not going to work tomorrow. The hours I'm doing are quite nice cause I'm not there often enough to get involved with everything, just another body really.

Well, I feel really low at the moment, hence the reason why I cut myself. If I'd had someone to talk to I would have asked for some time but I didn't know anyone I feel comfortable around.

Thursday 7th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent all day in my room cutting away at my wrist quite deep. I refused my meds, probably the reason why I was feeling so low, the meds have started to work but the days when I don't take them or don't eat are really bad.

Had a chat with a nurse this evening, it was really nice. She volunteered to be my associate key nurse which I'm glad. Felt a lot better after talking to her, she's really nice.

Talked about a lot of things, talked a fair bit about my sexual relationship with Carl, how I didn't like it. Looking back it's so obvious that I didn't love him; I guess I

was hoping that I would learn to love him. I didn't enjoy being around him, didn't want his attention, I don't want that from any bloke.

Question I thought earlier, "I didn't love Carl or, couldn't I love Carl?" was it Carl I didn't like or the relationship? Didn't, couldn't like or cope with either of them.

I've never questioned myself like this before. Whenever I've had doubts about anything I've not questioned them, just put them to one side.

Been doing a lot of thinking today and I've come to the conclusion that I want to move on, get out but I'm not ready to. I still need a lot of help with sorting things out; I wouldn't sort them on my own so they'd just get left, only to reappear worse next time.

It was hard enough going back to work. All my effort is on that at the moment. Part of me doesn't want to go back but I'm still going to, it's just going to take a lot of effort to get used to it, effort both physically and mentally.

The dogs came round again. They just stand there with their heads in your laps. Hospitals so need lap pets 24-7. They calm me down a lot, sat there stroking them, it's like all your cares disappear.

Friday 8th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Went shopping this morning and got Katherine her birthday present, sorted my phone out and brought a few books. Spent the afternoon in my room.

Didn't tell you, Wednesday night when I first went up to cut myself I sat on my bed and heard slashing from the next bed. I've never heard anyone do it before. Wasn't even sure if she was doing it but something told me she was. I couldn't ignore her so I went and sat on her bed; also to stop me from doing it, chatted casually, put my arm around her, told her I knew exactly how she felt.

Kept myself to myself today, no one to talk to, when I say no one to talk to I mean that there is no one around who I have made that bond with.

Got a cold today, felt rough, and not wanting to go into work tomorrow. Had a moan with another patient just now about how crap most of the nurses are. Most of them don't like me. Especially the one on tonight, they think I'm pathetic, being stupid. They make me feel so intimidated, like they don't understand.

Well its 2:30am, just had my meds, got to wake for work tomorrow so goodnight.

Saturday 9th March 200.

Dear Sky. Woke up feeling really rough with this cold but still went to work. My manager got me to start on Mondays price amendments, didn't feel up to it. The shop is such a mess and I don't care, I don't want to be the one to sort it out. My manager wanted me to get things organised with improving it but I just didn't care.

I have to get out of the JJB trap, that's what it is, a trap. It makes you feel loyal to it and that you owe it to stay. I've wanted out a few times before but these feelings have stopped me.

Most of the staff there are pathetic idiots who have nothing better to do than talk dirty, just a bunch of immature kids. It didn't feel right being there, felt like I was being pushed back into something I didn't want to be pushed back into.

Ended up leaving at 2:00pm instead of 5:00pm because I couldn't cope physically and mentally, I didn't want to be there.

Came back and spent the rest of the evening in my room. Big mistake but there was no one I could talk to.

I read a book I brought on eating disorders, it is really good, gives a lot of insight to eating disorders. I don't know whether reading stuff like that is good for me or not.

Reading case histories of other people, comparing myself with them, set my mind on loosing a lot of weight again, to be worse than the book so I could turn round and say "now I have Anorexia." But at the same time reading the book also made me realise that I don't want to go down that path, that it's not a nice path to go down, I don't want it to destroy my life.

Then I read that someone took an overdose of sleeping pills. What a good idea, hadn't thought of that, after all, it's what I wanted to do. Just hide away from the world and overdosing on sleeping pills would do just that. So I said I needed to go check on my house and went shopping.

It was 6:30pm so the only shops open were supermarkets. Went in not having a clue what I was looking for. Couldn't find any "sleeping tablets" but there's things like Lemsip, don't they make you sleepy? They certainly taste OK. Seeing as it was the only thing I could think of I brought 25 sachets. Didn't know whether it would be enough or not.

Got back, sat and watched Casualty and had my stuff to eat- fat pig. 9:00pm I got a mug and filled it with hot water and a bit of sugar and got a spoon and went upstairs.

The room was pitch black, I pulled my curtains back and there was a figure of someone sat on my bed which startled me. Turned the light on and it was the woman from the next bed, she was very drowsy and unsteady. I asked her if she'd taken anything, she said she'd taken 30 Paracetamol; I brought her downstairs and told a nurse.

She'd beaten me to it again. Sitting on my bed was her way of letting someone know what she'd done.

Well I went back up and poured 11-12 sachets into the cup and had a sip. It tasted awful. I just kept telling myself just drink it; just drink it but what with the delay I was thinking about it too much. When you think you don't do it. I realized that I didn't want to do it, that it wouldn't achieve anything and went downstairs and chucked it down the sink.

It's 10:00pm, just taken my meds, hate myself for thinking too much, stupid cow, why did you have to think about it?

Sunday 10th March 2002.

Dear Sky. After writing to you last night I suddenly found myself getting some wool out, I hadn't told anyone about the Lemsip.

Well, this would stop me from going to work tomorrow! I had to do something to stop me going.

I found myself tying it tightly round my neck and waiting for midnight when someone would find me and realise how bad I was feeling.

Difficult to breathe but still was, just very slowly. My head was spinning and my body felt like it didn't belong to me due to poor blood circulation.

Midnight came and someone came in and before I knew it went back out. I couldn't believe it. Well, I'll just have to do it tighter. So I did, the wool was long so I wrapped it round again even tighter.

I drifted in and out of sleep the whole night, every time I semi woke I was angry that I was still led there.

6:30am someone came in and left again. I couldn't believe it, I was so drowsy, my head hurt, ached and my throat was sore.

7:30am I heard my associate key nurse and someone else come in and leave. I knew they'd be up again in about an hour for meds so I tied it round again as tight as I could. I found it so hard to breathe. My body just shut down. I wasn't aware at the seriousness of what I was doing.

Well they did come back up. Next thing I know my associate key nurse is shouting "oh fuck" and grabbing my wrist and pulling at the wool. The other nurse said I was still breathing and told her to go and get some scissors.

They got the D.M.O up who tried to get me to talk but all I could do was just lie there. I could hear everything that was going on but I couldn't respond, was too drowsy. They kept opening my eyes to try and wake me up but all I could do was lie there.

They asked if I'd taken anything, didn't answer, they found the Lemsip, well, empty packets. Heard them say it was equivalent to 22 Paracetamol. Fucking hell, I was planning on taking double.

They thought I had taken them as I wasn't talking. They started to arrange for me to be taken to the B.R.I. I was put on level 1 watch and my associate key nurse sat with me.

I started answering her with nods and shakes. Told her I hadn't taken anything, the other patient had stopped me.

They took my blood pressure- fine, big panic over. Told me I'd have to move downstairs so they could keep a closer eye on me. I argued with them but they didn't give in because what I did was "very serious, if we hadn't found you in time…" Now I have a red mark on my neck.

It's 1:30pm and it still feels like the wool is round my neck. I'm off constant watch and in downstairs bedroom.

I talked to my associate key nurse, she's so caring, and she doesn't judge or make me feel intimidated. I find it easy to talk to her.

Well I've calmed down now, just taken my meds as I refused them earlier. Still tight chested and only just managed to swallow my meds, throats too tight.

I told my associate key nurse how I was scared to put on weight cause then everyone would forget about me. I admitted that strangling myself was a cry for help more than anything.

I had no one to talk to, didn't feel I could approach anyone so by doing that sooner or later they had to pay attention.

I spent the whole time hoping that they'd hurry up and get a move on because I couldn't untie the wool, so if I did die then it was because they hadn't paid me any attention. But at the same time I know that that's not the answer.

The best way to get attention in here is to ask for it. By harming myself I know that they will give me less attention. Is that also why I did it? To prove that nobody cared

about me, nobody knew what I was doing, didn't care enough to check. But also in all fairness they did all they could do.

They asked if work went OK and how I felt but because I didn't know them I just put on an act. They couldn't have done anything to stop me because I wasn't being honest with them.

Afterwards I was able to pick myself up, to move on and not let today hold me back. It happened, end of story. I had no control over it. I just had to do it, now it's done I can move on until next time and no doubt there will be a next time.

Still going to go to work tomorrow, I'm determined not to give in. I always feel better after talking things through with someone. It's just a shame I can't do that before I do stupid stuff but like I said it has to be done. I have no control over it and now it's done it's out the way till next time.

I spent most of the evening reading the book. It is giving me such an insight, I read things and think that is so true. It's exactly how I feel. Reading it today helped me pick my mood up more determined not to give up or was it the simple fact that I'd just taken my meds?

One patient has been very loud this evening. She came up to my face and started screaming at me. The nurses were a bit worried about how it had affected me, being shouted at like that. Most of the time I'm able to let it go over my head, she might nave been shouting at me but not me personally. She's is a really nice lady, when she's taking her medication!

Monday 11th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke in a reasonable mood and spent the morning doing my paint by numbers.

Phoned Mum up to check if it was OK to pop in after work to give Katherine her present.

My key nurse was in this afternoon. Talked about yesterday, left for work at 4:00pm. Told my manager that I couldn't cope with being on the shop floor supervising, also apologised for not being in yesterday. Told him that I nearly didn't make it through the night, said he'd speak to my area manager tomorrow.

Started work at 5:00pm was in a good mood, started to struggle physically though, got really tired.

6:30pm Katherine phoned me, she was crying and very shaken. She said that Dad had just attacked her. What! She repeated it. Asked where she was, down town, told her I was on my way.

Told my manager I had to go and meet my sister, something had happened, met her and gave her a hug. She explained that she hadn't been feeling too good today, she'd recently argued with her boyfriend.

She came home and asked if she could go to the cinema instead of having Family Home Evening. She just didn't feel up to it. Dad said no, so she just sat with the rest of the family.

She said she must have looked upset. Her eyes were watering. Said that all of a sudden Dad threw a hymn book at her then punched her in the stomach and head.

She grabbed her stuff and ran, got on a bus and met a friend in town and she's now spending the night round a friends.

She didn't want to go home. She texted Mum to say she wouldn't be home but she was OK. She didn't want them to know where she was, scared Dad would come after her.

Cried my eyes out driving back I had a chat with my key nurses, so glad one of them is in tonight. Just knowing that a nurse who I feel comfortable talking to is here stops me from doing stupid things.

If it wasn't for me none of this would have happened. I've put everyone through so much hassle, made their life's hell. If dad hadn't been so worked up about me he wouldn't have lashed out at Katherine. I've just been the last straw. I just can't believe he did it. I must have pushed him so far to have made him do that.

One girl handed her notice in today, didn't like the way she was being treated. I told her fair play, you've got the guts! It's about being brave enough to start again; she doesn't even have another job to go to. I have to get out, be brave.

Tuesday 12th March 2002.

Dear Sky. I've had such a mixture of feelings today. Realised at 10:00am that they hadn't given me my meds. Obviously didn't think I needed them.

Phoned Katherine, had a chat. She mentioned that she'd been sick quite a bit recently. I asked if she was eating! Then asked if she'd been smoking or drinking. Said she'd been drinking, not really a surprise.

She said that Friday night someone had given her a really stupid drink and according to her friends she should be dead which is why she was ill, probably alcohol poisoning.

I met her and we went looking for mobiles. Dropped her back off at her friends. Had this letter from Carl, still can't believe his way of thinking.

> I just wanted to let you know and I'm sure that really it is just a reminder that I will be here for you when you feel ready, as you know I love you and I'm willing to wait however long it may take for you to prepare yourself and to work so that you can overcome this.
>
> I know that you have a great desire to and I know you can. I don't know if there's much that I can do but if there is anything that I can so I will do everything I can. I know that we can work together to do this because I know that our love for each other is strong enough that we can overcome anything that may try to pull us apart. Together we can do anything that we need to and want to achieve.
>
> As you know I love you a lot and this love that I have for you is so great that I would be willing to give up anything for you, anything I had even my life if it was needed. Because of the love I have for you I have been willing to give up the thing that I love most, you!
>
> There's been times that when I've not been happy with myself and my own weaknesses and personal sins that I felt I loved you that much that I should give you up that you should be with someone better because I would only hold you back in life, that you should be able to be with someone better than me. But

the spirit would always come to me and remind me that we are meant to be together that I needed to be with you.

I would feel the spirit prompt that you did deserve better but I was to become that better person, that because of my Saviour and that he took upon him my sins I could be forgiven and change and that I must change so I could be with you for all eternity.

I know now that as I have changed somewhat I still have a lot to do so that I can become this man that you do really deserve but I can become this man.

I know that you have at times felt this way about me. I know that we are meant to be together and although neither of us are perfect we can improve, it will not be easy and there will be some hard times ahead but it will be worth it.

Before I proposed to you, over those few weeks I did some thinking about me and you, the problems that you had with depression and my selfishness.

I could of easily just gave up on you and found someone else and there was times that the opposition put these ideas in my head but I couldn't do it, my love for you was too great.

I couldn't give you up, I was willing to be there for you, to help you at any time, I knew then that there would probably be a time that we would have to face this together, that we would have to work to overcome it all and I know now that it had to be here and now.

I was willing to help you and stand by you then and I am still now, I married you because of my love for you and that love now is even stronger.

When we talked before I proposed to you I said that you knew what to do to overcome this, I said that because I felt the spirit prompt me that I needed to say it to you.

At that time you had organised to see a doctor about it and this was the way to go, about learning to overcome the depression. It wasn't quite the right time then and despite how much you haven't enjoyed these last few months you needed to go through it all at this time to learn and grow and for heavenly father to test you to see how ready you are for the future, how determined and how much you love him, and want to do his will.

He has prepared you as he has been preparing me. We have been given weaknesses so that we can change and improve and make them stronger.

I know that no one on this earth has a greater power over me, of being able to help me to do things that I needed to do that perhaps I was a bit reluctant to do. I hope that I to have somewhat of the same kind of effect on you. That I can help you in ways that no other can.

We can do this, I know it will take time and that we need to be open with each other so that we can know what to do to help each other out, I have a lot to learn about what I need to do to help you in any way or time you need it.

We may need to talk to counsellors or different people so that we can work together to do what is needed for the future.

Remember the promise given by God that we are given no weaknesses that we can't overcome. Together we can do all that is needed we will succeed. Carl.

Spent the afternoon in my room, started feeling a bit down. About 6:30pm Mum phoned, said that the ladies insurance company had phoned wanting my details. Great, all I need.

I approached yesterday. Mum said
"Yeah Dad lost his temper a bit with Katherine."
I said "a bit! He threw a book at her and punched her"
"Did he?"
What! She didn't know.

She casually said how he was sorry and that he was going to see the Bishop, as if it makes everything OK. The same as usual, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it." Big hug, everything's OK like it never happened. But it did happen and it's not OK in my head. Or am I making a big deal out of nothing?

Went back to my room and thought about tying wool round my neck again. Got the scissors out and went to start on my wrist again but I was thinking I didn't want to do this, there's no point.

Forced myself downstairs and after walking past the staff room twice I had the courage to ask someone for a chat, by this time I was crying.

Told her that if I hadn't had come down I would have done something silly, I told her about Mums phone call, the insurance, Carl's letter and I'm worried about work tomorrow.

Had a nice chat and I kept thinking "my key nurse would be so proud of me." That felt good in itself. I don't like it when she's disappointed with me.

Felt better after talking, had something to eat. Feel OK now, quite tired. We spoke about Saturday night/ Sunday morning.

She asked if I knew how serious it was. Apparently they don't usually do checks at the time they found me but she said another five minutes and I would have been dead. What!!

Automatic reaction, she's just saying that to scare me, it wasn't that serious but was it? To be honest with you I was pretty much out of it. But at the same time I was aware that my breathing had slowed right down, stopping at times. Aware that it was pretty fucking tight. Body didn't feel attached, but then neither did my head. But I wasn't aware of the seriousness behind it and I still can't say I did it because…..

Times like today I realise what I'm doing and stop myself but yesterday was strange. After chucking the Lemsip away I remember feeling angry, that I'd let myself down by not doing it but it didn't cross my mind to talk it out.

I just found myself sat on my bed then all of a sudden going for the wool. "If I can't do it that way then I'll try it this way." Sat there cut of a long length of wool. Tied it in half a few times, led down then tied it round my neck. Did it tight slowly, then every few hours later tightened it even more whilst wrapping it round another time.

I've always believed that you can't kill yourself by strangulation, just like suffocation. As soon as you feel uncomfortable you stop. That's what I thought until I found a way of tying it so I couldn't undo it.

I was going to suffocate myself but I knew that wouldn't work but because it was night, I'd taken sleeping meds, was tired, exhausted, I just lay there. Didn't fight it, didn't physically feel the need to. It was uncomfortable and unpleasant but I just led there.

Why? Why do I do things like this? I wish I knew, and then I could stop it. Everyone says that when you feel like that you need to come and ask for time but I don't know; it's hard to explain.

It seems like the most sensible thing to do, hurt myself, that in some way I'm not doing anything wrong. As if it's not happening like "what's the big deal?" at that time do I really want to die? I don't know.

Saturday night I didn't even consider the fact that I might die. All this must sound totally crazy, well it sounds crazy to me anyway. Because there are times when I do talk to a nurse like today but the thought process is completely different.

It's like I don't want to talk to anyone, I want to tie the wool round my neck and that's it. The thinking, if any thoughts occur, is totally different to times like today.

Well I'm going to shut up about this now, I could carry on forever but I don't feel like I'm making any sense.

Don't want to go to work tomorrow. I need to talk to someone about today and the stuff I've written.

It's like work is another pressure to put up with. So, don't go, go back on sick pay but isn't that just giving in? Isn't the first few times supposed to be hard, isn't it natural not to want to go back.

OK it was only 2 weeks away but when I came back from America I couldn't wait to get to work. I was so happy to be back. I don't feel like that atoll.

Have I worn retail out? After all I've been there nearly 3 years. Maybe it is the job. Maybe if I went to a job that I wanted to be in I would handle it better, who knows!

I'm not going to make the decision whether to work tomorrow or not. Want to but I'll push it to the side until tomorrow. Last time I decided not to go to work I nearly killed myself.

Wednesday 13th March 2002.

Dear Sky. I actually managed to stay happy all day today and oh what a day it's been. I feel so good inside, like I've really achieved something, I just want to run around telling everyone.

It's 8:15pm AND I'M STILLL HAPPY!!! Couldn't make my mind up either to go to work or not, eventually decided to, took over 1 hour to get there, just in time.

Spent the day out the back hanging and tagging with 4 other staff. I plucked up the courage to tell my manager about my work plans for the future, how I might demote myself. Felt a lot better afterwards, like a big weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

Come 1:30pm the other staff had gone so I decided to go. Go whilst I was still in a good mood. I was starting to get a bit bored. The longer I'd have stayed the worse I would have got.

I popped home to get my car insurance details. Pulled up, Carl was there, deep breath. Told him that I wasn't coming back to live at this house, I didn't care whether he kept it and had the mortgage or we sold it. Told him it was something for him to think about he said OK and I left with another big hurdle out the way.

Popped into Mum and dads to drop insurance details in and only Katherine was home, she'd only been there a few hours and hadn't spoken to Mum or Dad.

Brought the Trade It and went back to Barrow. I had to write a letter to my area manager explaining my career choices.

Asked a nurse to help me and we talked it over and discussed it with a few other nurses. He thinks I should still take the sick pay. To get the same amount once demoted I'd have to work 25hrs a week.

We didn't write the letter, I went away and thought about it. I realised that concentrating on going back to work isn't the right answer. Once I go back I will find it harder to leave again. Also I get less time to sort other things out.

Then it suddenly twigged. That's what I had to do. Get a house and new job sorted out. I know it's always been talked about but I've not really taken 100% interest in it. Now all of a sudden I did. I wanted to get on and into a new house and job.

Looked through the Trade It, one ad stood out. Knowle, room in friendly shared house, must love cats, £200pcm. Knowle cats, perfect combination. £200 screamed Knowle West but to me that doesn't matter.

Spent the next 2 hours thinking shall I, shouldn't I? You wont go ahead with it nothing positive comes from you but I wanted to. Even if I was just to say no to it.

7:30pm I phoned, casually chatted. She was nice of course, arranged to view it tomorrow at 6:30pm.

Aaarrrrgggghhhh, so excited. I had to tell the nurses. Went in, told them to give me a clap then told them why. I can't calm down. I know not to jump in, go for the first thing. It's not as if it's the very first ad I've seen though but it's the first one that has shot out at me.

I'm trying to be really positive, push negative to one side. Keep telling myself that this is good, it's what I need. Now all I need to do is seriously look for a job THEN I'LL BE OUT!!!!

Friday 15th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Saw my consultant today. He said
"You're a totally different person from when you first came in here aren't you?"
I just smiled. Said they'd get a sick note organised, working is too much pressure.

Went to see the house but decided not to go for it, decided I need somewhere bigger with more people so then there are people around if I want company but I can also keep myself to myself, this house was too personal.

Saturday 16th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a really bad day today, felt really down for no particular reason. Went to start on my wrist again but quickly stuck a plaster on it before I got too far.

Spent all day in bed, decided I was going to strangle myself tonight. A nurse came up and had a chat, talked about what happened to Katherine also that Mum had had a miscarriage years ago also told her about my plans to strangle myself.

Once I've told someone there is less chance of me actually doing it because it looks like I'm doing it for attention. If I'd had kept it to myself I most defiantly would have done it.

My key nurse was in this evening, she was confused about my sudden change in mood, told her I would try and keep myself safe, that's why I had told someone.

Most of the time I don't want to die like but like my key nurse said.
"One time you might accidentally go too far."
This scares me. If I don't actually want to die then why do I do dangerous stuff?

HOLD ON

Slowly I can put my life right,
A step at a time I can win this fight.
The road is long,
But somehow I'll be strong.
It won't be easy,
But a future is for me.

One day at a time,
Things can work out fine.
There will be trials on the way,
But if I'm strong I'll be ok.
Don't give in to those around,
Be true to myself and joy will be found.

When times seem tough,
And the road is rough.
Just keep going on,
And the fight will be won.
Don't give in to a life that's doomed,
One that's full of sorrow and gloom.
There is something that is much better,
A life that's full of fun and laughter.



Friday 22nd March 2002.

Dear Sky. Sorry I haven't wrote to you but since Tuesday evening I've spent most of the time trying to strangle myself and fuck I came pretty close to succeeding twice. I could feel myself going and had to have an oxygen mask.

Wednesday morning I was moved downstairs because I tried killing myself again. Spent all day on constant one to one in my bedroom and drifting in and out of sleep and having major panic attacks.

Didn't eat or drink for 3 days. Even now I still don't feel safe. Everything is just getting on top of me. I set myself to do too much then tell myself I have to cope by myself and not to go running to the nurses cause I'll be alone when I get out.

All plans for discharge have now been put on hold. I came very close to being put on the lock up ward, I think one more try and I would have.

I just can't cope with all my feelings, saw a lady with a rat on her shoulder, instant memories of my baby Tara and best mate Rascal and how much they meant to me.

It brought back memories of the night Tara died. It was like she was waiting for me to come home before she died. I held her and she died in my arms, right there in my arms. I just sat on the bed crying, holding her. I didn't know what to do. Rascal was still running around, I was just sat there crying, holding Tara.

Eventually picked Rascal up and we went and buried Tara, me and Rascal. I wrapped her up in Clingfilm and a food bag and then buried her.

After that it destroyed me seeing Rascal on her own which is why I brought Sparkle. This all happened end of October, begging of November last year. Was that when my eating started getting really bad????

A patient had a go at me after my first strangling attempt, said how he'd had enough of the silly little girl who won't eat properly. Then today another patient started on me saying how I should go hang myself properly.

FOR FUCK SAKE I TRIED! I couldn't have come much closer than what I did. Apparently I'd gone blue and I know that a few minutes later I wouldn't have been writing to you now.

I still don't feel safe. They took everything out my room, even stripped the bed because I tried strangling myself with the sheets and that was with some crap agency nurse sat right next to me.

I just want out of all these feelings, to exist but with no emotions because I can't cope, life is too hard. They even called an ambulance but I refused to go, I feel so low, the police had also been called because when I started talking about Tara they thought I meant a human baby.

I am such a waste of time. I offend everyone. One patient just kept telling me to go into my bed and do it properly, that really hurt.

I'd made my key nurse and some other nurses cry, I upset so many people but I can't help it. Right now if I had something which I thought would work I'd strangle myself again then I'd be out of everyone's way and they'd soon put me to the back of their minds.

I'm so scared to go to bed tonight. I'm so scared, so scared. I don't know what's happening to me. I can't control my thoughts, feelings or actions. I'm just upsetting everybody. I'm just a stupid cow who everyone would be pleased to see the back of so why don't I do everyone a fucking favour and piss of.

Saturday 23rd March 2002.

Dear Sky. I'm finding it so hard to cope. I just want to finish everything. I was going to ask for some pudding just now but then they go and switch the TV off so I couldn't. I use it as a distraction so I had nothing to eat again. Mentally I wanted to eat. I'd love to eat but physically I don't, I'm too dehydrated to physically feel like eating or drinking.

I just want to disappear, I feel so ashamed of myself, that I'm so selfish but I still want to kill myself, I can't cope with everyday life.

One nurse said how another patient had a hamster kept on O.T, she said they might do the same for me, how I could buy some new rats.

I would like that very much, something to love me unconditionally, show so much affection. I know my family and everyone else loves me but my feelings aren't the same.

It's like when I hug my Dad, it feels so fake and it doesn't mean anything to me. I'm just hugging him because he wants a hug, not me.

Heard someone say once; "If it hurts it isn't love." You know everyone says that love hurts well the above has quite a bit of meaning. Love shouldn't hurt. You should love seeing them, spending time with them not bearing to be apart. I've never experienced that.

Everyone says my life will get better but I can't see it. I'm so suicidal at the moment, every moment of everyday. I can't cope with living; it's too much to cope with.

Nobody realises what it's like, how it feels not to feel safe, safe from yourself. To turn round and say I'm not safe because of me is so scary because I know what I'm capable of.

I know I came so close to ending it all these past couple of days, matter of minutes but at the time it doesn't feel like it. All that goes through my head is "this fucking hurts" and "someone please hurry up and find me." Cause it fucking hurts.

I guess I do it because I'm so desperate. Desperate to get rid of my feelings because when I'm doing it those thoughts don't enter my mind.

All I think about is the above two. It's like my emotions are at peace, I'm free from all my bad thoughts.

Well it's now 8:45pm and I've just finished talking to a nurse.

At 6:00pm I went outside into the forest and sat behind a tree, freezing and hugging Frostie. Closing my eyes and listening to the birds and sounds.

Come 7:00pm it was getting dark. I grabbed some vines and started making a rope. Tied it round my neck but I couldn't get it tight enough. Went back freezing cold.

I am so confused. After writing to you earlier I fell asleep for 4 hours. Apparently my Mum had phoned, obviously to ask about a visit.

They usually come tomorrow. I don't want to see them. It sounds really nasty but I feel like I have to cut myself off from the outside world. I can't face anything to do with it at the moment, not even popping down to Long Ashton to buy a Trade It to look for rats and cages.

I feel so lost, like I can't find the reason why I feel so down. I am so unstable at the moment. I want to hurt myself in so many ways. I just need to hurt myself so much physically to match the hurt emotionally. Cause then I'll have a visible reason for feeling hurt.

I feel so much rage inside. I want to lash out, punch walls, punch tables, cut myself, anything to override the emotional feelings. All I can think of is ways to hurt myself. I've got my relaxation CDs on but I can feel so much rage building inside of me.

Sunday 24th March 2002.

Dear Sky. I started punching the wall again last night, I just wanted to make it hurt. I spoke to one nurse which was nice. Spoke about how I didn't want to see my parents today.

She got me to phone home to see if the girls were coming. Dad answered, great. He was really cold toward me, like he didn't want to be talking to me. Said they were coming but didn't know who.

I'm on 10mg of Diazepam as well as the Tamazipan so I get completely knocked out which is good. I just want to spend all day asleep.

No one cares about me. I still don't have any sheets on my bed, probably just as well because I'd end up trying to strangle myself with them again. I don't see the point in living; I've got nothing to look forward to.

The only thing I want at the moment is two pet rats. They give so much love and devotion, totally reliable on me and enjoy being around me but O.T probably wont have them.

I've got no motivation to do anything. Everyone's had enough of me; don't want to be around me but who can blame them? What is so special about me that people would want to spend time with me?

A MEANINGLESS LIFE

One empty life that's not worth living,
An empty page that's not worth filling.
A life that is most regretted,
A person that is much hated.

In this life that is so bleak,
No one cares if life she would defeat.
Do it properly is what people say,
Oh I've tried but it's not gone my way.

Why try and keep myself safe,
It would be better if I finished this race.
A race between life and death,
I know I wish to take my last breath.

A tiny meaningless unhappy life,

Which puts many people through lots of strife.
So what's the point in fighting any more?
It would be better if I was dead on the floor.



Monday 25th March 2002.

Dear Sky. I've had enough of living. Tonight is my last night. I've had enough of fighting with my parents, Carl and my feelings and actions.

Carl will never except that the marriage is over so the only way is to disappear. I'm sorry for being such a burden to everyone.

Hannah; I love you lots and lots, you are so special. Don't let your life go the same way as mine, I love you dearly.

Jane; be strong. I love you very much. You are a wonderful person. Don't let people lead you into things you don't want to, be like Katherine, be strong and stand up for yourself.

Katherine; you have been a very special person and I think so much of you. I admire your strength and assertiveness. I'm sorry to leave you like this but I can't see another way out. See you in the eternities.

Mum; I love you, I'm so sorry for putting you through this.

Dad; I need to get out of this trap and this is the only way I can see it happening. I know you've only wanted what's best for me but we don't have the same idea as what is best.

Carl; sorry you had to go through this but it is the only way I can see to make you understand that I don't love you.

Key nurse; thank you for trying to help me these past 4 months, you're an angel. Someone I really looked up to, someone I admire. I've just had enough of fighting with everyone including myself. This is the only way out.

Nurses; I've just got to hope that I get a good deal in the eternities; maybe I'll see you there. Once I got to know you I realised you're a great bunch of people. Hopefully I'll go nice and peaceful after my night meds. Don't blame yourselves; I just don't have a future. I'm sorry for wasting your time and causing a load of hassle.

I'm just going to disappear now so I'll be out of everyone's way and soon pushed to the back of everyone's mind. If anyone feels like making my journals and poems public I have no objections. Who knows, I might become famous. See you in the eternities.

Wednesday 27th March 2002.

Dear Sky. I am so confused as I was able to know everything that went on Monday night but was unable to respond.

I took my meds and tied some embroidery thread around my neck as tight as I could. I could feel myself slipping out of it then found myself getting out of bed then collapsing on the floor.

Some time after someone found me. They didn't see the thread cause I had a high neck jumper on. They called the D.M.O because I wasn't responding. They lifted me onto the bed and found the thread.

I still wasn't responding. They called for an ambulance; the D.M.O did mouth to mouth 3 times. I didn't respond. They stuck a tube down my mouth, I responded to that then went out of it again.

The ambulance came and I still wasn't responding. They took me to Resus, stuck a load of pads on my chest and a drip through my hand to help my heart.

Didn't respond again so a Dr pressed firmly on my rip cage twice, that really hurt, I responded to that. They did x-rays of my chest then I went back to Barrow.

I can't understand how I remember and was aware of everything but was unable to respond. I was aware the D.M.O did mouth to mouth but I couldn't respond.

Apparently I went into respiratory arrest or something like that. It was like it wasn't happening to me, that I had no control to respond. I just led there with an oxygen mask unable to do anything. I don't understand why.

Thursday 28th March 2002.

Dear Sky. I've had enough of life. Living out of here is too scary. I wouldn't be able to cope; it would be a worthless life, one that would end up the same as before cause I wouldn't be strong enough.

I'm at peace when I lie there with thread round my neck, all my problems, thoughts and emotions are taken away. I suppose I don't want to die but that peace is too strong a desire. Death would probably be as bad as life but the in-between is what I dream of.

I know if I survive through tonight after strangling myself people will give me less attention which makes me feel worse but I know that it is your policy.

Please just understand it's just the peace that I want and need. Not having to worry about anything, nothing atoll. I just want peace, not have to think about any kind of future, the future is too much to cope with.

Carl is too much. My Dad is too much. A new job is too much. A new house is too much. My eating problem is too much. My very low self esteem is too much. I want to exist but not like everyone else. I want to be at peace. At the moment this is the best I can think of.

Friday 29th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I did it again last night, 3 nights on a row now. Again mouth to mouth and bagging with a tube down my throat and to the B.R.I. I came back at 10:30pm, chatted to the nurse who came with me till 12:00am, took my meds then went to sleep.

Shortly after they came and took everything out my room. My shoes, cabinet, music, and held me down whilst one nurse took my cupboard key out my pocket.

I was so angry, I grabbed Frostie and my blankets and ran outside and curled up behind a tree. They found me and pulled me back so I'm on constant watch again all night.

A nurse made me write out my own care plan;

1 ask to spend time with the nurses.
2 have more than one meal a day.
3 let my emotions out.
4 if I feel angry be angry.
5 shout of I need to shout.
6 always play music.
7 sleep more, deep sleep.
8 don't shut me out when I feel uptight.
9 only stay in my room when I feel safe.
10 not think of future plans of any kind.
11 think about how I affect others.
12 keep myself occupied by doing things I enjoy.
13 promise to keep myself safe a few hours at a time.
14 a nurse needs to approach me every few hours so I can promise them or not if I'm safe.
15 don't think of anything other than the here and now.
16 suicidal attempts don't solve anything; just make everyone angry with me.
17 don't act on impulse.
18 think properly before I do things, consequences?
19 ask for more medication if I feel I need it to calm me down.
20 be responsible for my actions and learn from them.
21 be honest whether I'm safe or not. I find it so hard to cope with my head.

Had another run in with a patient. She keeps going on about how I've tried to kill myself twice, but in fact it's more than that. When she starts I feel like I have to then go and do it to live up to everyone's expectations. I've got all my stuff back and I'm trying so hard to be good but it is hard.

Saturday 30th March 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I got through the night! Woke up feeling down for no apparent reason. Mum phoned and we went to Cadbury garden centre. It was good but I found it physically hard, it took a lot of strength.

Back now and I'm so close to tears and I don't know why. I'm just crying. Crying for my life, scared that once things get better again they'll only get worse. I still don't feel safe, I never do. I can put a smile on in front of people but inside I'm all over the place.

I'm dreading the future. I don't want it to happen. I know I've got to be responsible for my actions and learn how to cope with the consequences but I can't.

I often ask myself why? Why can't I take responsibility and be an adult. I feel like I don't want to venture into the big wide world, I feel like I need someone to look after me, who is always there to help me cope.

Just like in here. I don't want to leave this security. The security of comfort and people who understand me and are sympathetic and people I can turn to 24-7.

I'd feel lost if I was on my own, I need someone to look after me because I can't look after myself. I don't value myself good enough to care for which is why I need someone who does.

Just sat here doing cross stitch and listening to the Lord of the Rings on tape. I realised what my aim is in strangling myself. To die but to be brought back to life.

Now I've realised this it is very scary because I want to try again. It sounds so stupid and selfish because I've made so many nurses and patients cry but I can't explain it.

I want to see myself lying there for people trying to bring me back to life and I want them to succeed. But I know I'm engaging in a very dangerous habit.

I'm scared because people don't understand. They get angry at me for doing it and cause them so much stress but the need for someone else to take over my life is too strong a need. I need someone to make me live against my will but people just see me as a stupid silly little girl who is playing games, has so much to live for and should stop being stupid and get on with my life. But it doesn't feel that way to me.

This death experience is so strong, although I do want to live. I don't understand it myself, maybe I'm hoping that once I know what it's like to be dead I'll want to live.

I just wish people would understand me. Not think of me as a stupid idiot. The desire to do it again is so strong, I constantly have to fight with myself, and I can't cope with my head.

Sunday 31st March 2002.

Dear Sky. The queen mother died yesterday afternoon. It's all the TV and radio are talking about. Yeah she was a nice lady and it's a shame but what's the point in making such a big fuss. They don't make such a fuss when everyone else dies and to me that's all she is, just another lady who had no influence on me. By the end of the day I'm probably going to end up screaming with it being what everyone's talking about.

I went for a walk at 11:00pm last night through the woods. I could hear other creatures moving. I was on my own, wandering through woods on no path. It was accelerating, being on your own in the middle of nowhere in the dark hearing noises but forcing yourself not to be scared. I consider it an achievement.

A few years ago I would have been terrified but the past 2 or 3 years when I start feeling a bit scared I think to myself "well I want to die so who cares if anything happens," and that gives me the confidence.

Well this is it, my last entry to you, I have everything I need. Escaping into the woods would probably be the best way as I'm sure they're going to be watching me too closely.

No one understands me and by doing this I know I am a cold hearted selfish bitch, not thinking about how it will effect others but right now I have to think of me.

I've had enough of trying. I'm too scared to face the future, face my parents, Carl and a normal life. I can see this as the only way out.

Although I don't know where I'll end up in the eternities it's gotta be better than life. Anyway I'll deal with that when I get there.

I'm sorry for taking the selfish way out but the future is too unbearable to think about. Whish me luck, hopefully I'll achieve what I so desire. To be happy. Take care. R.I.P.

Monday 1st April 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I went into the woods, tied thread around my neck but they found me and took me back to my room. Tied thread around my neck again.

This happened a few times until they took everything including my shoes and trousers because I'd use the cord from my trousers. I fought with the nurses so much then ended up going to sleep.

This morning I got dressed and decided I was going to the Mall to buy a load of sleeping tablets and more thread. Snuck out, had to go home first cause I didn't have anything on my feet.

Blagged his stupid Dr in a Chinese medicine shop and brought a load of thread. Came back after taking the pills and tied a load of thread round my neck.

Just felt myself drifting off when Gaby came in. She rushed and got the nurses. My key nurse couldn't find a pulse at first. Oxygen mask on and then locked out of my room but I still had more thread.

Snuck out again, tied a load of thread around my neck again then came back and snuggled up on some chairs, really tired.

A few hours later my key nurse found me again. I had to be bagged again. I haven't eaten or drank in 3-4 days so a Dr started setting up a drip.

I told them I'd taken the pills so they rushed me off to the B.R.I in an ambulance which was a complete waste of time. I came back and discussed about having the rats here. Cheered me up a lot and I went to sleep holding on to the thoughts of my rats.

Tuesday 2nd April 2002.

Dear Sky. Well today has been very different. Got my rats here as of this afternoon, Rascal's on my shoulder at the mo.

They've got their own little outside room which took me about 3hrs to clean up. Now it's lovely, I even brought them rugs because it's a stone floor and they're used to carpets. It's got a little heater, light and window and it's got my babies in.

Well its 8:40pm, gotta go as the nurses are still worried about me harming myself. The condition was that every time I harmed myself in any way the rats would go for a day. So it's going to be hard cause harming myself is all I've been doing for at least the past week.

> I seem to be writing quite a bit recently, it almost reminds me of the letters that we past to each other when we first started dating. I have always enjoyed looking back on past times of happiness and times of pure enjoyment.
>
> Mind you I do tend to find that at this time of year as well the New Year, I tend to look back at the past and as well look forward to the future.
>
> With the past I enjoy the great memories I have and learn, well try to learn from any mistakes.

Anyway, then I think of who or what I can become with the time that lays ahead for me. Thoughts of what I would like to happen and where the good times of happiness will come from.

As I remember my Saviour and all that he had done for me, well everybody really isn't it. But I like to think of the fact that he did it for me personally.

The pain in the garden, then as he was tortured by the people then as he was nailed and hung from the cross, there Jesus with feelings of love and want to help me his younger brother so that I could change so that I could achieve these things that I desire the things that I know God wants for me.

I love Easter because I know that my Saviour and redeemer loves me. So at this special time of year as we remember the blessings in our life of the saving principles of the gospel but mostly the atonement of Jesus Christ I wish you a merry and happy Easter season.

I hope you enjoy the egg and that the new beginnings and the time of new starts will be a great time for you, love Carl.

Wednesday 3rd April 2002.

Dear Sky. Just had a chat with my key nurse, cried a lot. I feel so lost but I don't want to move forward. I feel like I don't know who I am but I also don't want to know who I am.

Part of me wants to stay lost in this safe suicide state. At the moment there is hardly, if any part of me that wants to get out of hospital. It's all very well saying I might accidentally kill myself but that doesn't matter because I won't be around to regret it and face the consequences.

Why don't I go and kill myself properly, where I know no one will find me? Why do it in hospital. I guess I do want people to find me but I also want to experience death. It's so horrid because my suicidal thoughts and actions don't make any sense to me either.

It's like no one understands how much hell I put myself through after I've been found. It's like I'm taken over by these thoughts. I don't want to talk, I don't want to think, and I just keep trying to kill myself again and again.

At the time it doesn't bother me because I'm gonna die but it's at times like these when it does get to me.

My key nurse and I talked about how at times I need people to take control and at times I need to take control. When nurses take away my belongings it makes me angry and winds me up more but it does stop me from killing myself because I don't have the tools.

They want my car to go, OK I've abused my privilege so it should be taken but then I take into mind that, for example; the things that are stopping me from killing myself at the moment is my rats and doing my cross stitch whilst listening to a audio story which is easiest to get from a library by car.

Maybe new terms could be set up for a few weeks. I don't know, like searching when I come back so they know I've only been where I said I'd be because I don't have much audio stories left. I'd need to get more tomorrow. It keeps me safe at the mo.

We also talked about whether it was right for her to carry on being my key nurse. That's a tough decision. Maybe it might be worth trying a different angle with someone else, one nurse in particular was mentioned. But I like working with the key nurse I've got now. She's fought for me so much.

How long can I stay happy? How long can I keep myself occupied? How long till I don't care about anything again except death?

Thursday 4th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I've spent most of the day with my babies. There is a huge open field behind our ward. Private but I go to the middle and Sparkle runs around for miles until I call her back when I think she's gone too far but Rascal doesn't like it, she's never liked being outside but it's built Sparkles confidence up a lot.

Not been feeling too bad today although the suicidal thoughts are still there. I've been coming off Prozac to start a new med which means these past 2 days I haven't had anything except sleepers.

Now I'm not making excuses but Gaby said that a side effect of Prozac is suicidal tendencies.

Had another chat with my key nurse, I'm going to be key nursed by someone else. Maybe a change is what's needed. I'm not saying that she's failed, absolutely not. Without her I wouldn't have got this far. Maybe she's just not supposed to take me any further. Don't know who my associate key nurse will be yet.

Today has been such a beautiful day. It's 5:30pm and I'm led out on the field with the rats in a t shirt perfectly warm, in all honesty I'm avoiding tea which is at 6:00pm.

I brought my favourite cross stitch pictures back in. Maybe that was when I started feeling down before, I took a lot of stuff home cause in my mind I was going to be moved to the lock up ward and the least stuff I had the better.

I'm starting to feel a bit lower in mood but for no particular reason. I still want to tie thread round my neck but I'm scared of what will happen if I fail to die.

What better way is there to die than peacefully in your sleep with your favourite music on and hugging your favourite teddy, nice and warm in your bed with a little help of thread?

Maybe that's the point, I want to die the easy way, not have any pain. Maybe I'm not supposed to live a long life, maybe my time is up and this is Gods way of doing it. Who knows? Maybe I don't kill myself another way because I'm scared of pain? But then I cut my wrists isn't that pain? To be honest, no, it doesn't hurt. The emotional hurt overrides the physical.

Saturday 6th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Not much to tell about yesterday as I spent all day sleeping due to too many sleepers.

My cousins came down today. We went to Hobby Craft then watched some videos. They went at 5:00pm. 5:30pm I tried strangling myself again.

It's now 7:15pm and I'm in my cupboard with the rats. Now everyone's mad at me and I hate myself.

The nurses were saying how nice it was to see me smiling and having a good time, little did they know that it was all an act. Inside I just wanted my cousins to go away and once they had I went back to my old self.

From now on I'm spending as much time as possible with my rats and in my room. Nobody loves me, I'm just a pain to everyone and people just get frustrated with me.

They don't understand that strangling myself is a habit. I hate myself so much, it's at times like these when I say to myself I wish I was dead. But do I? I guess I just hate myself so much.

Why didn't I talk to a nurse? Now everyone is frustrated with me. I can't stand eating or drinking anymore. I've had enough of it. I just want to exist in my own little world; just me and the rats locked in my room with my music and cross stitch, painting and not have to think about anything.

I guess I just want life to be easy!!! But it's not, not for anyone. I'm scared to be happy; I'm scared to have a "normal" life.

At the moment I have so much anger and rage inside of me and I'm just keeping it in.

Sometimes I argue with patients which I find releases that frustration. I mean one of them is a big lady and I'm tiny and I stand there and shout at her. But apart from that I keep everything inside, all the anger, hurt, frustration, it's all inside just going round and round until it bursts out with thread around my neck.

Well its 10:10pm, I've just asked for all my meds but the fucking nurse won't give them all to me. I need them to knock me out. I'm so wound up.

Been told I can't drive cause of the meds so I'm selling it. I need all the meds or nothing. They were talking about discharging me earlier so obviously no one gives a shit about me.

I tried by asking for all my meds but it doesn't work, she wont listen to me so if she wont knock me out with meds I'll knock myself out with thread. Goodbye, R.I.P.

Monday 7th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Well after my last entry I tied the thread round as hard as possible, after about 45mins I felt to see how tight it was. My neck, chin and ears were swollen and numb. This really scared me, scared me that someone might not find me, so I cut it off.

I went into the office, had argument with the nurse saying that she didn't care about me, tried running off, she chased after me.

Well yesterday morning me and the ward manager had a chat. Told me that the rats would have to go. It was agreed that a nurse would take them home tonight and bring them back Wednesday morning also because of my meds my car had to go so Dad took it yesterday.

Today has been better than what I thought it would be, on terms of missing my babies and keeping myself occupied. I've spent most of the day doing my cross stitch and listening to a story tape.

By doing the 2 things together I've been concentrating on them both and not been able to think about stuff. Because as soon as I think about stuff i.e. get the divorce started I think along the lines that there'll be so much hassle, hurt, arguments that what's the

point? Why not just tie thread around my neck? At the moment that's my thought process.

Had a chat with my new key nurse this afternoon and we're starting from scratch. I felt really positive about what we were talking about.

She asked why I felt I needed a new key nurse, we discussed that my needs have changed. When I first came in my main problem was anorexia, now its dangerous actions. I decided that with her help I need to sort out finishing things with Carl because it is something I'd never be able to do without help. I also want to take a step back from my family, not rely on them as much.

I realised earlier that I ate 3 times today! Only small amounts each time but because it's been small amounts it's been OK.

One thing me and my new key nurse agreed on scares me now I've thought about it. We agreed that if I strangled myself again I was able to approach a nurse to get it cut off and if someone found me due to normal checks they were to leave me because I should find someone.

I agreed to it at the time but after thinking about it that terrifies me cause the times when it's been really serious, to the point of mouth to mouth, bagging and ambulance to hospital with a drip in my hand, these times it's been when people have found me.

I'm going to have to review that when I next see her. Maybe suggest if I respond when they find me to leave me but if I don't respond then to get it fucking cut off and for the consequences taken out of my hands.

Hopefully it won't happen again. Because it mostly happens in the evening and now it's been agreed that I can have all my meds to totally knock me out. Hopefully I'll take that option, I'd like to say it will never happen again but to be completely honest it will happen again.

It's hard to be honest with the nurses but I am. For example; I know I'm dehydrated but asking for more to drink and admitting I knew it was a problem to my new key nurse was hard.

Yesterday they wanted me to take a Urine sample. I refused because although deep down I know I've physically damaged myself but as what extent I don't know. By knowing it means that I have to do something about it and it's a fact that there's something wrong, not just knowledge.

To me not drinking or limiting my fluids I feel safe. To me drinking lots is worse than eating lots. I've never admitted that before. I know that drinking makes you put on more weight quicker than eating. I've not told anyone this cause people can't see it making sense.

As far as I'm concerned, no matter what people say, if it goes in it adds weight, especially fluids.

Tuesday 9th April 2002.

Dear Sky. This morning had been OK; same as yesterday, cross stitch and tape but this afternoon I've gone down hill.

A nurse told me I had to move back upstairs into a room with a really loud patient. I asked if I could have a room of my own upstairs. She said it wasn't a possibility at the moment.

Went off and had a good cry then came back. My new key nurse said she'd try and arrange a single room for me.

Now this is going to sound stupid but I'm scared. Just before I got moved down I'd switched into the not caring mode. I was going to end up on the lock up ward so I took my cross stitch pictures home and all my non essentials.

Recently I've just started to settle back down. Brought my pictures back in, put a few pictures on the wall and made the room my own. It is my private place; I could play my music when and as loud as I wanted. Going into a shared room would take all that away.

I'm even scared to go into a single room upstairs for my thinking is that I'm just stuffed up there out of sight out of mind. Being in a downstairs room makes me feel more important, that I need more attention.

I feel like being put back upstairs I will be valued less and forgot. I know this won't happen in reality but in my head I truly feel this will happen.

Is it so wrong to need, want attention? I've always felt that it was, probably due to my childhood. My sister Katherine got all the attention because she was louder and more outgoing than me.

I spent all afternoon crying. Things were just starting to come back together; I was beginning to settle again. I'm scared that this room move will unsettle everything again.

I'm also scared that if I get a single room they'll class it as a "privilege" like my rats and take it away if I hurt myself.

I've just written a poem that explains my feelings about my "disruptive actions." I'm sat here listening to the radio crying. Just wanting to pack all my personal stuff up but I'm trying hard to fight it cause once I've done that it symbolises that I've given up, don't see the point in going on, trying. Having my personal stuff with me indicates hope. As to what hope, who knows. Just hope that I'll see each next second.

As soon as I put everything away it symbolises that I've given up, got nothing to live for, what's the point?

Just realised what the difference has been these past 3-4 days. I've felt special! I'VE FELT SPECIAL!!! That's what this admission has been all about isn't it? Making me feel special, well these past 3 days I have.

Had my rats, got back into cross stitch, making my room more personal. Just keeping myself occupied, not thinking about the future. All that has made me feel special. What mixed feelings that brings! I FEEL SPECIAL.

It feels so strange to say that but these past few hours I've stopped feeling special, since they mentioned the room swap. Since then I've stopped feeling special.

Had a chat with my new key nurse, I'm staying put after all. My mood has slowly picked up again. Back to cross stitch and tape.

TRYING TO EXPLAIN

Lying there all alone,

Listening to a peaceful song.
Slowly the thread goes round and round,
Quickly peace soon is found.

Drifting off to an endless sleep,
Somewhere where peace she can keep.
An up heaving sigh of relief,
The perfect feeling of absolute peace.

Then a force soon takes over,
A control which she has of no power.
A force that disturbs the tired mind,
A power that controls the restful find.

Unable to take control of her actions,
She's glad someone has the right reactions.
Not able to control what they do,
Subconsciously she fights with them too.

This is what the action desired,
The calm feeling of being discovered.
Wanting someone to take control of her life,
To make the choices that they feel right.

Once the action has been found,
After the battle has had its round.
Now those others have taken control,
The willingness to live again will enrol.



Wednesday 10th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Yesterday they changed to locking system. Now all doors are locked at 9:00pm, opened only with a special card, so no more runners!

Most of today was OK. Had to move to a single room upstairs, it's not too bad.

Made a cushion at O.T but made a bit of a mess with the zip. Went downstairs at 5:50pm planning to have pudding but they switched the TV off. I was cold towards the nurse. Quite angry after all I was trying to be normal but they weren't letting me.

Spent over an hour with my rats and wrote a poem. Finally calmed down at about 7:00pm after I had titled it "go to hell." I didn't realise till after that it was aimed at anger. Not towards anyone particularly, just anger but I couldn't release that anger. I just buried it inside of me. There were opportunities when I could have released the anger but kept it in, probably making it worse.

I feel so strong about cutting myself. No one will know. I also set my mind that if they wont let me fall into a peaceful sleep then I'd never sleep. Let's see how far I get!

GO TO HELL

Why try to improve my life?
You try fighting day and night.
Why help to change my thoughts?
Maybe my life shouldn't be right.

Why dream of a future?
Where life is a treasure.
Cause all I'll end up having,
Is a life full of pressure.

What's the point in living?
What's the point of life?
Why put up with living?
With all this toil and strife?

So stop all this wishing,
Stop all this hope.
Stop being scared to take some real action,
It's time to meet that Satan bloke.

Why should I have self value?
Why have self worth?
When all the time I'm wishing,
To be six foot under earth.



Friday 12th April 2002.

Dear Sky. I remembered a promise I made to myself in the New Year. I suddenly realised that it was to be my last Christmas. The thought just suddenly entered my head. I don't want to grow up, to take responsibilities.

I've been with my rats, crying. Crying because I was going to miss them, my sisters, my cross stitch but also crying with slight happiness because I have all my comfort things in my room.

I've got my suicidal CD on, pillows I've made, my teddy. Gonna be asleep with all the meds I would have taken. Gonna jam the door with a chair. I've tried it out and it works so they won't be able to get to me in time. I'm happy because I'll be leaving this life but also scared of the life to come. I must be brave. R.I.P.

Saturday 13th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Well last night didn't go as planned. Took all 60 sleeping pills and they did nothing. Jammed the door, tied the thread round my neck but they managed to get in. Tried super gluing my mouth together but that didn't even work.

I feel really down today these past couple of days I've been feeling, realising that I don't want to grow up. I don't want the responsibility of being an adult. I don't want to be responsible for my life; I don't want to live a normal life.

I need to talk to someone, I also feel like crying my eyes out but I'm unable to. I guess that's what I'm really trying to do. Stop time; stop myself from growing up and taking responsibility. I want someone else to take control of it. I just want to be here. "Here" as in alive, without any responsibilities. Oh I can't explain it.

9:20pm,

"Will you kill me?"

The patient I'd asked told me not to be so stupid.

"Stay there, I'm getting my trainers then we'll go to the nearest bridge and you can throw me off."

Up I went got my trainers and went out the fire exit as all the other doors were locked. The patient followed me, I headed for the exit. He said he wouldn't let me leave the grounds.

I got to the exit. I carried on walking. There was a taxi just outside. I kept waking; I could hear him calling for cars to stop as they drove out the gates. I realised I wouldn't get far before someone stopped me so I crossed the road and climbed through the trees and brambles.

No one knew where I was now. I stumbled through. Realised I was nearly at the dual carriageway that had a bridge going over it. I climbed down to the road and sat under a sign on the grassy verge in between the traffic.

All I could think of was "Two quick steps, that's all it would take." The cars were going past at least 50mph, I would be killed instantly. So why couldn't I do it? Why did I just sit there? Here was the perfect opportunity.

I ended up climbing up under the bridge and sitting down watching the cars go speeding past. Why? Why didn't I do it?

After about 5 mins I realised I could be doing this thinking back on the ward as I clearly wasn't going to go though with the intended actions and it wasn't fair on the nurses as they'd be worriedly looking for me so I went back. Hardly spoke a work and stayed in my room.

Sunday 14th April 2002.

Dear Sky. I haven't talked about Friday nights and Saturday morning suicide attempts or about last night. I've been keeping myself to myself doing my cross stitch.

Any talking I do with the nurses seem to be arguments over rules about dinner times.

I'm trying to have food off the trolley as arranged with the dietician but the nurses won't let me have hot food in the TV lounge. They say it's against health and safety regulations. That's a load of crap. It's what you do at home isn't it?

It feels like I'm not allowed to progress with eating. I'm fucking fed up with sandwiches and all that crap. I long for the puddings they won't let me have.

They don't understand that I need the visual distraction, I always have done. At home it was the same. The TV had to be on. The nurses don't understand I can't sit at the tables, I tried yesterday. The food had to be on my lap with the TV on.

I guess they all think I'm being stupid and doing it to be awkward. That's why I've spent that past 3-4 days on my own, not talking to anyone about how I feel. Because nothing can be solved, there are rules to abide by and once they're broken by one then other patients will want to do the same but it's what I need. Surely that's got to count for something.

Monday 15th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Last night I ended up throwing my china cup at the wall. I was so angry, they'd given the best part of my lunch to other patients just as I was gearing myself up to ask for it.

Just more proof that no one cares about me, it makes me want to shut myself away even more. I haven't drunk since Friday or Saturday, no one notices, I mean, what do they expect me to drink. All they have is Tea and Coffee which I don't drink.

I'm sick to the back teeth of meal times. Yesterday I did my part, I came down but not one nurse approached me. I'm so thirsty, I could drink and drink right now but there is nothing to drink. Went out with my key nurse today, we went to the bank, work to sort out sick pay and to Pets at Home. I quite enjoyed it really. We talked about lots of stuff and laughed quite a bit, I really like her.

We talked about my relationships with my family and Carl. She was shocked at how big JJB is. Made me feel a bit proud, the fact that all that was my responsibility, even though I know that I have no future with JJB and I don't want to go back into retail.

Part of me knows and wants me to break away from my family but I'd also feel lost without them. They're a safety net, whether a good one or a bad one.

We do a lot of fun things together. Holidays, day trips, I guess I'm scared I'll loose that. I guess I want my family there for leisure activities but that's all. I don't want them to know all my problems, to help me and for me to rely on them but they don't understand, how can they when they don't know entirely what's going on. But I'm also scared that by starting to do activities with them I will become vulnerable again.

I'm always scared of questions I don't want them to ask, I feel uneasy about it, about them knowing. I miss my sisters terribly.

I'm also scared that when mine and Carl's separation officially begins I'll loose my family. I guess that's why I'm not being totally honest with them, they don't like the truth.

I guess people are right when they say I have so much to look forward to, I could have such a good life but creating that life is so hard. Why don't I want to make the effort to make my life worth living?

Everyone is saying that hospital is not the best place for me, even the nurses but where would I be if I wasn't here? The idea is that my kind of problems should be dealt with in the community cause I'm not ill but the truth be told I wouldn't have got help.

I wouldn't have dealt with it in the community. Remember, I tried. I did have an appointment about a year ago with someone from Petherton Resource Centre but I didn't go and then just before I was admitted they tried dealing with it in the community but that didn't work. The gaps between appointments were too long. I need people there 24-7.

I want time to stand still. I don't want to be responsible for my actions. I like having a sheltered life. Maybe that's why I've led the kind of life I have, opposite to Katherine.

Throughout my teenage life I did shelter myself. I kept myself to myself going out and having as few friends as possible. But I don't know whether I liked my sheltered life or not. I could argue both cases for against for along time but I've been out here with my rats for an hour now so I better go in.

Wednesday 17th April 2002.

Dear Sky. Me and my associate key nurse have just come back from the solicitors. Now all the arguments start. We started the process of an annulment. If Carl wouldn't agree then it would be a divorce but that would take years. By having an annulment the marriage is erased, wiped out as if it never happened.

The solicitor is going to write to Carl and the process is going to start. We then went to the house to tell Carl. I knew that he would agree to an annulment over a divorce if he accepted that it was over.

Sat him down and told him, I asked him if he would agree to an annulment, he said no. His exact words to my associate key nurse were
"I know she still loves me."
I actually spoke up and said
"That's where you're wrong."

He carried on saying how he knew that I still love him and that he knows a lot more than I realised. My associate key nurse, bless her, tried backing me up but he wouldn't listen. He stood up in tears and went out into the kitchen and we left.

Next time my parents come they will know. Now comes the hard times. Sticking up for myself by saying that no, I don't love Carl. All I can think about is how everyone is going to react.

From experience I know from now on I'm not going to talk about anything without a nurse with me, to back up my feelings, to say no you're wrong, this is how I truly feel this is when I have to be strong. Before I've given in, said I'm not sure about my feelings. Now I have to be strong. I need a nurse with me so I won't feel intimidated to giving into their way of thinking.

I feel like I'm about to burst into tears at any moment. I think as soon as I'm given the moment I will.

I don't love Carl. I don't want a future with him. I don't want to try and go back with him. I want my relationship over. I want to be rid of that part of my life.

Am I scared that if I go back to him I'll end up loving him again? That's what everyone thinks is happening, I'm staying away so I can't love him. I know that going back would be wrong.

I don't want a relationship with anyone. I guess I don't want commitment that means I have to think of 2 people, someone else to think about. I can't think about 2 people. Carl in particular, he's too overpowering. I feel overpowered like I do with my Dad. I feel trapped, I feel like I can't be myself around him.

Everyone will say give it a try but I don't want to, I don't want those feelings to come back. I remember Dad saying "you can't just give up." But what if that's what I want to do, give up on the relationship?

I felt trapped, people will say give it another try, things will be different but I don't want to. Is that wrong? I don't enjoy being around Carl. Talking to him today, seeing him trying his hardest not to cry. I didn't feel sorry for him. I have no feelings for him. I guess I feel sorry/upset about the situation not the person.

Why can't I give up? I feel evil because I don't feel sorry for him. I just want him out my life. So why did I marry him in the first place? I went along with the flow. Why when he asked did I say yes? I couldn't hurt him by saying no. I would also have to explain why I didn't want to marry him; it was easier to say yes.

4 months down the line and all that has backfired. All those good intentions have gone wrong. The only way I want to make them right is by finishing it well and truly, as if it never happened.

Thursday 18th April 2002.

Dear Sky. I'm finding it so hard not to cry at the moment. The next few weeks are going to be so tough but now is the time to stand up for myself. Not to shy away, be strong and true to how I feel.

You know what scares me the most? My Dad not being able to cope with all this and trying to kill himself. That's the first time I've admitted that to anyone, I'm so scared of hurting everyone.

I'm finding so much comfort from my rats at the moment although Rascal is dying. One nice thing is that she sits on my hand whilst I stroke her but at other times she's up and running around with Sparkle. So she's got a bit of life left in her yet.

It's satisfying to have Sparkle finally come running to me, even if it is when I call Rascal. It's also great to see them running up and down the shelf without any care when at first they were terrified of it.

This promise of mine that last Christmas was to be my last. Well like my associate key nurse tried explaining to Carl, I feel I need the separation completely to be able to get on in life.

I haven't told anyone but by January one of 2 paths would have been taken. Separation from Carl as soon as possible will help to lead to a live me by January or, not being able to separate from Carl by January will lead to a dead me.

That's the way I see it. By "separation" I mean an annulment because that's the quickest option and as I only have less than 8 months the sooner the better.

It's just getting to January that's the problem I might not even get to January. I guess what I'm saying is if I'm not completely detached from Carl and the house by then I will defiantly finish it in January.

That's no idol threat. It is how I feel deep down. That's how strong I feel about it. Let's just hope it doesn't come to that but I know I'll try a few times before then.

I asked my associate key nurse earlier that if Carl won't agree to an annulment whether I can do it without his support. She says she thinks so.

Had a chat with my consultant today, we talked about ways in which I can get the message across to my parents that I am moving on.

Sunday 21st April 2002.

Dear Sky. Didn't wake up till 11:30am this morning and I feel really crap today, finding it so hard not to cry. All I want to do is end my life, the only thing that stopping me at the moment is not seeing my rats.

My family are coming in sometime this afternoon; not looking forward to that, it's so awkward.

I don't want to live anymore; I just want all this pain to end. I've had enough of struggling with life, causing everyone so much grief. Yeah there's things I'll miss but once I'm dead I wont miss them so I've got to stop worrying about it and just get on with it.

Everything is such a battle, even the choice to end my life. I'm doing so much fighting, fighting with my thoughts.

Just had my family in, Mum, Dad, Jane and Hannah but then Jane and Hannah went and played table tennis, great. Dad mentioned about me seeing Carl, he said "You're going to do it?"
I said yes hoping he'd drop it but he then said
"You're not going to make him happy; he'll spend the rest of his life waiting for you."

I then said about not talking about it without a nurse so he then went on to talk about their meeting with my psychologist. My dad keeps asking if it's going to be worth it, whether he's going to talk about my situation.

My dads quite frustrated because I'm doing this on my own. He "feels like their not doing anything to help." He doesn't seem to understand that I don't want their help. He asked again if I'd thought about coming home again, said I didn't know. I knew Carl would have told them, I wish my life never happened.

Monday 22nd April 2002.

Dear Sky. Somehow I managed to get through the night, don't ask how as it was a serious possibility that I wouldn't, I'd even prepared myself not to see the rats for 2 days but it was that thought and the cross stitch and tapes that made me hold on.

I had a meeting with my associate key nurse this afternoon. We talked about the difference in my self esteem and assertiveness in different environments, why is it so different?

At work I was able to be assertive and take control of situations, why I was able do that at work but couldn't or didn't want to at home.

I guess it's got a lot to do with what I though was expected of me. At home I was the quiet girl, that's how it was, it was what was expected, and that was my personality.

I can remember my first day at work. I was a bit nervous but also excited, I was given a very brief and quick introduction, walk round the store then given the very basic and boring job and left to get on with it. I was expected to help customers, approach them so I did.

I remember another member of staff coming over to chat and I chatted back. Slowly got to know everyone and did the work that was expected to the best of my ability, which turned out to be more that what was expected.

Because my work was so good I was often praised and liked by my manager. I soon got bored of tiding clothes and asked to be moved onto footwear. My manager was a bit weary of this as girls did clothing and boys did footwear because of Punch cleaning products sales figures, the opinion was that the blokes were more confident hence selling more Punch but I was determined. So he let me on a trial basis.

On my first day I sold 9 Punch, 3 or 4 was the average. My sales figures continued to be excellent so I was constantly praised then because I was doing so well he let other girls onto footwear. They also proved to be better than the boys so suddenly the roles reversed.

I was then assigned to the stock rooms which I kept immaculate. "My" footwear department was the best in not only our area but also the region.

I was well like by not only my manager but also our area and regional managers, they could never find fault with the department.

On several occasions I was sent to sort out other stores departments, specially asked for by the regional manager. All this led to my promotion which then led to the downfall of my department because no one was doing my job.

Although it was still one of the best in appearance the Punch performance was quite literally crap because all the staff had lost interest, this made it a tough job.

So what does all this say? Why was I so different at home/church/school? In school I was an over achiever or at least I did what was expected, up to yr 9. But that's when all my problems started to show. I don't know! You try and make sense of it all!

Wednesday 24th April 2002.

Dear Sky. It's 6:00pm and I'm led on the field beyond the ward with both Sparkle and Rascal under my t shirt. It's a brilliant blue sky with hardly a cloud to be seen.

Well last night after having something to eat I went back up to my room to carry on with my cross stitch and tape.

As it so happened I ended up doing it all through the night and finished the cross stitch at 6:30am this morning. I didn't stop, didn't see the point. Didn't want to go to sleep, didn't feel tired and it felt like midday, not midnight.

My mood had been quite low today, entirely my fault for not sleeping and the fact that I didn't ask for my sleeping tablets meant my new anti depressants were also forgotten.

Today I set out determined not to eat tonight, I'm too fat. Although this is probably mostly due to my higher liquid intake so that has come to a halt as well. As to whether I actually will eat tonight or not is left to be seen.

I felt really low and I found it extremely hard not to cry whilst chatting to my psychologist.

Just realised why I'm reluctant to spend time with the nurses, I'm scared I'll start crying. I've been holding onto these tears for a couple of weeks now and I'm scared to let them go. Don't ask me why but I've got to put on a brave face and push the tears back. I'm actually scared that tonight that will happed.

Because I've had a busy day with my psychologist, also not wanting to eat, drink or sleep I'm scared the sleep thing will start it all off and some poor nurse will have a tearful wreck on their hands.

Friday 26th April 2002.

Dear Sky. 3:00pm I tied thread around my neck as tight as I possibly could, in my mind this was going to be it but I was too alert. I hadn't taken anything to make me sleepy so I ended up dragging myself downstairs where a nurse cut it off.

My face was really swollen, my eyes were watering and my nose was blocked and watering. I thought I'd easily go unconscious, feel no pain but that didn't happen, if I'd taken some sleepers then things would have been different.

Then come 7:00pm I suddenly decided I was going to run away, go to the airport, there was nothing stopping me, I have my passport. So I got my documents, credit card and put my coat and shoes on.

What or where I was going to go once I got to the airport I hadn't decided. All that I'd decided was the fact that I was going to ask to see my rats. If they said no which is what my care plan says because I harmed myself then I was off to the airport.

I had everything on me. Went and asked and they let me see the rats. After 20mins with them I'd calmed down. Running away was no longer seriously on my mind cause by being with my rats I was thinking about it.

It's when I think about it that reality then kicks in. Just like all my other actions like that, they are irrational, looking back and thinking about doing it I realise how stupid it would be. Did I really want to die? YES. I just made the mistake of doing it whilst I was alert.

I can't see a future for myself or is it a case of I don't want a future. I don't want to live independently, I don't want to be responsible for myself, and I don't want a normal life. WHY NOT? I guess it all comes down to being scared of being on my own.

I'm scared of life; I'm scared to make a future for myself. I guess I'm scared of being happy with myself because it's a feeling I've never experienced. I don't know how to cope with that feeling.

Feeling the way I do at the moment isn't nice, it's horrid hating myself to the point where I can't bare to be me but those feelings are safe. I'm used to those feelings, those feelings are me, and they're part of me, who I am. Without them I wouldn't be me.

Saturday 27th April 2002.

Dear Sky. This afternoon an agency nurse was on shift. As soon as I saw him I recognised him but couldn't remember where from. I knew it must have been through the

hospital because I had the feeling that I'd liked him, a warm feeling that I felt comfortable around him.

Come 5:00pm I mentioned that I recognised him to another nurse. She said that he worked at the B.R.I. I knew she was right, that I had seen him there but I couldn't remember under what circumstances.

It was bugging me all afternoon. You know what it's like, you can't rest until you remember so I asked him come 8:00pm.

It wasn't until after talking to him that I remembered. I doubt if he remembers but now I see it so clearly. He was the psychiatrist on my first admission to the B.R.I.

I remember him being so friendly towards me. He was the first person I talked to. I remember being very upset, trying my hardest to fight back the tears.

I remember liking him, the feeling of being looked after. He was the one who arranged the appointment for someone else to come to my house to see me the following day; he didn't want me in hospital.

I remember him saying something along the lines of; "It was nice to meet you but I hope I don't see you again because places like this aren't meant for a young lady like you."

I remember knowing that I would be back, that this wasn't going to be my first and last visit and a week later I was back, where I saw a female Dr. She asked me if I wanted to be admitted to hospital.

Inside I was screaming "yes, yes" but I was scared. Quietly and shyly I said yes. Well, nodded my head. She said it would probably be Barrow and asked if that was OK. I nodded my head again, a few hours later I was here.

So that brought back some memories. Chatted with a nurse last night, since I finished my last cross stitch I haven't had the enthusiasm to start a new one. Last night she made me. I was very reluctant but I'm glad she kept on because I've got into it again and been doing it all day. I wouldn't have without her encouragement so thank you.

Didn't wake up till 11:00am but my mood has been slightly better. Well I'm going back to finish the rest of the tape and do my cross stitch. Its 9:45pm, might stay up the whole night again, depends how tired I get.

Sunday 28th April 2002.

Dear Sky. I get so upset when this happens. I felt like having some pudding for dinner when I woke up so come 12:15pm I went downstairs and sat in the lounge.

I had to fight with myself to go down. I thought I was being stupid. Several times I went to go back to my room telling myself I was being silly but I forced myself to stay.

Not one nurse approached me to ask if I wanted anything so come 12:30pm when lunch was over I came back up and started crying.

The nurses don't seem to understand that when it comes to having food off the trolley I have a fear of getting it myself. I need them to ask me and then get it for me. They proved that I was being silly thinking I could have some pudding, how stupid of me to even think about it.

In future I'll just stay in my room cause that's what they expect me to do. I can't believe I was foolish enough to even consider that I'm valued enough for special attention during meal times.

They don't think I need the attention, they don't think I have special needs during meal times. They think I can eat as normally as everyone else if I want to but I can't, which is hard enough. But when I try like today and don't get any attention it makes it even harder.

The realisation that I'm nobody special kicks in and I hate myself for thinking that I'm worth that tiny bit of attention during meal times. What an idiot I was to go down. All it achieved was me coming back up to my room feeling 100% worse than when I went down.

But what's the point in moaning? I've just got to learn to except that I'm not worth the little bit of effort they have to give me, I'm not worth their time. I'm just a stupid idiotic little girl who is worth nothing; I'm not worth spending time over. I'm not important enough.

Monday 29th April 2002.

Dear Sky. I went to the registry office to ask about getting my name changed back to my maiden name. No legal action had to be taken so it's done. Changed my bank details back, the only other thing that is in the name of marital name is my mobile phone so I'll change that tomorrow.

I'm not going to tell Carl or my parents, they can find out for themselves.

Wednesday 1st May 2002.

Dear Sky. Today had been, dare I say it? excellent! I went shopping with my key nurse and had a great time. She's really great to be around; she's the perfect friend that everyone wishes for.

Her personality is the greatest. If I had the kind of personality she has I'd be happy.

I had a meeting with my psychologist when we got back and it was during this meeting that the thought occurred to me that there is no reason why I can't have that kind of personality.

Since I've changed my name back I've made that mental separation. Maybe that's what I needed, whilst I had my marital name the mental link was still there. Now I've changed back maybe it's time to start again, to be me that I want to be.

I want people to like me, for me to make a difference to people's lives. I want people to think of me like I think of some of the nurses. They're all great.

I know things don't happen overnight and it's not easy and I've got to really want this and at the moment I do. Maybe before now I haven't wanted it enough. I just hope I've got it in me to keep going. To take the knock backs as there will be many. I hope I can hold on to the thoughts I've had today.

I had a game of Monopoly with some other patients this afternoon again it was great fun. I think the nurses have seen a different side to me today, the me that can exist permanently if I want it enough.

Whilst we were in town we met up with another nurse and a patient to have a Burger King, I had a drink and a few fries. My key nurse asked me if I was OK, whether other people eating freaks me out. I said I was OK. At first I wasn't, I was a bit anxious,

didn't know where to look, what to do but after a few minutes whilst we were all chatting I started to relax and found it OK.

Sunday 5th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I ended up having my food last night and I felt completely awful afterwards. It took all my effort not to bring it back up, I felt that awful. It's not often I feel that bad but last night was one of those nights.

Haven't had anything to eat so far today but who knows, spent all day downstairs doing a puzzle.

Family came in at 4:30pm along with two cousins but minus Katherine. Mum mentioned that people think that this girl at church has an eating disorder; her school are concerned as well as her family.

I hope for her sake that she hasn't she's always been skinny so has her sister. She's 14 or 15, I guess that's another life ruined.

We've planned to go to Alton Towers next Saturday. Mum and Dad asked how I felt about sleeping over Friday night because it would make things a lot easier. I think I could cope with it if I went late evening.

I'm crying my eyes out whilst writing this entry. I'm so scared. They also gave me a letter from work for a meeting with my area manager to discuss my employment with them.

This is scaring me as well. I don't know what to do about it. If I say I'm not coming back I loose my sick pay but if I say I am coming back will that be a lie?

Who knows? I guess whatever happens it will lead to the end of my employment with them and that's scary in itself. I've been there nearly 3yrs.

I also need a nurse to take me. I'm not going to let JJB walk all over me and abuse me like they always have done. They're always taking advantage of me. I can't be dealing with any of this at the moment.

My head feels like it's all over the place. I haven't spent time with any of the nurses since Wednesday, my fault. The only reason why I've kept myself safe is because of my rats. I'm so scared, I'm so scared, so scared.

Monday 6th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I didn't have anything to eat or drink last night and I haven't so far today. Most of the time I don't feel the need to eat, when I do and manage to resist the temptation there's this overwhelming power of achievement. It's like I'm strong enough to be able to resist temptation.

I had a little chat with a nurse last night. Told her all the stuff I told you. Y associate key nurse asked if I wanted a chat today but I said no, I'm scared they'll influence my decision not to eat.

I struggled to get to sleep last night because I was thinking of the month before I was admitted to hospital.

Although I know a lot about eating disorders, during that month I wasn't aware it was happening to me. The thought didn't even cross my mind. Even up to the 2 weeks

before I was admitted here but had been taken to the B.R.I twice, I guess by that time I was too worn out to think about my situation.

I don't know what I thought was going on, surely being taken to A&E by ambulance and collapsing at work should have made me realise but it didn't. I guess I'd been fighting all my life and I'd got to the stage where I was beyond fighting.

Tuesday 7th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Just spent the past hour crying with my associate key nurse on the sofa, this meeting with my area manager is starting to bring back all my memories of JJB over the 3yrs that I've been there.

I was only 16 when I first started and because of my age and it being my first job I was so gullible. £2.50ph and I worked so fucking hard for them.

I did the job of my supervisor, worked 6 days a week doing around 54hrs p/w. I worked through my lunch break and worked so hard.

At the time I didn't see that they were taking an advantage of me, pushing me to do the work I did because it cost them less for me to do it than someone older.

Even back them my boss threatened to phone home cause I wasn't eating or taking my breaks. The reason I didn't take my breaks was because I had so much work to do and deadlines to meet and I wasn't hungry.

I ran the footwear department single handily, of around 1000 lines of trainers. Other staff did the selling whilst I ran the back up areas whilst still having to serve if we were short staffed.

Mondays; price amendments, change of 50 average, different styles, prices had to be changed on the boxes and the shop floor. 3 history tickets had to be written per style because price had changed. The display had to be changed. The boxes had to be moved to make things quicker to find. Styles were in price order, also due to my absence on Sundays the stockrooms were trashed. On some occasions I even took the amendments home with me if I couldn't finish writing the tickets up.

Tuesdays; finish off from Monday, around midday a delivery of around 600 trainers would arrive, this had to be ticketed and put away.

Wednesdays; continue with delivery, average of 10 new lines would be in the delivery so 10x3 shoe histories had to be written. Also continue with keeping things tidy.

Thursday; another delivery, both of these deliveries could range from 500-1000+ boxes. Again ticketed and put away.

Friday; finish delivery and tidy stockrooms.

Saturday; generally tidy and finish bits and pieces.

On top of this rota that I slipped into end of range had to be sorted. Black x checks had to be done. Stuffing's and histories had to be checked on the shop floor, the other staff did this but I had to keep checking up on them.

The rest of the work, like the rota I did alone. And I was doing all this for £2.50ph whilst my supervisor spent his day at the front of the store doing nothing because I was doing everything but he was getting paid £5.50ph for doing fuck all.

But as I was so often told they were preparing me to become a supervisor when I turned 18, I had to separate myself from the other staff, to be tough with them as I had great potential to go far.

Fucking liars, they were just taking advantage of someone who did an honest days work. It was a demanding job, seeing as our stockroom weren't big enough to hold our stock every week I spent ages moving boxes around to try and fit them in.

Eventually they got more shelves in but that still wasn't enough cause of the way the stockrooms had to be sectioned/grouped according to style. It was fucking hard work.

Oh and of course most days I spent at least 2hrs on the shop floor if not the whole day.

I was taking home between £700-£800 per month. If I did normal full time hours I would have only had around £500 per month which is why I continued.

Yeah I complained about my pay but the answer was always, how long till your birthday cause the price you were paid went according to your age.

Why didn't I get another job? I went to twice but never followed it through. Too scared, too loyal, felt that JJB was where I belonged and I was too young and clueless about legal rights.

Today has been crap. Went to buy some suicidal equipment but didn't have enough money. Still haven't ate or drank, don't feel the need and I just want someone to hold me and tell me everything will be OK whilst I fall asleep. Comfort I guess. Try and get as much as I can from cuddling my teddy tightly.

Wednesday 8th May 2002.

Dear Sky. I've got to the point now where I have absolutely no desire to eat or drink. It's been 4 days now, cried myself to sleep last night. The need to refuse any intake is so strong; it's something that no one can change my mind about at the moment.

Last night I found myself thinking along the lines of that's what they want. For me to feel better and to get on with my life but I wasn't going to let them, it's not safe, it's not safe to eat or drink, to have my meds, to spend time with my family and Carl.

Cause when I feel better in myself that's when I get more confident and that's not safe, it's not safe for me to spend time with Carl and my family because I'll then end up back in the same trap as before and I don't want to end up back there, I don't want to go back to Carl but that's what'll end up happening when I get out of hospital, that's why it's not safe for me to be happy.

Spent the day finishing my paint by numbers at last. Not sure if I like it, won't be doing another. I bet my thoughts sound really crazy at the moment don't they? Well they do to me and I'm the one thinking them.

Thursday 9th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I didn't go to the meeting with my area manager, I was told they didn't have the staff to take me and I couldn't get there alone. I was a bit angry because it had been something hanging over my head and worrying about. If they didn't have the staff then why did they agree to it in the first place because they've known since Monday?

Had a meeting with my psychologist this morning, cried a bit, then I saw the dietician. I haven't had any intake since Saturday evening and apparently the nurses are getting concerned but I don't feel any effects, I guess until I do nothing will change.

Call me completely naive and stupid but I can't see the physical effects happening again. This sounds really stupid because eventually I did have physical effects last time but even deep down I can't see this happening this time. Maybe it's the kind of thing you don't see until it's too late.

I've spent all day in my room finishing off a cross stitch I started when I first came in but lost interest in it, now it's done and framed it's not too bad.

Friday 10th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Went shopping this morning, brought the frames for the puzzle and painting, the puzzle looks quite good, on the darker pieces the gape/joins don't show, also went to the library to get some more tapes.

Also brought 100 Adios sliming tablets, just stopping my intake isn't working; I'm 8 stone, not tried slimming tablets before. You're supposed to take 1 tablet 3-4 times a day as part of a diet with meals. Obviously I'm not going to stick to that.

Took 2 together a few hours ago, I'm not planning on largely overdosing on them at the moment, like the laxatives I'll probably work my way up to it, depends how desperate I get.

Tomorrow I'm going to Alton Towers with Dad and my sisters so I have to go home tonight to make an earlier leave tomorrow. I'm not going home till around 9:30-10:00pm, spend as little time there as possible.

Used the excuse to my parents that it would make things easier with my night meds, going to take some of the tablets I brought with me so if I'm faced with the position of having to eat I can justify it by taking tablets.

I'm a little nervous but not too much, deep down I know it'll be fun. Also went back to the house to get a few things. Got my photos from America, I guess it was probably a reminder, confidence boost that we do have fun as a family when we go out.

I've been in here exactly 5 months, 6 months married and this is my first overnight leave. Although it's a short night it feels strange that I'm not going to be sleeping in my bed tonight, really strange.

Saturday 11th May 2002.

Dear Sky. It was strange sleeping at home last night, I was glad I had my meds; I don't like the atmosphere at home anymore. It's changed, I guess it was because I felt like an intruder, an outsider that I didn't belong there, I felt quite uncomfortable.

We left around 7:15am and got into the park at 10:00am. It was a really good day, it was fairly sunny and I enjoyed myself although I did find it quite tiring at times and wanting to go.

It was very busy, the queuing time for "Air" was 3hrs long but because we managed to fast track it we queued for 10mins. It was an excellent ride, we all came off wanting to go straight back on.

I took 4 of those tablets throughout the day and got away with eating just a doughnut and a handful of chips. The only thing with being around a load of people is that I found myself wishing I had the figure of loads of other girls.

We got back to Barrow at 9:30pm, I was shattered, couldn't even be bothered to spend time with the rats so I just fed them. Although I was physically shattered I was still in a good mood.

Monday 13th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Went up to hobby craft with another patient today, brought a cross stitch book with 365 different fonts; I've been looking for a book like that for ages. Also brought 100 more Adios.

Came back by 1:30pm and I've spent the rest of the day in and out of sleep in my room. I've taken 50 Adios and haven't had anything to eat or drink. I've felt so drained of energy. When I first came back I went to make a start on my cross stitch and I couldn't even be bothered to do that, I've just got no enthusiasm to do anything.

Just been out to feed the rats, spent about 15mins with them, again didn't feel up to spending too long with them.

These Adios work well, they stop me from feeling hungry. At the moment all I can think of is loosing weight so I can fit into my trousers more comfortably.

I like size 8 being too big. I haven't told anyone yet but I think one nurse knows I'm taking something. It's my secret at the moment, I'm scared that once my secrets out then I'll stop and start eating again but I don't want to.

Also once they know and I carry on I can't help feeling that I will then be doing it for attention. You know, telling them what I'm doing pointing it out is like saying I want some attention whilst they don't know, they don't know.

Taking these pills and not eating or drinking is my way of coping at the moment. But I'm not coping. Maybe what I truly mean is that it is my way of harming myself as I always need to be harming myself.

I'm too scared to start strangling myself again through fear of not succeeding and then not being able to see my rats. So I've gone back to not eating. At least when I was trying to strangle myself I was eating.

In the back of my head I've got the thought of as soon as I start eating properly again I'll start back on the strangling. I know that by not having any intake will make things worse. Maybe deep down that's what I'm trying to do, kill myself by not eating or drinking.

At the moment there is nothing they can do or say that will make me change my mind, whether there actually is is another question. It's my thoughts that count, at the moment I'm thinking that I'll never eat or drink again but whether I do or not is another question.

Wednesday 15th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Again spent all day in my room doing cross stitch whilst listening to a tape and again not had any intake apart from 25 Adios.

Had a meeting with my psychologist, talked about work, Carl, my family and fears I have about leaving hospital. He asked if the letter from work was what set my eating back. I honestly couldn't tell him because I've lost track of time and events.

But looking back at my diary entries he's probably right. The 4th of May was the last time I ate or drank, that was a Saturday, the following day my parents gave me the letter from work, since then my intake has stopped.

Although the Thursday and Friday before that I didn't eat either but the long hull had been since that Sunday, 10 days ago. 10 days without any intake and no one gives a fuck. Least of all me.

Had a little cry by myself after seeing my psychologist, thinking of work bringing back all the bad memories, all the pressure I was put under and taken advantage of. Although I'm scared I guess this meeting with my area manager is an important one. It'll probably lay a few things down but that in itself is scary. I guess I'm trying to hold on to JJB as long as possible emotionally although I know I don't want to go back which doesn't really make any sense.

Friday 17th May 2002.

Dear Sky. This morning I popped home and down town again. Another patient came with me and it was an enjoyable morning. Brought 30 Nylax and 16 sleepers.

Since the dietician weighed me yesterday I've felt better about myself because I've lost 4-5 pounds. I'm wearing my favourite trousers, my work ones, size 6 and they fit perfectly so any weight I loose from now on is a bonus.

Not had any intake today apart from 4 Adios and 10 Nylax. These past couple of nights I've gone to bed wanting to strangle myself and the only thing that's stopped me is the thought of not succeeding and then not seeing my rats for 2 day.

Goodness knows what state I'd be in if they weren't here. Not even the thought of what I'd put the people I'd leave behind through stops me cause once I'm dead I don't have to deal with it.

Saturday 18th May 2002.

Dear Sky. I'm one fucking stupid bitch. I spent the whole of last night in the B.R.I. I took 20 Dulax, 10 Adios and 10 Nytol (sleeping tablets) at 10:00pm.

Tried to go to sleep but my stomach was all over the place. Come midnight I went downstairs to get my meds hoping it would sort it out. I was really unsteady on my feet so the nurse would only give me my Mitazipine then told me to sit down. 5 minuets later I had to dash to the loo to be sick.

Told a nurse what I'd done and he came with me by ambulance to A&E. Came back at 8:30am this morning, still feeling really dodgy.

My key nurse gave me a hug and told me to go and get some sleep and she'd wake me at 11:00am for a chat. I should have known that spending time with a nurse was only getting my hopes up, she didn't come or if she did she didn't try to wake me.

When I brought those meds yesterday I didn't plan to overdose on them just use them sensibly to help me loose weight and the sleepers if I didn't want to face the day but who was I trying to kid? I should have known that wouldn't happen.

As soon as I took 4 Dulax and 5 Adios I found myself wanting to take a load more, I should have realized I wouldn't be able to stop myself.

Woke up at 6:00pm just now, still feel like I'm about to be sick at any moment. And again I'm going through all this shit by myself, needless to say I've had nothing to eat or drink, scared I'll just bring it back up.

It's got to be 2-3 weeks since I sat down and had a proper chat with a nurse. I'm not that important to them, they haven't got time to waste for a stupid cow that won't eat or drink and then overdoses.

Guess I've got one thing to be thankful for, they've not stopped me from seeing my rats.

I was stupid to believe that my key nurse would spend time with me like she said. That's all I want at the moment, someone to tell me that everything's going to be OK, to feel that I'm worth something, a shoulder to cry myself to sleep on, not just me crying myself to sleep hugging my teddy.

I just feel so insecure at the moment but when someone asks if I'm all right I say yes. So what else can they do? I've only got myself to blame and when someone does come up I don't know what to say so I just say I'm OK.

I'm going straight back to bed now because I can't cope with my emotions at least whilst I'm asleep no one can hurt me, apart from my own dreams.

Sunday 19th May 2002.

Dear Sky. I fought so hard with myself last night to keep myself safe, if it wasn't for the rats I wouldn't have. I found it so hard to keep back the tears.

I ended up having a chat with a nurse, she wanted me to have something to eat, I eventually said that I could try some grapes but she wouldn't settle for that, she wanted me to actually ask for them which I wouldn't let myself do. I ended up going away with my drink that gets sent up and had most of it today.

Woke up this morning physically a little better but my stomach is still all over the place although I don't feel as sick but again I fought to keep back the tears.

I had all sorts of thoughts. I kept beating myself up about how I was stupid to believe that my key nurse would have spent time with me yesterday, I don't know why I worked myself up so much over it I mean I should be used to it by now, left alone to deal with things on my own, it's the story of my life.

I also thought about something the nurse said last night that "remember everyone's on your side." I kept thinking no they're not, they're only on my side if I'm on my own side which at the moment I'm not so neither is anyone else, I'm just left on my own.

Spent the morning trying to comfort myself, unsuccessfully, just getting myself into a worse state, just kept thinking of how alone I feel. You know, out of sight out of mind. That's how I feel but why would anyone bother about me, I'm not helping myself by behaving the way I do. That's why no ones on my side.

Come 3:00pm-change of shift. A nurse came up and sat on my bed. Held her hand out for me to sit next to her and I just lent against her and cried with her holding me.

I told her about last night and how alone I felt. It was so comforting, made me feel a lot better afterwards. It was just what I needed, a comforting warm hearted person to be there.

I went home this afternoon instead of everyone coming here. I got my school photos to put in my certificate folder. Me Dad and the girls played a quick game of battling tops, was a laugh.

Dad mentioned that the next nice Saturday they were planning on going scuba diving and asked if I wanted to go. I might, see how I feel when it comes round to it.

Looking at the school photos one year, infant school we couldn't decide who it was, I thought it was me, Jane thought it was her. The only way we could tell was by Jane recognizing one of her friends.

I couldn't believe how much I changed from yr 10-11. I look so different, I guess more grown up. Yr 10 I still look like a little girl yr 11 I look more mature.

I also found this poem, I don't know how old I was but I can remember writing it, about 9-11yrs, its so depressing.

> The capture of a dolphin: I am a dolphin, hear me out. I swim in the sea with my dark black eyes but as the poem goes on my heart it shortly dies. I raise my head above the water, the worst mistake I've ever made. I hear the dreaded human sound of catch him catch him. I don't understand I'm still too young but where have all my friends gone? Slowly slowly the human thing comes closer with its net and drags me in. My freedom ends there by being kept in a tank of fearness and despair. I am a dolphin hear what I said. I swim in the sea with my dark black eyes but as this poem finished my life it's bound to die.

I wanted to thank the nurse for coming up earlier; it meant so much to me. It was just what I needed, to feel a little valued that she would come and spend some time with me, something that I can't remember happening for a little while so thank you.

Monday 20th May 2002.

Dear Sky. I've spent the last few hours looking at one of my cross stitches of Jesus holding a child in the clouds with a dove above their head, wishing that little child was me. To be up there in the heavens sat in his arms holding my tiny hand in his sat there in total happiness and peace.

I've had enough of this life, I've ran out of will power to carry on. I've not spent time with my key nurse since we went shopping on the 1st, my associate key nurse seems to have disappeared and I've spent the past 20 days trying to deal with everything mostly by myself and I don't want to anymore.

I don't want to grow up, lead my own life, have a normal life, I just want my life to end, what's the point in struggling through life for another 70 odd years just to die at the end of it, why not just die now and save all the heartache 70 odd years would bring.

Tonight is going to be that night. I can't cope anymore, I've had enough. I've said goodbye to my babies, told them to look after each other. I don't want my family contacted until I am dead and not before.

I just keep looking at that picture and want the love and comfort that is so clearly shown.

I can't handle another day like today. It's too much to cope with. I've spent the whole day led in my bed for warmth, counting down the hours until tonight when I can

take control; die the way I want to. In my sleep nice and warm with my comfort items around me and I know I'll succeed cause no one will expect it.

They'll find me in the morning when hopefully I'll be long gone and then, only when I'm long gone my family will be told. I'm not scared, I know what to expect in the process of dying. 20mins. 20mins of shear agony but of which most would be suppressed by my night meds.

What scares me and upsets me the most out of all this is the thought of another day like today. I've got to stop today from happening again and this is the only way I know how. The thought of tomorrow scares me. What tomorrow will bring, more heartache and unhappiness and loneliness, all things I can't handle anymore.

I just want to be that little kid in that picture. To have someone care about me, even if it is just a little bit.

Well it's 8:45pm only a few more hours to go. I'll start preparing around 10:00pm; this is just one fight I can't win.

Tuesday 21st May 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I did it last night convinced that no one cared about me but for some reason some time after, I cut it off.

Woke this morning with a massive mark on my neck. No one knows I did it not that anyone would care so why did I do it just to cut it off when it got too unbearable?

Shear desperation I think. I did it out of desperation, for someone to notice me. So here I am again.

Come 11:30am I decided to go down town and hopped on the 12:20pm bus. Didn't tell anyone I was going, didn't see the point as they don't care about me anyway. Whilst I was down there I realized how I could get through each day. Buy those sleeping tablets again, so I did.

Came back on the 2:25pm bus took one and it's now 7:30pm. It's what I'm going to do from now on. Just keep myself asleep. It's the only way I can get through each day.

Wednesday 22nd May 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning and took one Nytol but it didn't work, didn't send me to sleep so I spent the morning doing cross words in my room.

Come this afternoon I found myself really wanting to go downstairs and get my drink. Around 3:00pm I plucked up the courage, went downstairs but just sat on the sofa.

I started to get panicky thinking about asking a nurse for a drink but after about 15mins I did and for tea I had some pudding, again which I had to ask for so I've spent most of the afternoon downstairs.

I came round to thinking that I could allow myself to eat but still limit it. The power I feel of refusing food is overwhelming but the thought of giving in and eating is really scary.

Whilst thinking of asking for the drink I was really panicking and found it really hard not to cry. It was a sense of giving in to temptation, like I'd lost the fight. I don't regret it now but the thought process before each time I ask is really hard.

I don't think people realize how hard it really is. It truly did scare me, does this make sense? I can't really describe it.

I've still got the mark on my neck and no one knows what I did.

Well I seem to have kicked myself out of isolating myself, how? Why today? I don't know. Maybe the Nytol not having any effect had something to do with it and realizing that by starting to eat and drink again I'm not committing myself to a full on diet, I can still take control.

Well it's 11:00pm and I feel crap. I've eaten 2 sandwiches, 2 yogurts and grapes and I feel so stupid. Stupid for eating and stupid for spending time downstairs watching TV.

The thoughts go through my head, well I'm not doing this again tomorrow and I feel like I have to punish myself in some way because I've had something to eat and spent time downstairs.

It doesn't feel right doing the right things; I end up hating myself for doing them, still not spent time with the nurses. Maybe that's where I'm going wrong, not asking but there doesn't feel like there's anyone I can talk to. Whether that's the case or not doesn't matter, its how I feel and my feelings stop me from doing things.

I don't know maybe I'm just feeling like this cause it's late and I'm tired. I just go to bed hoping that the next day will be different, when inside I know it won't be. I'm scared that now I've started to eat I wont be able to stop and I'm gonna put a load of weight on now and this scares me the most.

I just want somebody to understand me to help me get through times like tonight but I just shut everyone out and pretend to be fine when inside I'm tearing myself to pieces. I don't know how much longer I can keep all this hard work up for. I feel so alone like I'm trying to fight this all by myself and I can't. I can't cope with my head. I just want all these bad feelings to go away but I know that will never happen. It's part of me and I've got to learn to live with it.

Well, I've only got another 6 months, if I can last that long.

Thursday 23rd May 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I really scared myself today. Just after lunch I had a bath. It was hot but not very hot, I ran it cooler before I got out. I got out and put a towel round my hair then my eyes went really blurry.

I just remember my head spinning and everything getting more and more out of focus. I started leaning so I put my hand out onto something to steady myself then next thing I know I realize I'm led on the floor and thinking I should get up.

This really scared me, I chucked my clothes on and went downstairs, by this time I was having a panic attack. I led on the sofa, someone got the nurses and my key worker sat me up and I could barely move.

My whole body was tingling, my face, my hands, arms, legs and my right hand was fixed in a weird position and it was blue. After a while I calmed down but I was so scared.

I've had panic attacks before but not like that. My body to react the way it did and for me to "pass out" or whatever happened, I've never done that before.

Well I went up to my room and I couldn't stop crying, I was so sacred, and I came down 15mins later still crying.

I approached my old key nurse wanting some comfort but as always with her, I'll be with you once I've just done this. I went and sat back on the sofa crying my eyes out.

Another patient asked another nurse if he would have a chat with me. Well we did and everything about these past couple of weeks came out. I was so relieved to be spending some time with someone.

Sunday 26th May 2002.

Dear Sky. I went to bed last night working out when to take the last 13 Nytol, decided after my family had visited would be a good time.

Well I took them; they made me sick, made my insides feel like they're burning. They called the D.M.O out, she asked if I wanted to go to the B.R.I overnight for obs or stay here. Said I'd stay here.

Tuesday 28th May 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up feeling crap going to go to bed feeling shit, spent most of the day trying to control my tears.

About 1:00pm Dad comes in, he said we needed to talk. When will I learn to be able to stand up to my Dad? I should have known that it wouldn't be good.

He said that last night Katherine had confirmed what Mum and Dad already thought. That I've tried to kill myself. He said that it's hard that every time the phone rings they think it's the hospital saying that I'm dead.

He kept saying that he loves me, said that there is a place at "home" for me, that they can give me love that the hospital can't, said that they wouldn't pressure me into going back to Carl, said again how him and Carl had talked about our physical relationship problems.

I didn't say much, he carried on saying that there is a way out of this mess, then he started saying that should he disown me, stop seeing me? I didn't answer. Then he asked if I wanted him to leave, I said yes.

Does he think that I'm kept here under lock and key? All he can see is that hospital is making me worse when the truth is that up until today and him coming in I've felt safe here.

I don't need or want the kind of love Mum and Dad have to offer, I just need to be around people who care and understand me, with the occasional comforting hug.

I don't want to go home, I've been there before. They don't seem to understand that I can't talk to them, never have done. So why would things suddenly be different now.

As far as I'm concerned the less they know the better but they don't see it that way. They should know everything, I'm their daughter.

I guess it's the same old pattern. Do things that my parents don't know about; not eating, Paracetamol, laxatives, as soon as they find out I don't feel safe. Maybe the suicidal acts were the same. I don't feel safe anymore. A bit like they've taken my privacy away.

I knew there was a good reason for not wanting them to know. Now I know that they know about the suicidal acts I hate myself even more for putting them through crap. I'm just dreading the next time I see them.

3:00pm I grabbed a patient and we went shopping, didn't buy anything though. I just had to get out, I didn't/ don't feel safe, dreading-waiting for my Dad to walk back in at any time.

Fucking bastard, if he can't cope with me and what I do then why does he insist on having to know? What they don't know can't hurt them.

I mean what did he think he was going to achieve by coming and talking about it? For me to suddenly open up, to see what a stupid idea it is to stay in hospital where I feel safe and understood and to go "home?" at the moment the way I see it is that I don't have a family or a home.

I don't ever "feel" that they love me, although I know they do. I don't feel comfortable around them, they know too much.

At least here I can talk openly to people. At least here "I feel" that people care. At least here I "feel" understood. At least here it doesn't "feel" wrong copping the way I do. Here "feels" more like a "home" and a "family" than my real "home" and "family."

It might sound strange but in a small way I feel like I belong here because people understand me and I have people to talk to, nurses and patients, people I can talk to without having to worry about how it would make them feel.

YOU CAN HELP!!

You think you know what's best for me,
You think you know the score.
You think you can offer me,
Love and so much more.

When all the time you thinking,
Makes it so much harder for me.
When you confront me with your feelings,
The hurt I don't let you see.

You can't accept that there are things,
I don't want you to know.
You won't let me have my privacy,
You want me to be put on show.

If you can't accept me for whom I am,
Someone who can't talk to you.
Might it be worth considering,
Why I act like I do.

Putting on a brave face,
Not letting you see inside.
Is my way of saying,
My true feelings I want to hide.

So next time you feel like talking,
To make things clear, in view.
Remember there's a little girl,
Trying to hide from you.



Thursday 30th May 2002.

Dear Sky. I hate myself so much, I can't cope with being me anymore, I hate the thoughts that go round and round my head. Thoughts about hurting myself, thoughts about killing myself, thoughts about not eating, thoughts about eating, thoughts about what I'm putting my family through. I just don't want to be me anymore.

The above thoughts are all I ever think about and they get stronger and stronger until I act on one of them then the whole process starts again. I try not to think about the future cause at the moment I don't want one.

My key nurse is going to phone home and tell them not to come on Sunday. At times I feel guilty because I'm causing them more grief but mostly I feel relieved. At least I know what to expect, or not. It means seeing my parents is something I don't have to worry about for the time being.

REALITY

You are so beautiful,
Words that sting my mind.
I have no complaints,
Makes me want to hide.

Feeling awkward, insecure,
Lying there hating every part.
Actions come from obliged thoughts,
Not from inside my heart.

Trying to block out the fear,
Not sure what to do.
He thinks my innocence is funny,
Not being involved too.
Letting him take over,
I fight with the pain inside.
All the physical and emotional thoughts,
Go round and round my mind.

Trying to avoid his face,
Not liking his watchful eye.
Staring around the room,
Counting the hours go by.
Turn the lights off,
Then I really can't see.
It makes the actions invisible,
Only the feelings are inside me.

Hating every moment,
Wishing for it to end.
My true feelings locked in my head,
Letting him control whilst I defend.

As he takes control,
Trying to fulfil our needs.
Only I know the true reality,
The one sided evil deed.



Friday 31st May 2002.

Dear Sky. Been in a fairly good mood today. Got up at 8:00am, had a meeting with my psychologist at 9:30am which went quite well. Went shopping and brought Nytol and Nylax, boots and Jeans. Jeans are a size 8, tried them on when I got back and they're too big which made my day. Taken only 4 Nylax, same story, try the sensible approach first.

Spent the afternoon downstairs, the football world cup kicked off today. We play on Sunday, 10:30am; glad I'm not going to church at the moment because I wouldn't be able to watch it! So yeah, at the moment I'm not in too bad a mood.

Saturday 1st June 2002.

Dear Sky. Ended up taking 10 Nylax yesterday along with 10 today, nothing major, it just allows me to eat cause I know it'll be coming straight back out.

Got the thought in my head of buying a few more boxes of One a Night Nytol then taking them all with alcohol but I can't do it until Wednesday though because its bank holiday. Just letting the laxatives keep me going.

Spent all day watching the football whilst doing my cross stitch, Germany scored 8-0 towards Saudi Arabia.

Been feeling like I'm not valued today although I've not shown it, going to ask to talk to a nurse in a minute, try and get rid of a few of those thoughts.

Didn't sleep well last night, don't know why. Physically I was really tired, had to pull myself away from the TV because my eyes were so heavy. Took all my meds but I couldn't switch off.

Sunday 2nd June 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up at 10:10am today ready for the football match at 10:30am, we played Sweden, 1-1. 11:20am some relatives came in and I was totally surprised to see them.

They suggested that I could go back home with them. As it happens I was beginning to worry about how I was going to get through the next two days so I said yes, packed a bag and went.

We went to Grandmas, my Uncle phoned my Dad to tell him I was there so not to come.

6:30pm went to another Uncles, Hannah was there, and we only stopped for a bit. My cousin said that my Dad had just phoned to say he was coming to pick her up so we left before he came and headed off back to Milton Keynes.

Going to go back sometime Tuesday. I am a bit scared, I could stay for longer but I would be pushing myself too much. I'd like go back as early as possible on Tuesday. It's nice to be here but it's still scary, being out of my comfort zone. I think I'll be more relaxed when the time for going back is confirmed. Probably feel better in the morning as well.

It's 10:40pm so I'm probably feeling a bit negative because I'm tired. Just go to bed and see how things go.

Monday 3rd June 2002.

Dear Sky. Went to Nottingham today, for everyone here a trip to Ikea is an exciting day out, 1 ½ hour journey away. Also a sports mega store.

Got back around 4:00pm but this evening has gone quite quick.

Went on the Web and ordered a cross stitch and checked out the trains, 10:55am catching the train from Oxford, get me back to Bristol sometime around 12:30-1:00pm £10.50 so I'll be off early which is what I wanted.

It's been nice to come out but I wouldn't want to stay any longer. It's broken up a few days, it's been a bit strange being around religion again i.e. prayers and church tapes in the car.

It's not made my view different or made me decide one way or other about the church; I'm going through the take it or leave it stage, kinda limbo land.

Didn't sleep too well last night, didn't have any sleepers, eaten slightly better here, don't know how I feel about that. Mostly it's making me want to punish myself when I get back.

Tuesday 4th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Arrived back in Bristol just after 12:00pm and caught the 12:55pm bus back to Barrow. I've felt completely worn out so I've just spent the rest of the day watching TV.

Had a chat with a nurse, talked about my weekend. My Uncle had said on the way to Oxford how he didn't like me being in Barrow and how I always had a home with them.

Talked to the nurse about this. My Uncle had said this when I first came in. Told her that it wasn't what I wanted. I don't want to go back to any of my family; I don't want to be in that tight nit religious situation again but as to what I do want I don't know.

I try not to think about the future at the moment. It's something I can't deal with. I'm in with the rats as usual whilst writing this. They've been spoiled whilst I've been away, bits of cracker all over the place. Sparkle keeps finding them and puts it in the cage. Hopefully I'll sleep well tonight, haven't slept well for about a week.

Wednesday 5th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Done nothing but cry this afternoon, I try so hard not to but sometimes it's beyond my control. I've just had enough of life; I'm tired, worn out, and just basically had enough.

Came so close to harming myself but the stupid rats stopped me from going for the scissors, it frustrates me most of the time how thinking of them stops me because the need to harm myself is so strong.

Went back downstairs still crying whilst a nurse sat with me. Sometimes that's all I want, not to talk, just a shoulder to cry on.

Just taken 10 Nylax, brought another box of Nytol and a box of 100 Senokot. Now have 32 Nytol tablets, next purchase is the alcohol. If I can last that long, nearly took them today.

I think now I've had a good cry I'm safe for today plus I've taken the laxatives. I guess it all came back last night when I kept my anger inside instead of letting it out. Because if I don't let it out I turn on myself but I didn't think I'd achieve anything, didn't want to make a fuss, big deal.

I've just had enough of life, don't want to fight anymore but something inside of me does continue to fight otherwise I wouldn't be here.

Saturday 8th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Took 10 Sena last night, taking another 10 tonight, need to lose weight, I'm eating far too much.

Spent all day downstairs whilst doing the cross stitch, day went quick. I'm just so scared of life, what it might have in store for me, that's the word, "scared." That's why I don't think about the future cause I'm scared. Scared of everything, of having a bad life, of having a good life.

Life scares me. I'm even scared of myself sometimes. Scared of what I'll do to hurt myself, it scares me. I'm scared of living out in the big bad world. I've always been sheltered from it, been encouraged to "be in the world but not part of the world." Always been told that I'm different and to be proud of it, hold my head high but I don't want to be different from the rest of the world.

December 11th 2001 I came in here, Carl told his family Christmas Eve! My Dad told me that the family was doing things Carl's way because he's my husband. Carl had only told my family, only allowed them to know, he told them if anyone asked where I was to say that I wasn't feeling well. If they wanted to know more they were to see Carl.

My family didn't really like it, neither did I. they told me this around mid January. I couldn't believe it, I was a secret. I told Mum and Dad I didn't really mind who knew. I can understand the first week or two, he was hoping I'd be back home for Christmas but a month hater and he was still deceiving people. Not even telling his parents until it was obvious I wouldn't be around for Christmas.

I was a secret, a shameful secret; my situation was hushed up because he was embarrassed. It's what I'll always be, a shameful waste of space, and a piece of excess baggage. Let the suicidal acts begin.

Sunday 9th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Sitting there on my bed unwrapping the thread listening to the radio. Sitting there preparing 5 threads, folding them to the perfect length then neatly lining them out under the sheets, ready.

Carry on as normal, do a cross word then midnight went down for my meds. Put on my "suicidal CD," turn the light off and get into bed.

One by one the threads go round and round, so tight. Eyes start streaming, can't breathe through your nose because it's blocked, head is pounding, neck swells up, face swells up and goes purple.

Head is so heavy, rest of your body goes cold and lifeless, can't swallow, threads too tight.

Then trying to cut the thread off bit by bit cause you can't get the scissors right underneath, not even sure if you're cutting your neck cause it's swollen and numb. When the last tight group of threads is cut off a huge breath automatically. Then just led there thinking what a stupid cow I am.

Started panicking a bit last night after I'd done that, thought about taking all the Nytol then from in my head came a big loud scream/yell, a blokes voice then I was thinking "My key nurse cares about me, she cares about me, yes she does, she cares about me."

I went downstairs and had a hug from a nurse, didn't tell her what I'd done, and nearly fell asleep in her arms. I told her I didn't want to go back upstairs; I was too scared so she settled me down on the sofa.

She woke me about 5:30am and said about going upstairs cause it would start to get noisy, I did and went straight back to bed. Woke at 9:30am, went downstairs very tearful, chatted with my associate key nurse, told her part of last night, not the strangling stuff. Took some Diazepam to calm me down which it did.

Then I was fine until 5:00pm. Someone from church came in didn't they. I so wanted her to go away but I couldn't tell her. She tried talking; I just kept my replies to a minimum and kept quiet when she didn't ask questions.

Asked how I was, told her fine. I just wanted her to go away. She said that she'd come and see me again. I don't want her to, I don't want to see anyone from church especially her.

Had to take some more Diazepam once she left, I don't want to see her; I just want everyone I know to leave me alone. I don't want visitors, I'm quite happy not having any.

She kept going on about how she cared about me, how she hasn't stopped thinking about me and she'll always be there for me. Bull Shit. Why can't she just piss off and leave me alone. I don't need her or want her "friendship."

THE BOARD GAME

Think of your life as a board game,
Everyone you know plays a part.
Each one fighting to win a place,
In the creators heart.

Each move you take,
Every challenge you face,
Will affect your final score.
Every battle you fight,
Each choice you make,
Will influence your final role.

If you're lucky you might find someone,
Playing the game as a team.
To combine, to fight with, to win,
To gain the perfect dream.

Yet there are others who fight alone,
Challenge and fight themselves.
For try as they might they cannot find,
Someone to help fight foes.

Playing this game,

Fighting alone,
You grow weak as you have no strength.
For fighting alone,
Playing with no one,
You'll end on the losers' bench.

Only the players who join together,
To play the game with love.
Will end up in the perfect finish square,
To rest with the creator above.



Wednesday 12th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up yesterday morning and decided today was going to be the day.

Had a meeting with my psychologist in the morning then after lunch I went up and emptied all the Nytol.

3:00pm I sat on my bed listening to GWR whilst shoving pills down my throat. I only managed 25 instead of the whole 48, my stomach wouldn't take it. Led down in bed and half fell asleep.

A patient came in to ask if she could borrow a video. I couldn't talk to her properly and she knew I'd taken something, she went and got a nurse and a load of them came up.

I was very unsteady on my feet as they took me down to the interview room to wait for the ambulance. At some point I had told them what I'd taken.

A nurse came with me to the hospital, for the first hour trying to have a conversation with her was hopeless, I couldn't piece 3 or 4 words together and a couple of times half way through a sentence I'd forget what I was going to say.

She got a plastic cup of water and told me to drink it, went to take the cup but my hand was shaking too much.

I stayed the night on the observation ward with a drip into my arm and attached to a heart monitor. Apparently my heart was beating too fast; I couldn't feel a thing, didn't sleep much, in and out throughout the night.

4:30am and the porters/cleaners started work. I could not believe that one was Carl, the last thing I knew he was a security guard.

My curtains were half drawn and the nurses managed to keep him away from me. I could hear them talking though, Carl asking what was wrong, he'd only seen my name on the board, he wanted to see me and know how serious things were.

One thought just kept going round and round my head. What if he calls Dad and he comes in. I just so badly wanted to get out of that place.

It seemed that whenever I was half awake the 2 nurses on duty were talking about me saying how I should be sectioned for my own safety; they also said something about Carl's and my physical relationship.

Not being able to have a conversation with the nurse was frustrating; I didn't understand why I was messing up.

Around 11:00pm that night I suddenly wanted to get out but the nurses said they needed to monitor my heart so when there was no one around I pulled all the cables off and pulled my drip out and headed for the door.

It didn't hurt but it sure did make a mess, a nurse got me to come back whilst they phoned Barrow to ask if they were OK with me going back.

Poor nurse I was practically pleading with her but she said no, that she didn't want to be responsible for me whilst I was "poorly."

Got back this morning at 7:00am, if I'm honest I probably should have stayed longer than I did.

Just been talking to the patient who found me about what happened and it sounds like I was hallucinating quite a bit. E.g., I could have sworn 3 paramedics turned up, at the hospital I thought I saw her being brought in by ambulance cause she'd taken 5 Nytol and was pissed and also thought I saw three more of our nurses.

I thought I actually saw Carl when I couldn't possibly have done and saw a load of maggots on the floor.

So half of what I thought actually went on might not have. Pretty certain Carl was there though cause coming out the toilet I went up to a nurse pleading with her to let me go saying I couldn't stay here with him, I couldn't stay with him. She said OK and led me back to my bed.

The other patient thinks the nurses wouldn't have been talking about my physical relationship so how much of it really happened?

Been asleep most of the day slowly getting better, hadn't ate for nearly 2 days so I really had to force myself to eat.

It's 8:30pm and even now I'm light headed, wobbly and feel sick but nowhere near as bad.

I even "thought" I heard the nurses talking about writing me up for Steroids and having a drip put back in at Barrow.

As soon as I buy 1 packet of Nytol that's when it slowly builds up bit by bit until I do it, until I do it it's all I think about.

I can say today 100% truefully that I can keep myself "safe" for at least a few days whereas I couldn't have said that 2-3 days ago. As long as I have the tablets there the urge to take them will just get stronger and stronger.

People turn round and think you are a spiteful cow to try and take you life, think about the people you leave behind. Whether you believe me or not but whilst I'm sat there doing whatever, nothing bad crosses my mind, no doubts about what I'm doing, at the time it seems the most logical and sensible thing to do. I really couldn't tell you what I think about if I do think atoll.

Of course I do also regret doing it, like I said before, every time I tell myself it's the last cause of the physical pain I go through and all the emotional hurt and worry I put on the nurses and patients.

My key nurse said how she was frustrated, another said that I do like to worry people and another patient just asked me to promise her that if I felt that bad again I would find her but these past few weeks I have been spending time with nurses, thinking about the rats.

A few times I've come close to handing the tablets in but decided against it. You see everyone was saying how well I've been doing recently but in my mind I was only delaying the act.

The only way the tablets were leaving my room was inside of me. Thankfully someone had searched my room and took the rest of the Nytol and Senokot.

At no stage did I think that I could kill myself by doing what I was, so why do it? I don't know, habit? Attention? Punishment? Probably a bit of all those feelings and thoughts along with all the regulars.

Coming back to Barrow in the taxi I was constantly looking out for Dad's car. From the moment I left the hospital bed right until I stepped back into Barrow. I was so scared he was going to take me from the B.R.I.

I've been self harming in many different ways since I was 14. How do you give up what seems to be a habit of a life time?

Thursday 13th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Somehow I managed to keep myself safe today, all day I've wanted to go and buy some more tablets.

It seems that Carl wasn't there yesterday, that I imagined everything although I'm not convinced, this in itself had been scaring me a lot, not knowing what reality was and what wasn't.

Also hate myself for being so out of it yesterday that I didn't realize I was being connected to a drip before it was too late, it made me put on so much weight. When I went in my trousers fitted me fine, by the end of the night I was struggling to do them up or was I fucking imagining that too.

Were my hands and arms really red and swollen? Were the nurses really talking about me? Did I really hide under the sheets? Did I really tell a nurse that I couldn't stay whilst he was there?

Now because of that drip I've got it into my head that I need to loose weight, buy laxatives to speed up the process. I just hate myself so much, I hate myself for wanting to take more tablets, I hate myself for not getting some and tomorrow is just going to bring more of the same thoughts.

Saturday 15th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a hard time last night. Sat watching TV and come 10:00pm I had decided I was going to put the scissors to my wrist so off I went.

Went and sat on my bed and just started crying, remembered that I'd promised my key nurse that I would keep myself safe over the weekend and use the nurses and I couldn't break that promise.

I sat on my bed crying uncontrollably, fighting with myself, wanting to run downstairs to safety but couldn't. I was so angry with myself, I just wanted to scream and

shout and let everything out but I couldn't, all I could do was let it out through tears and inward anger.

Eventually I calmed down and went to talk to a nurse. Sat upstairs I was going over every form of self harm that I could think of, planning so that come Monday I wasn't tied down to this promise, thinking about when I could start back on the laxatives and Nytol.

Today has been OK. We beat Denmark 3-0, now through to the quarter finals. I swear the world cup is fixed for England to win, don't know why, just a stupid feeling. I don't see how there can be so much hate and conflict going on in the world i.e. the 9-11 attack and Cashmere war but still be able to have a peaceful world cup involving conflicting countries.

Maybe it's fixed for England to play America then the loosing team will end links with the other and the two countries wont' be allies, then Osma Bin Laden will have a weaker opponent, well that's my theory!

I didn't realize until a patient said last night but tomorrows fathers day. Great day it's going to be for my Dad. Not a single word from his eldest daughter, it's going to hurt him so much. I hate Sundays; it's when I'm most likely to get visitors and now

Sunday 16th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent all day doing my cross stitch and longing for tomorrow to come so I can go shopping.

I hate days like today, is it wrong to want a bit of attention? To want it feels wrong, that I should be able to cope by myself. Taking laxatives helps me cope or maybe I'm saying "see I don't need anyone's help" I can damage my body and cope with the consequences.

I only get attention when I do bad things; it's the way it's always been. Parents, teachers, friends, no one notices you when you're a quiet good little girl or no one thinks you need noticing. You only get attention when you do things wrong, then you're getting told off, negative attention.

Positive attention feels stupid, that I don't need it so whenever I feel that I need/want a little bit of attention I automatically think of negative actions. Some kind of harm I can bring to myself even if I don't get attention, it then proves that I don't need attention and carry on anyway.

Monday 17th June 2002.

Dear Sky. 8:00pm last night after writing to you I ended up going for a walk, got to the Suspension bridge 2 hours later, walked to the center and caught a taxi back at 11:00pm

A nurse took me into the interview room and said how everyone was worried and they were just about to call the police and asked where I'd been.

Had a chat with my key nurse this morning and still planning on getting tablets at 12:20pm.

Come 12:00 I started crying cause I'd decided that if I asked for time then I'd miss the bus, went to find my key nurse but couldn't, ended up going and getting 100 Senokot and 32 Nytol, took 10 Sena and told her when I came back.

Just been swimming again. I had it all planned in my head, I'd get to the Suspension bridge and jump off the wall, well fall headfirst, then I would be sure to die but all I did when I got there was look over the wall thinking about it.

I guess what stopped me was thinking about it too much. Thinking about standing up there with people trying to talk me down and I just thought how stupid I'd look when I finally got down because once I got there I knew I wouldn't jump, I had been thinking too much but I needed to go.

It's something that's been on my mind for months, jumping, I just had to go and look, and test it out and yes I would have defiantly died if I had jumped, now I know.

Sitting in the lounge crying my eyes out after looking for my key nurse I was just wishing that I didn't have this 2-sided conversation in my head.

Wished that I'd make my mind up one way or the other, whether I wanted to die or not. Then deciding to talk and so miss the bus and that not working, I finally talked sense into myself by saying that I'd planned to do this all weekend, now it's time, to fucking do what I'd been wanting.

All weekend I'd been wanting and wanting, not having the 2-sided conversation so to go and fucking do what I wanted, so I did.

Friday 21st June 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I haven't had anything to eat or drink since Wednesday and I didn't take any Laxatives last night.

All for preparation for this evening, time to take the 32 Nytol. To what effect? I don't know, maybe just to screw my body up a little bit more.

I'm starting to feel the effects of dehydration and hunger. Maybe I want to feel crap, to put my body through hell, to punish myself.

Its Mums birthday today she texted me this morning saying thank you for the present, I wrote back saying that's OK and happy birthday, first contact.

Oh and England are out of the world cup 1-2 beaten by Brazil. Been into town to get my cross stitch framed.

I just woke up in a low mood, didn't even feel like watching the match or doing anything. I just feel so worn out, tired and drained. Not scared of what might or might not happen after taking the Nytol just scared of my parents/family finding out.

I'd be quite happy to take them then just fall asleep. Maybe once I've done it I can then move on, make the decision to live my life but these tablets I have to take, regardless of any consequences.

Saturday 22nd June 2002.

Dear Sky. Went to the B.R.I last night, came back this morning. It's 9:00pm and I've spent all afternoon asleep.

It's now been 3 days since I've had anything to eat or drink, probably why I feel so crap and tired. Haven't got a clue what happened at the B.R.I, it's all a blur. I thought Carl was there but apparently I was back before the time I thought he was there.

Sunday 23rd June 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a very bad day today, felt crap physically and emotionally. Spent most of the day with a nurse on the sofa and this evening saw the end of my 4 day fast.

Found out that I did get back from the B.R.I at the time I thought, 5:30am so everything to do with Carl probably did happen.

It's weird because I can't remember getting in the ambulance, arriving or blood being taken.

A nurse and patient came with me, can't remember talking to them, apparently whilst they were taking blood I told the nurse it would be easier to do it with dried blood and I told the nurse she had nice colour arms.

I can't go through everything with Carl again whether he was there or not it is real to me at the time.

Everything I "heard" him telling the doctors about how much he loved me and that he wasn't going to give up on me. How he was struggling and why did it have to happen to him. Was it all in my head? Who knows? But it was at the same time that I thought, 2:30am, that's got to be more than just in my head.

Monday 24th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a better day today, that's what happens when you eat. Went into town with my key nurse this morning to get my cross stitch, didn't trust myself to go alone, stupid woman at the shop messed up again; it wasn't ready, not going to be going there again.

Wandering around the shops waiting for the bus on my own would have been lethal.

This evening I've wanted laxatives again. All this Carl stuff is starting to get to me, he hasn't replied to my letter, I just want to move on, for my past life to be in the past although most of the time I do hang on to it.

Kinda like a safety net, something I have to hold on too, looking to the futures too scary.

I think it was after talking to a nurse yesterday that it struck me that I was feeling crap because I hadn't been eating, that I couldn't face anything because I had no energy. He mentioned that I should think of some fun things to do and it struck me that I couldn't/didn't feel up to doing anything with my energy levels being so low.

Wednesday 26th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Didn't wake up till 11:00am this morning and I only woke up then because I was woken, but because I woke up late I didn't get chance to talk to my key nurse like I wanted.

I'm really struggling at the moment, even wanting to slit my wrists, if it's not one thing them it's another.

I wanted to talk to my key nurse about my relationship with Carl, I feel like it's only her I can talk to about it. Carl's still not replied to my letter. Talking to her on Monday and she thinks he won't agree to an annulment but we might be able to go for divorce on unreasonable behavior.

She also asked about the house and furniture. I said I couldn't care less about it all, just let Carl have it and she asked if I'd really thought it through. Recently I have been thinking along the lines that legally half of that stuffs mine and I'm entitled to it, I need the money. So we're going to look in to everything.

I've not been spending much time with staff this week; I've been so tearful I just want to hide.

How do I approach the sexual relationship with Carl to my key nurse? It's what's making me so tearful and why I've not been spending time with other nurses. I thought I was putting Carl through hell but he's going to go through shit, he doesn't deserve it.

My key nurse isn't in now till Friday said she'd talk to me then but I doubt we'll find time so I've got to cope with all this shit in my head because I can't talk to anyone else.

Another patient started to eat again yesterday so that's one less hassle, she found out today that she can move to a therapeutic community by Swindon.

Thursday 27th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Today has been OK. This afternoon me and another patient went for a wonder round the old wards and physio dept. Climbed in through a window, it's like a maze, something like 4 wards, so many corridors. It was exciting wandering around this abandoned building.

Finally got the letter from Carl. After reading the first one I started getting worried about reading the second, thinking don't do this to me, don't do this to me. Like I said yesterday, I'll be putting him through shit but I've got to put that to one side.

Saw my consultant today, he asked about the weekend, what triggered everything off, couldn't tell him, I have no specific reason.

He asked if bad situations lead to me doing stuff, I said not right away. It's like at the time I can cope with situations but they are the reasons why I do stuff, delayed reactions.

They're going to ask my key nurse if she feels OK with them testing my medication as I still feel my meds don't do anything. If OK with her I'm going to try 2 weeks off then 2 weeks on and I've got to keep a chart of my mood, sounds good to me, at least then I'll know whether they are doing anything.

Been really panicky tonight, worried about Carl and going out tomorrow morning. Going to work and to collect my cross stitch. Don't know why I'm getting so wound up.

Been sat up here worrying and just taken it out on my wrist, I feel so relieved now, peaceful, all that worrying has disappeared. Feel like I can sleep now whereas just now I couldn't, all that worrying has just disappeared.

Over the last six or so months my desire and want to be with you has grown; there has been times recently that I've wanted to be with you and those feeling have been so strong.

There has been the odd time recently when we've been together or done something together even talking these times that has reminded me of why I fell in love with you in the first place.

I also know though that while you are away from me it is for the best, I'm sure that at times it may be hard for you to deal with your feelings and to understand what is needed, I know that the hospital is helping you so you can understand more about our future and what is needed to help you most.

It's easier when you do not have to do this alone and the hospital is one way you are able to gain this help.

There are some things that I don't understand about what you are feeling and wanting of us, I know that there has been times of fear and doubt and almost wanting to give in but also that there's been those feelings of desire and longing for and that hope for the future as like I have myself as I think of us both, yes there's times I doubt and wonder why and I could give in so easily but that's what Lucifer wants for us, to give up and become as miserable as he is and forever will be.

We can become so much more and that is why he has been trying so hard to separate us both and destroy that family of strength that we can become.

I understand somewhat if you find It hard to talk about and share your feelings, if you find it difficult to talk at the moment then maybe a letter to express how you feel, those feelings that lay deep in you heart, those feelings of true love that developed as we spent time together as we were younger.

I don't fully understand and sadly to say I probably will never truly understand, as I have not had to face and deal with some of these things that you have to face at this time in your life.

There's time when I wish so much that I could take away your struggles and pain so you wouldn't have to cope with them but I know I cannot. You have been given them as a test of your strength, I'm able to take comfort in the knowledge and faith that we can have that you will and certainly can come out stronger and triumphant, it will not be easy atoll and I am willing to help and support you in anyway I can as to what you need.

There are also many others in the ward that have suffered some kind of similar circumstances and would be more than willing to help you in anyway that they could do.

It needs to be your decision to make if you want this kind of help, if so it is there for you. I want you to know I love you and will always wait for you because I could ever love anyone as much as I love you but having said that I also miss you and long to be able to be with you again.

I will also be there for you in anyway I can, even if we have to work with these things for the rest of our life's, I will be there to help you because I know that you are worth everything to me.

Friday 28th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Well after last night I slept quite peacefully, watched a film last night called the Object of my Affection.

During this film it showed teachers in an infant class. I found myself thinking how nice that would be to be the people in the film, and then I realized that I could.

I could do whatever I wanted, that scared me, I don't know why but that realization that I could do whatever I wanted with my life got to me. I guess it's the first time I've half believed it.

Going out this morning wasn't that bad, in and out of work in 2 minutes, didn't stay to talk to anyone.

A nurse and I went to a open Farm this afternoon, going to go back Tuesday morning and do some voluntary work. Nervous although I like animals I don't want to work with them as a career although Tuesday will be nice.

I would like to work with people, always have done, to make a positive influence on people's lives.

Another patient's taken some Nytol, I told the staff, felt bad afterwards, she's fine though. My key nurse said she's got the pulse of a normal sleeping person. Apparently mine went to 150, they thought I was going to have a heart attack, I didn't realize it was that serious.

They've been messing my food up again, had nothing to drink today and only had grapes and crisps, didn't like the sandwiches and yogurts they sent up.

I guess what scared me last night was the fact that I was thinking positive about the rest of my life, it felt unsafe, like I'm not ready to go there but thinking it is a step in that direction.

I probably just got over scared like for some reason me thinking that was a huge step and it meant I was ready to move on which I don't feel ready to do. Got one patient moving on Monday and it's something that I know I'm not ready for.

Starting to retreat to my room a bit more again, not spending as much time on the ward.

A patient said today how when she first came in she didn't like me, she told a nurse that she thought I was a stuck up bitch and who did I think I was turning my nose up. Made me laugh, can't remember her first being here and me being like that but now we're really close.

Saturday 29th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Who needs fucking friends? I've been through all of this with Gaby; I can't go through it again with her.

I don't need all of this shit, she took some Paracetamol and she's still at the B.R.I, I don't need this shit, I'm better of on my own then I can't get hurt by anyone.

I'm struggling enough with myself as it is, I can't deal with her shit as well, she can just piss off, and I can't deal with her at the moment.

You would have thought that by now I would have learnt my lesson, friends don't do me any good, from now on it's going to be me and me only, I don't need friendship, it's all a load of crap. It all just gets thrown back in my face and I can't be dealing with it.

Going to hobby craft with my key nurse this afternoon, going to spend and spend, I'm in the fuck everything mood.

Been shopping, needed to get out and gave a good time. The patient who had overdosed came back just after dinner, she came over and apologized then started crying, put my arm around her and told her it was OK, knew I would. Although I felt like shouting and screaming at her I knew I wouldn't.

Messed up my food again, now been 3 days where I haven't had anything to drink and only had one lot of sandwiches grapes and crisps, don't like everything else they send up so my intake is getting less and less again, not that I'm moaning.

We drove back from the mall under the Suspension bridge, brought back memories and plans for a next time, not that I've got a next time planned.

Spoke to Gaby today, well texted; she's getting on OK, struggling but OK.

Was very tearful this morning, don't really know why, I just couldn't stop crying, I'm OK now although all the emotions are still there on the inside, they'll never go away but on the outside I've got them under more control.

Sunday 30th June 2002.

Dear Sky. Not much happened today, Brazil won the world cup 2-0 towards Germany.

Another patient and I just took the rats to the old wards again, its her last night here, she said how she'd miss them, she was terrified of them at first, now she loves them.

Rascals scaring me, she's bleeding from her bum but she seems lively enough, it's just worrying cause she's 2 ½, average life span for rats.

Spent all day doing a puzzle, really nothing to report, just checked Rascal, she's stopped bleeding.

Tuesday 2nd July 2002.

Dear Sky. A patient went yesterday and I went to work at the open farm today 10-2, helped out with the chicks, ducklings, guinea-pigs and rabbits, getting them out for the kids to hold.

Got on fine, going back Thursday same time, the lady in-charge asked if I could manage till 4:00pm but I said no, I don't want to go too fast too quick and I don't want it to take up all my time.

Struggled to keep myself safe last night, cried myself to sleep worried about today, worried about everything else.

Now been 6 days without any fluids, starting to get acid in my mouth and because I'm dehydrated I've lost my appetite as well. Wonder how much longer it'll be till they start sending drink up again for me.

I don't suppose they care, they know it's all I drink, I mean it possibly wouldn't have crossed their minds that I'm not drinking, that would be using too much common sense. Either that or they really don't care; I mean what do they suppose I'm drinking?

Again been very tearful today, no particular reason, just a mixture of everything.

Wednesday 3rd July 2002.

Dear Sky. Brought 32 Nytol and a knife today, planning to take the Nytol tomorrow or Friday.

Had a chat with a nurse this afternoon which was nice, now been 7 days without fluids and now I've lost my appetite cause of it so 2 days without food.

Tied thread around my neck last night, it was either that or cutting myself again. I couldn't stop crying, the thread seamed the best option although cutting myself would have caused less attention.

Grandma came in with Jane and Hannah this evening, it was nice to see them. I didn't do much damage last night although apparently I was pretty unresponsive; they had an oxygen mask on me.

Spent most of the day doing a 2000 piece puzzle with a patient and one of the new students, he seems really nice, get on well with him.

Thursday 4th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Been at the farm today, had a good time but it tired me out, going to keep going Tuesdays and Thursdays 10-2, it was a lot busier and I was more involved with the animals. Wouldn't like to do any longer than what I'm doing though.

Now been 8 and 3 days without food and drink, a nurse came up with a sandwich and drink, no intention of having the drink but the sandwich was tempting but I gave it back saying I didn't want it.

My associate key nurse has just been talking to the solicitor about the annulment, can only go ahead with it if there's physiological reasons which as my associate key nurse said getting a letter saying there was won't be a problem so that's all going ahead thankfully.

Got an overwhelming desire to take the Nytol when I go back in, don't know why, I've had a good day, yesterday wasn't too bad. Not been as tearful, maybe it's cause I've got the tablets I feel in someway in more control.

Maybe to punish myself, maybe in some warped way after I'll start eating and drinking again, I don't know. My reasons for doing things like this never make sense.

Friday 5th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Ended up down the B.R.I last night after taking the Nytol, a nurse came with me, got back about 9:30am this morning, pulse went up again to 130, didn't get put on a drip but had all the monitors.

Just now saw the end to my 9-4 days without any intake after chatting to a nurse which was nice.

Chatted to another patient a bit yesterday, he said how his foster parents were coming to see him today.

I asked if he knew who his parents were and how long he'd been fostered for. I was surprised when he said his Mum was Mary West but he didn't know if Fred West was his Dad or not and he had not long found out.

Not too sure whether to believe him or not about 80% does. Also had a chat with my psychologist today trying to suss out why I took the overdose.

It all makes sense in my head but it doesn't come out right. The beginning of the week when I was constantly low I was nowhere near suicidal, just generally down. Since I brought the Nytol and planned to do it my mood lifted, that's when I'm more suicidal cause I just come crashing right down, make any sense?

Every time I overdose I tell myself that it would be the last cause it's not the nicest of experiences but when will the last time come to an end?

THE WORTH OF A STAR

Think of the tinniest star you know,
Trying to shine so bright.
All alone in that big vast place,
Trying to give a ray of light.

There are even smaller stars,
Than the one you know.
Whose shines are of little worth,
Those tiny stars are alone.
One starts to think it is a waste,
For it wants to be known.
Like the star you know,
And bring light to a dull dark place.

This little star tries so hard,
To shine all night long.
But only sees other stars,
That could light the night alone.

But this tiny star will not give in,
It shines night after night.
And slowly, slowly, a step at a time,
Its shine is a wonderful sight.
As it saw other stars soon fade away,
This little star would not give in.
For it knew its little light,
Made a difference on a cold dark night.

Little star keep shining the best you can,
Be strong and stay around.
For your little ray, now so bright,

Will go round the world tonight.



Saturday 6th July 2002.

Dear Sky. I know this place is a mad house but today it's actually been one. First got woken by this woman screaming then had an argument with another bloke. One patient has been shouting so I just gave up and stayed upstairs.

My moods been up and down today but generally OK. My consultant wants me to do a mood chart so I'm just about to start on that.

Monday 8th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Been feeling down today but not as bad as yesterday. Had a nice chat with a nurse last night, I'd been needing to talk to someone all day but there was no one to talk to.

I just wish I knew why I feel so bad, what makes me do stuff, I spent this morning thinking about Thursday night.

I hadn't drank for 8 days, hadn't ate for 5. I was physically and mentally worn out; I just wanted some time out. Time away from me and all the shit I put myself though. I was just so worn out and tired and had enough. I just had to escape.

Why do I keep putting myself through shit? Why can't I just allow myself to be happy and for things to go well? Why do I always have to achieve something negative?

Tuesday 9th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Why can't everyone see who I really am inside? Why try to be someone I'm not? I'm just a stupid silly little girl who doesn't deserve to live. I am a waste of space, a waste of time, a horrible, spiteful person who is a waste of space.

Why try and be and feel something I'm not. Why can't everyone else see me for who I truly am? Why try and be happy when I feel sad, why try and keep myself safe when I want to hurt myself, why not hurt myself?

It's what I deserve, I don't deserve to be happy. Some people just can't get on in life; I'm one of those people.

So out comes the blade, it's what I want to do so why not? If you truly want to do something then shouldn't you do it? Why try and fight it? Why try and fight who I really am? What's the point? I'm a stupid little shit and that's all there is to it.

So fuck the fighting, fuck the pretending, it's time to be the fucking bitch that I am.

Wednesday 10th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I did it last night, cut my wrist. Apparently quite bad, couple of hours later I built up the confidence to tell a nurse and chatted with him till 2:00am this morning. I really look up to him. Kinda like a role model.

Didn't wake until 11:00am today which is what I wanted. I only got up then because I was starting to think about strangling myself.

Struggled with not doing my wrist again today. It doesn't hurt; it's kinda like sticking two fingers up and saying fuck life. I can do this to myself and it'll have no effect on me.

It's like it's not me I'm doing it to. A barrier goes up, like a separation between my physical and emotional feelings.

My old key nurse doesn't know what to do around be anymore. She came and asked me how things were; I said crap so she went. Since she hasn't been my key nurse it's like she has changed. We used to get on really well but now we don't.

Took Diazepam this afternoon and felt much better for it. It was nice talking to the nurse last night; I really do look up to him.

Thursday 11th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I've now been in here 7 months, went to the solicitors this morning with my key nurse and begun the annulment. Had to go over the sexual/ physiological reasons why annulment is best. That was hard, had the images in my head again. We were supposed to have a chat this afternoon, which never happened. I started getting uptight again. Took Diazepam and listened to music on my bed which is what I've done all afternoon.

Had another chat with a nurse last night and it's now the 4th day without any intake. Planning on strangulation tonight, if that doesn't work then its try again along with the knife.

Feel like I'm a burden to everyone at the moment, that I should keep myself to myself and not expect so much time from the nurses, the ward is really busy at the moment and they don't need me to add to their problems.

OK doing stuff will bring myself attention but not as much as if I was to spend time downstairs with everyone.

Anyway hopefully I'll achieve what I want tonight. Hurt myself so much I'll snap out and be OK. If not then there's always shopping tomorrow.

I need to do something to bring myself out of this low mood otherwise I'm just going to carry on hurting myself in some way or the other.

Today when I was out with my key nurse she brought K.F.C, asked if I wanted anything, everything inside of me did but I said no. It's hard to explain, I want to eat things like that or anything but I've just put this mental wall up against food. It's out of bounds, it doesn't make sense I know but neither does anything else I do.

Sunday 14th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Sorry I haven't written, I've not been allowed out with the rats and I only feel comfortable writing out here but like one nurse pointed out last night, I could

have probably done with a break, these past few days coming out here has been more of a chore than pleasure.

Well Thursday night I tried strangling myself twice as well as giving myself nasty cuts on my wrist. Ended up handing the knife to a nurse, I had done what I wanted; I'd also told another nurse that I was going to buy some Nytol.

Friday morning I went to the Mall and brought 32 Nytol. Came back and a nurse asked if I'd brought anything, said no. She sat me down and asked again, said that she and other nurses had reason to believe that I did.

I still denied it, they searched my room and found them so I went back up the Mall and brought and took some more before coming back.

Spent the night at the B.R.I and spent all day yesterday asleep.

After 1 week I started eating today and what a surprise, I feel a lot better!

Spoke to a nurse last night and told her how I felt. That I'm getting all the support and help I could ask for and I just throw it back in everyone's face by doing stuff.

Thursday I had said I was going to do all this stuff and I felt that no matter what I was going to do it.

My wrist is now totally fucked up and I feel crap about the way I've been acting. I wish I could explain myself but I can't. Eating today was hard, everything tasted awful.

See I know what damage I could do to myself in the way I harm myself but it doesn't stop me, in some ways I guess it's like a life line. Every time I take an overdose it's always the last but so far it hasn't been.

At times I just want all this to be over, to be this wonderful person that everyone says I am but there are other times that I feel like I have to hold on to this shit life. I guess I've experienced a shit life so I know what to expect but I haven't experienced this wonderful life so I don't know what to expect and I guess that scares me.

Friday wasn't me, I was completely out of character lying to the nurses like I did and then sneaking off again. I don't know what got into me.

Monday 15th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Been struggling to keep myself safe, if it wasn't for the fact that I promised a nurse I would stay safe I probably would have ended up strangling myself last night. Everything in me wanted to but I just kept telling myself that I was just tired; to go to sleep and things would be better in the morning.

I ate 3 times yesterday which during the day helped my mood but by the end of the day I felt bad. Don't know how I got through today, had a chat with a student this afternoon, I get on well with him.

Had a bit of comfort time with another nurse, comfort time helps a lot. It would have made last night easier but there wasn't anyone on who I have that kind of relationship with.

New girl came on the ward this afternoon. A nurse asked me to look after her, could tell straight away why she's in here, problems with eating and suicidal, gonna find that hard but I managed something to eat for tea with her sat next to me. It's hard not to want to be like that but at the same time I don't want to be, she seems really nice though.

Wednesday 17th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Ended up in the B.R.I again last night. They wanted me to stay in overnight but come 7:30pm I discharged myself and caught the last bus back to Barrow.

In and out of sleep all last night, hardly surprising though as I just crashed out on my bed with what I was already wearing plus the light was on and curtains open.

Been feeling really crap physically today and this morning I was still imagining things.

About 4:00pm I asked the Dr to take my pulse. I knew it wasn't back to normal. When I left the hospital my pulse was 122 when the Dr checked it was still 100. Had to force food and drink down myself quite literally.

Just been led on the sofa all day, don't feel up to doing anything. I just want to curl into a little ball and hide. I wish I could see what damage I might or might not have done to my body.

Thursday 18th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Been in a lot of pain today and very confused. Struggling to keep myself together, keep thinking about Tuesday.

I can remember barely being able to sign my name out of hospital but I can't remember anything after that, I can't remember leaving the B.R.I, getting on the bus or getting back to Barrow. I can't even remember why I felt like I had to discharge myself, all I can remember is suddenly getting very worried when I realized I was going to be spending the night there again.

Yesterday when the Dr took my pulse at 100 a couple of hours later I had it taken again and it had shot down to 60 odd.

Been feeling really weak today, pains in my chest, headache, dizziness, unstable breathing and again found eating very hard and I don't know why. I've got the appetite for tea; all I could manage was one sandwich and a trifle. I physically couldn't stomach anything else.

Friday 19th July 2002.

Dear Sky. I'm writing this a bit earlier than usual as I'm really pissed off and going out on the 5:10pm bus. I feel like I have been ignored by the nurses today and I feel like I'm not allowed to talk to any of them.

I've been waiting to see my consultant all week, was told he would see me today, not so, was told that my allocated nurse had to spend 20mins with me each shift. This morning was not so, completely ignored, even at dinner so I've had nothing to eat today.

Feel like I want to take a load of tablets again. Feel like I can't talk to anyone. Going to pop home, get some info for the solicitor then into work for some more paper work for the solicitor and to hand my notice in at work.

I feel like I'm going crazy, feel angry but can't release it. Fucked off with life. Frustrated about my new care plan because I don't know what it involves and I just feel like sticking 2 fingers up to life and saying fuck you.

Saturday 20th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Yesterday evening/ night turned out to be a nightmare. Went home, Carl's got some other bloke living with him. Got the paper work and told him that he has to think about how much he really wants to stay in the house because legally half of everything is mine and I've got to think of my future financially, he just laughed.

Struggled to keep back the tears on the bus back to town. I'm supposed to be happily married, possibly with a kid and all I've got is a shit life where all I know what to do with it is hurt myself and cause shit.

Then went into work and handed my notice in, came back feeling really shit.

Went to bed at midnight with thread tightly around my neck. Either went unconscious or fell asleep cause when I woke about 2:30am I then realized what I was doing and managed to cut it off. I just wanted to go to sleep and never wake up.

Then I tried throwing myself down the stairs, massive bruises on my leg. Cried my eyes out to a nurse, she said how she's always got time for me and I can always talk to her. She then went and got the other nurse to give me some more Diazepam.

Told her I didn't feel safe upstairs but the other nurse carted me off without so much as it'll be all right. The nurses are a bunch of hypocrites.

Cried myself to sleep and woke this morning at 11:00am, went downstairs took some more Diazepam had something to eat and went back to bed.

Woke at 4:00pm and more Diazepam, I'm not allowed to talk about my feelings so I've got to try and hide them behind medication.

This stupid new care plan that I've got, the way I feel at the moment my key nurse can fuck off if she thinks I'm signing it. Nearly ripped up this mood chart I'm doing for my consultant, he doesn't seem to care so why should I? All I want to do is discuss it with him and try some new medication.

Wednesday I was told he would see me Thursday, Thursday I was told he would see me Friday. Yeah like fuck. I've given up now.

Last night I so wanted to end it. Threatened to buy some Nytol whilst I was out, wish I had. No one gives a shit that I need to talk. All they say is do you want to go for a walk? What the fuck is that going to do? I feel like I'm the baddie in all of this, hurting Carl and my family. It would be better off if I didn't exist.

Again I was ignored during tea, everyone else is seen too. I would have loved a hot meal or pudding, as if that's gong to happen, I'm just stuck with fucking sandwiches.

Sunday 21st July 2002.

Dear Sky. Today has been better than yesterday, had a long chat with a nurse last night which really helped, cried like I've never cried in front of anyone before, and cried my eyes out, felt a lot better afterwards.

These past few days I've felt like I've gone backwards to how I was when I was 14-15. Crying myself to sleep, crying in my room, all alone, hiding my true feelings, I thought I was past that, thought I could cry in front of the nurses and they would comfort me. These past few days that hasn't been happening and its heart breaking.

Sometimes a good hug is all I need, better than talking. You can tell someone that you're there for them as much as you like but a hug shows it and it's not until it's shown that you start believing it.

Sisters came in this afternoon which was nice, been trying to have food off the trolley, unsuccessfully, feel like I've let myself down.

Had an argument with a patient today, really feel like taking a load of Nytol. Really want too. Keep thinking tomorrow, Wednesday or Friday but part of me doesn't want to let myself down like that but it's such a hard fight.

Hopefully I'll be able to talk to my key nurse tomorrow morning, sort a load of stuff out and hopefully feel better. With her support I'm hoping I'll be able to have dinner from the trolley, at least that's what I keep telling myself so I don't beat myself up over it as much.

I just hope that seeing her tomorrow will achieve everything I want it to. As far as I'm concerned the nurses not being allowed to "cuddle" me is 50 steps back. I don't see how that will help, all I can see it achieving is me withdrawing into myself more and taking more overdoses. Especially with me trying so hard to change my eating pattern at the moment, I need all the emotional support I can get and like I said. At times you can't place a Value on the worth of a hug or compare it to talking.

THE VALUE OF A HUG

Everyone needs somebody to hold,
To feel valued and loved.
And sometimes the best way to express it,
Is with a little hug.

What is wrong with some humanly bond,
That shows someone you care.
When you feel all alone,
A hug says I'm there.

"Professional detachment" is what it's all about,
But the rules don't always work.
Some people need the support,
To make life a little good.

Depriving me from that support,
Is like saying you will fight alone.
When all it is doing,
Is making me feel on my own.

I need that physical support,
It makes the hurt go away.
Everyone else has somewhere to turn,
But you're saying my pain has to stay.

At times this physical support,
Beats the value of words.
What you can't express by talking,
Are the feelings that hugs make heard.



Monday 22nd July 2002.

Dear Sky. I did it; I had something from the trolley for dinner. OK it was only a jacket potato and meat but I ate it in the dinning room.

The support was perfect, my key nurse sat with me on a table by myself, other patients tried sitting with us but I found it too much so she asked them to move, had a good chat with her this morning. Got all the solicitor stuff sorted and then she dropped a bomb shell. She's leaving for a few months but she is going to remain seeing me 2-3 times a week and still be my key nurse.

Delayed reaction this afternoon, struggled to keep back the tears, trying to remain confident that things won't be too much different to how they are now but it's hard seeing as I've also got my associate key nurse leaving.

Talked about the "cuddle" situation, signed my care plan with the exception to that "rule" and reviewing it in a few days. So all in all a positive day but it's now evening and as always I fight to remain positive all day.

Wednesday 24th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's been quite good, spent a lot of time with a patient shopping then crossword puzzles when we got back.

Finding this stuff with another patient a bit upsetting, she's threatening to call health and safety about my rats. Talking to my key nurse, this patient has got this idea in her head that I chucked some of her stuff out her window and I still got something of hers, apparently if I give that back then she's OK.

My key nurse said if she did phone health and safety there shouldn't be a problem. I don't know where that patient got this idea from, why would I do that, OK I did it to another patient but I had a good enough reason and I was really wound up but I've tried to be really nice to her and she's throwing it back in my face.

OK I was slagging her off but we argued it out and haven't spoken since. As far as I'm concerned that episode we were both to blame, it was a shame it happened but it did.

Everyone talks about everyone behind their back, I just got caught, and just glad she's going Friday. Yeah I could talk to her, clear everything up but the way we both feel towards each other it would just end in a fight.

I ate from the trolley again with my key nurses support, starting to find it easier as long as I'm on my own table in a corner.

I've got to spend less time just chatting with patients in the lounge, they mention how they've done stuff that I've done and it makes me feel awkward. I don't want to hear about them doing the same stuff as me.

Still planning for Friday, plans have been messed up a bit; I need to buy other stuff whilst I'm shopping.

I wanted to go down just for overdose, it sounds like I'm proud to be doing this. I'm not and things have been going really well recently, my mood has picked up, I feel that I've been thinking clearer since my meds have stopped, so why put myself through Friday? In a sense I've got to do it one last time.

Thursday 25th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Well today has been a complete mix of emotions. I went to bed early last night because I couldn't cope with the others being so hyper.

Went to the farm this morning had a good time came back and used the piano, I'd brought a book that we've already got so I enjoyed playing them again.

Since about 5:30pm I've started to feel crap physically, headache/pain, stomach pain, tight chest, ribs still hurt and feel sick. Think I'm just going to give up on today and go to bed; again the others are hypo which is getting me down even more because I feel crap.

Saw my consultant this morning, he got to me a bit, he got a bit funny cause I said I was going out, he insisted he saw me before I went cause he hasn't seen me for ages cause I've not been around.

I was stopped from going last Thursday because he wanted to see me but never. Said how he couldn't understand my overdoses, told him neither do I which is the truth.

Told him I couldn't remember why I did it, the truth. He couldn't see where my care was going; I had to point out that everything else I did/do is less.

Stranglisation has now stopped, it doesn't achieve anything and nothing inside of me wants to do it. Laxatives have stopped, they just make me shit and again nothing inside of me wants to do it. I don't feel guilty about eating, it does actually feel right.

Don't wander off at night anymore; don't want to self harm, not too sure on that one.

It's just these stupid Nytol overdoses that are letting me down because part of me wants to do it. It seems like my consultant has forgotten all of the above and he's certainly forgotten that I'm actually talking!

So that's where my cares been going and although I feel like crying right now I think I can say that I'm proud of where I stand right now and where my care's going. I know I've come along way, just got this one physical barrier, Nytol.

Saturday 27th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Got back this morning from the B.R.I around 2:30am, took 35 Nytol. Been asleep for most of today. Thursday night and this morning is all a bit of a blur. Been

feeling really weak today, forced food and drink down me again but been feeling a bit better since.

Just been chatting to a nurse and apparently the B.R.I were going to discharge me earlier but I started fitting, I don't even have the slightest memory of it.

Sunday 28th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent all day watching TV. I asked a nurse about Friday. Apparently this fit I had was quite serious, they had to put something in my mouth to stop me chocking and hold me down.

The only thing I remember is my pulse being an on average 122, I remember it went up to 135 then back down and I remember my fingernails being very pink but the actual fit I can't remember.

I remember talking a load of crap in the ambulance back, something about my sister and.

At some point I'd imagined that I had arranged to meet a nurse in town and that another had told me that she was moving to a different ward for respite. It may sound obvious that I imagined both those conversations but until someone told me otherwise I wasn't sure.

Monday 29th July 2002.

Dear Sky. Well again I've spent all day trying to cope by myself apart from a walk round the grounds with a nurse and another patient this morning.

Ignored completely at lunch time when I would have loved something to eat. My old key worker asked if I wanted tea, said no cause going by Saturdays experience with her she would have left me alone.

Saturday she started with me but soon left, other patients then sat with me and I really struggled and all I had was a sandwich.

I'm having this fight with food and all I've got is another patient boasting how her size 10 trousers are too big for her, how to make someone stop eating!

Also been struggling with wanting to overdose again and feel that I can't talk to anyone about it, been tearful all day and just left to deal with my emotions by myself. I feel like I have no support and can't talk to anyone, I don't know why, just this feeling that perhaps everyone's had enough of me.

Wanting to overdose again has been strong; to change the way I'm feeling even if it is to change it for the worse.

Wednesday 31st July 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a nice chat with a nurse last night, haven't chatted to him for ages, and was beginning to miss it.

Popped home to Mums and dads this morning to get some piano books, they're on holiday. It was strange being there, struggled not to cry, don't know why, it wasn't through wishing I was back there. Wandered all round the house, kinda imaging everyone was there.

Came back and a nurse got me something off the trolley, cause there wasn't a table spare she let me have it in the TV room.

Got some post from Carl this afternoon along with a tape. Again fought back the tears, he was begging me to go back to him. To give it one more try. Listening to his voice I found myself thinking that wasn't my husband and hearing him pleading I didn't feel anything toward him.

Just had some tea, it was the worse experience I've had so far. Only had a jacket potato and meat and only half at that. I knew it would go the way it did because I was allocated to my old key nurse. She just got the stuff, put it on an empty table and left me to it.

Needless to say it wasn't long before there were two other patients at the table, they didn't say a word and left me to it but I struggled so hard to keep a panic attack inside.

As soon as I left the table I went upstairs and cried. So much for the support, now left thinking that I'm not doing that again.

Also brought 32 Nytol today, been fighting not to take them, what with hearing form Carl, feeling like I can't talk to anyone, tea time had just made it definite.

Don't want to go to the B.R.I I just want to go to sleep and forget everything. To not feel, to go a bit crazy, when they have their effect I don't have a care in the world, just lie there staring into space like putting two fingers up to life and saying you don't have an influence over me. You can't touch me.

Thursday 1st August 2002.

Dear Sky. Ended up in the B.R.I last night, took 16 Nytol, couldn't take the other box and ended up telling my associate key nurse where it was.

Was only in there for about 3hrs, found it odd though how a doctor/nurse caught the taxi back with me for some reason.

Spent almost all day asleep, didn't go to the farm. My key nurse has now moved onto her new job but came and saw me at 2:30pm; I really needed to talk to her.

She listened to the tape Carl sent, said it was emotional blackmail. Also talked about meal times, she's coming in to see me tomorrow as well.

I think if I'd taken all 32 Nytol I would have some myself some serous damage, glad I never.

Friday 2nd August 2002.

Dear Sky. Well after a bad day yesterday I went to bed early 10:30pm totally exhausted. Woke at 10:00am and feel much better for it.

Spent a bit of time this afternoon at O.T. Me and the patient I'd fallen out with are OK now but I try to spend as little time around her as possible.

We were chatting this evening when she brought the topic of food up about how little she's ate and how much weight she's lost. Makes me feel bad and automatically tell myself to stop eating, should I say something to her? Cause it really does make things worse for me.

It's different with another patient because she wants to put on weight and even though she is really skinny I don't feel the guilt. Don't think I will say anything though, not brave enough.

Need to have another look at my care plan. Told my key nurse yesterday that I need my hugs back, now that the topic had been approached I'm aware of it so things won't be the same. Also meal times have changed and on the whole I don't feel like I'm getting enough support from the nurses.

Saturday 3rd August 2002.

Dear Sky. Went shopping this morning and brought a new phone, and quite enjoyed myself actually.

It's got to be over a week since my allocated nurse has spent time with me. I've got these trousers that when I first brought I couldn't fit into but now easily do. A patient asked if she could wear them today. She's wearing them but she can't do them up properly. The satisfaction from seeing that! You do them up with lace, on me the material joins, on her there must be at least an inch gap! Didn't say anything though.

Tape from Carl;

> Those letters that I've written to you in the time that you've been in hospital and previously as well, I still feel so strongly about. Those words that I wrote then, my feelings are still the same now.
>
> I would understand if at times you feel that our marriage is easiest to end than to try and work through it all to achieve the happiness we both wanted and were working to achieve but I know that we can still work together and be there for one another.
>
> I think of our Patriarch blessings and that we've been promised a home with children in the gospel with a love for one another, with that love increasing as we learn to love and support each other. That as we go through and gain these experiences that line our future that we can achieve that happiness.
>
> I love you so dearly and I long to be able to be with you again but I am also mindful of your feelings and the difficulties that you are facing right now.
>
> I know that you have been perusing and have talked to me a bit about an annulment. I would still like to give us one more try. This is why I have prepared this now for you but I fear that I will have to try and move on and try to find another.
>
> It's one of the reasons why I've given this last try now and to help you find this confidence that I know you have deep down inside.
>
> I know we can be happy together and achieve that life that we have both dreamed of in the past that we have wanted together.
>
> We all have times when we struggle with different things and we have been given these to help us, I know this, that when we grow stronger because of them we can help others. I know that from what you have learnt and will continue to learn I know that you can help others who find themselves in a similar situation to you.

Please, I have faith in you. You can overcome this and be strong. I will help in anyway that I can but I know that I cannot change your mind, it's up to you.

I love you, I know we must work together to reach the highest degree in our heavenly fathers kingdom. How much I long to be with you but if this time has come that I must move on then I must move on but I will try to do what I can to organize my life without you but I feel that there is still hope with us.

Please I ask of you, give us one more try.

Sunday 4th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a long chat with a nurse again last night, I don't know what I would have done without her these past couple of days, she's been a star.

Katherine came round for an hour this afternoon, nice to see her.

Started worrying last night about my key nurse leaving me that after these 3 months she would then go for good, was going to cry myself to sleep but a nurse cheered me up.

Also this tape from Carl was getting to me again. Kept going round my head what he said about having kids and us being happy together. That we've been "promised it" but I don't want it, I don't want that kind of life.

I said to the nurse last night that I'd love to know what the nurses have written about me these past couple of days, cause they don't have a clue what's been going on in my head. I've acted quite cheerful on the outside when really inside I feel torn and mixed up. Everything's still going on in my head but she is the only one who's bothered to talk to me about it, nobody else seems to care.

Keep thinking how it's less than 3 months till I'm 20. Don't want to be 20, out of my teens, a "proper adult." I don't want to be an adult, I still feel like a kid/teenager, that's the way I want it to stay.

I keep planning to take a huge overdose before my birthday but then I've also got that planned for before Christmas as well. Taking an overdose gives me a break from the real world, its not reality and at times I feel like I just need a break from it.

Monday 5th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent most of today asleep, the time that I have been awake has been shit.

A patient tried jumping off the suspension bridge last night, was got down by the police. This morning when I came down for Diazepam she tried giving me a hug and apologizing. I pushed her away, told her to fuck off and that I didn't want to talk to her. Found myself wishing that she had actually jumped.

The nurse I was allocated to actually sat with me for dinner, total shock.

2:00pm brought some matches, put three out on my wrist then held it under boiling water.

3:00pm came down and had a bit of a panic attack so a nurse went for a walk round the grounds with me.

4:30pm took some more Diazepam and slept till 7:00pm.

Whilst on the walk with the nurse I said about how I've been left alone this past week. She said that
"Sometimes it's difficult for the staff; they don't know what to do with me."
Great, if professionals don't know how to help me then what chance so I stand? I may as well give up now.

Wrist hurts, hearing my skin sizzle as I put the matches out. It was either that or put a blade to it. Haven't got a clue where I got the idea from, thought about it last night.

I'm very aware of a sub conscious, scared of it. When my parents found the empty Paracetamol boxes in the bin when I was 15/16 the school Dr told me that sub consciously I wanted them to find them. Hated my sub conscious ever sine, scared of what it'll do.

Wednesday 7th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Monday evening me and another patient said some nasty stuff to each other through text. I told her that she should have jumped and she only did it for attention, she told me that I fake the panic attacks I get.

Midnight I was downstairs just about to talk to a nurse when the fire bells went off. Someone had set the women's laundry container on fire which is outside my door.

The patient straight away went round saying how I had asked patients if the shop sold lighters. At some point someone went into my room and found the box of matches on my bed, I thought I'd put them in my pocket.

Didn't get to sleep till 3:00am because I was wound up by the accusations then around 5:00am there was a load of noise outside my room, someone had set another fire to a towel by the linen basket, left a bad mark on the floor. After that I couldn't sleep.

Yesterday I caught the 9:10am bus out, took 32 Nytol quicker than I've ever done before.

The rest of yesterday is pretty much a blank and got back from the B.R.I at midday today.

Can't remember what time I went, them taking bloods or arriving and not much has happened today.

Yesterday morning was just too much, I wanted time out, time out from the accusations, and thoughts about what a nurse had said Monday.

My key nurse was supposed to be seeing me today but she was sick, have no idea when she'll next be in.

Don't want to go back to the farm anymore. Got to do something about these Nytol, all today I've been saying last time again but today it's come from the heart not the head. I really want to stop, they're wrecking my life.

Thursday 8th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Really crap day today, really shit night last night. All yesterday a patient had been passing sly comments when we passed. Burst into tears last night whilst talking to my associate key worker, came out to another comment about crying.

By that time I couldn't take any more, crying my eyes out. A nurse sat the two of us down in the teaching room, stuff was said, I went to bed only to hear her chucking a load of stuff around her room.

Whilst talking to my associate key nurse I told her that I miss my key nurse, her reply was not to get too attached to people.

Spent all day hating myself wishing I was dead, had enough of this life, feel like I don't belong out in the real world, just feel completely lost and alone.

Came out to the rats, Rascal was really bad with this bleeding. Thought she was dying, again cried my eyes out, just taken her to the vets, had 3 choices, cut her up to see what's wrong, try antibiotics, put her to sleep. Needless to say I took the antibiotics, he also injected some fluids into her, poor thing.

Again want to overdose but like yesterday not wanting to has come from the heart.

Did not feel safe gong to bed last night, I kept thinking about Monday. Both the fires were started right outside my room. I was downstairs for the first but the second I was fast asleep. Just kept thinking how if it wasn't found as early as it was I might not have got out.

Friday 9th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Although I can't remember much of Tuesday I can remember feeling safe at the B.R.I. I remember asking how long I'd be there for, the nurse said over night and I actually felt quite relieved. Didn't argue, didn't panic, just accepted it and tried to sleep.

Been worrying about where my life goes from here. Trying to cope with the fact that I'll always be alone and unable to cope.

All this stuff with the other patient has brought back the memories today of how I've never been able to keep a friendship with other girls my age, always been the story.

Rascal's a lot better today although I think she's angry with me for the injections!

My key nurse has been in this afternoon, just sat and had tea with her; a patient started talking about the fires to someone. My key nurse was quite surprised about how loud and open she was. Felt quite intimidated but half expected it.

What gets me about the second one is why the alarms didn't go off. Must mean that it was spotted pretty quickly after it was set.

What a patient said to me about "turning on the water works every time I don't get my way" on Wednesday really got to me. I've always been very tearful, Dad always used to tell me off when I was young whenever I cried because I did use to cry over the tiniest little thing.

Saturday 10th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Feel completely lost like I don't want to talk to anyone, I think one patients been discharged although I don't know for sure.

I wondered how long it would be before that patient tried talking to me. We both went to a bin at the same time this afternoon. As I walked away she called me back but I just ignored her, she's probably had enough of being by herself, there's no one else here

now her age but I don't need or want her friendship, we'd only fall out again and she brings out a really nasty side in me.

Spent a few hours texting Gaby last night, she's feeling really crap, Bulimia and self harm, we talked till 1:30am, I miss her but the only reason we still get on is because we don't see each other.

I feel like I don't want to live anymore. What's the point, why go through 60 odd years of shit? I feel like I wont be able to cope with life, feel like I'll never have a relationship with my parents again and that I'm set to spend the rest of my life alone and of no Value to anyone. That whoever I come across I'm just going to cause a load of heartache.

Covered my mirror up this afternoon, fed up of being reminded of how ugly I am, can't stand the sight of myself.

No longer employed so no money coming in. The annulment seems to be at a stand still and yesterday when my key nurse was in I thought I'd have a chance to really talk about how I feel and to sort a few things out but she was too busy so again left alone.

I guess I just need someone to tell me that everything's going to be OK, I guess I need someone else to have that faith in me and support me, something I'm not getting.

Tuesday 13th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Just been out to feed the rats, its midday and I'm catching the 12:20pm bus out. Had enough of all the fighting between my head and heart over the weekend.

Had something to eat last night and also got moaned at for keeping myself safe by staying in my PJ's.

It's been doing my head in keeping safe these past 3 days; I can't fight it any longer. Although my heart doesn't want to do this my head is too strong.

So I'm writing to you now as I won't get chance tonight, who knows, the nurses might not even notice. Who knows? It could even be R.I.P.

Wednesday 14th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I did what I said yesterday and ended up where you'd expect. Phoned my key nurse this morning asked if she would pick me up, I had no other way of getting back. The Drs wanted me to stay for a few more hours because my pulse was still over 100, they tried standing in my way but I had to leave.

10:00am my key nurse took me home (Barrow.) I agreed that today was the last, full stop.

Come midday I was still imagining things. I've had dinner and tea, dinner was frustrating because my eyes couldn't focus, my hand was shaking so I had a lot of trouble in finding my mouth.

Weighed myself today, just over 7 stone, so in these past 4-5 days I've lost ½ stone, the nurse asked whether that was good or bad said I didn't know.

At the moment I'm just finding it so hard to get through each day, I want to hide from the world.

I can't look to the future and make plans/ambitions, I'm so scared of myself and life, scared of what the future will bring. Living somewhere else, getting a new job, new car, just seems like a fantasy, they don't mean anything, they're just words put on paper.

Thursday 15th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Went to bed early last night, 10:00pm. My key nurse woke me this morning at 9:30am, was still fast asleep.

Not done much today, been in an OK mood although struggled with thoughts of overdosing this afternoon.

Had a chat with the new Dr on the ward under my consultant, seemed quite nice, he asked me if I did anything else besides overdose. Said I cut myself, asked where, wrist and arm, asked when the last time was, said a couple of weeks ago.

It wasn't until after talking to him that I realized I'd forgotten about strangulation and the matches, felt quite pleased, the fact that they had such a small part in my life, I forgot.

There have been times recently when I've thought about strangling myself but that's all it's been, just thoughts with no thoughts to carry it through.

About 3:00pm this afternoon had a bad panic attack, had to breath into a bag. Face, arms and chest was tingling, I have no idea what brought it on. I was just sat doing a puzzle, half watching TV, not thinking about anything when slowly I started feeling panicky.

Told the nurse and had some Diazepam then this major attack took over. I was actually quite scared, had some nurses sat with me and took about 15-20mins to calm down. Just have no idea why it came on.

Friday 16th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Struggled with my emotions today, come 2:00pm 80% of me wanted to overdose again but I approached a nurse and kept myself safe.

Also started having another panic attack this afternoon but again saw a nurse and managed to control it.

I don't know how long I can keep myself safe for, my head still wants to overdose again, it's my heart that doesn't. Been told that if I do it again and if my heart doesn't pack in I will at least have problems with it but it doesn't stop my head from planning to do it again.

I came so close to getting on that bus today, I think the only thing that stopped me was I couldn't get ready and see to the rats in time for the bus. I don't think I want to die but the thought that I might doesn't stop me, it's kinda like, if I die I die if I don't I don't, a pretty flippant attitude.

Saturday 17th August 2002.

Dear Sky. I hate this life so much I can't cope with it for much longer. I know I said/promised that I wouldn't o.d again but I'm even planning to do it tomorrow, I just can't cope with all this shit anymore.

Another panic attack today, weighed myself, back to 7 ½ stone. I want out of this shit life, I want out of all my thoughts and feelings, I want out of all the pressure my thoughts give.

Haven't made my mind up for sure about tomorrow, it's the only thing I can think of to take away all the thoughts in my head. OK they'll only come back but at least for tomorrow they'll be gone.

Originally I started planning to o.d for Friday but why go through a week of shit when I can do it tomorrow.

This whole life business scares me, why do I always have to hurt myself? Why can't I just give up and say "hey, I'm gonna have a great life." Why can't I get on with life? Why do I always feel like I have to punish myself in some way? I wish I could wake up tomorrow and not feel the way I do. Well I could at least for the one day that I o.d, which stops my thoughts.

Sunday 18th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning and got ready to walk into Long Ashton to catch the bus into town. Walked to the bus stop then crossed the road and came back, as soon as I had crossed the road the bus came.

Walked back as fast as I could crying my eyes out, came and sat in the interview room. One nurse came in but I asked to talk to someone else so spent the nest hour talking.

This time my heart over ruled my head. My head was telling me I wanted to die, that I'd had enough but my heart felt that wasn't right.

Felt bad asking other nurse if I could talk to someone else but I needed to talk to someone who knew me.

Spent about 1 ½ hours talking to a nurse last night as well as I was really upset. We talked about Tuesday, how I couldn't remember a nurse coming with me and "Being rushed to the hospital at 70mph with the blue lights flashing"
How I couldn't remember leaving here, arriving, have one very brief memory of first being in the ambulance, can't remember changing into their gowns.

Told the nurse what I wanted to do today, was really upset, struggled to sleep last night, then woke early.

Since yesterday I have pretty much wanted to o.d with the thought of dieing. Told a nurse who said that the Nytol wouldn't kill me, just make me a vegetable but who knows!

Had a chat with another nurse this afternoon, just generally talked/laughed, talked about work and school, how mischievous I used to be, all the stuff I'd done. It was nice talking to her, just having a girlie chat, been in a better mood since. I like talking to her, just spending time with her.

Feel like I want to make a complete break away from Carl and the house. Want to get everything out of the house. Feel like whilst everything's still there I'm sending the message to Carl that I still might come back, also feel that I need to talk to him about the house.

Tuesday 20th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Don't know what happened to yesterday. Went into town and Cribs at 11:00am, brought 4 boxes of Nytol but only took 1. Caught the 2:25pm bus back but because I'd only taken 16 my brain hadn't switched off so I was aware of what I'd done.

Started panicking. Remember being led on my bed still panicking with my eyes closed, remember everything going white then next thing I know this paramedic is pinching the hell out of my finger and I've got this line in my hand and an oxygen mask on.

A student had to escort me to the B.R.I, I refused to stay and have treatment so caught the taxi back with him.

Whilst taking the Nytol I opened the second pack and started to take the tablets out when I just looked at what I was going and thought fuck. I then fought so hard with myself before suddenly just getting up and chucking everything.

Panicked because I knew what was going on, didn't want to go to the B.R.I and as far as I was concerned didn't need to. If I'd been out of it I would have stayed but whilst in the ambulance I became completely with it, like always when I go to the B.R.I as soon as I'm with it I start to panic.

Been struggling with everything today, so surprise, I didn't get much Sleep last night haven't done for about a week.

I feel very scared, confused and upset about overdosing, not eating, not sleeping, panic attacks and my general low mood.

Eating and drinking is becoming an issue again, although so far I have managed to maintain my weight at 7 ½ feeling so crap and panicky inside is horrid.

I'm almost constantly fighting to breathe properly, at times its worst than others, at times I can approach a nurse before it gets bad and stop it but others I need someone else to calm me down.

Get upset hat I can't get on with my life, everyone has bad experiences and low times but carry on and get over it, why can't I do the same?

Had a chat with my key nurse this afternoon she said how she's pushing to find accommodation for me, that I need to get out of here soon cause it's not dong me any good.

Completely terrified, scared I won't cope, I mean I haven't been able to cope with life so far, nothing and no where's done me any good which is why I was admitted? My life just doesn't make sense and I don't think it ever will.

Thursday 22nd August 2002.

Dear Sky. Done practically nothing today and the strange thing is I haven't felt bored.

Got told that my key nurse won't be able to see me now until the 3rd, complete panic, how am I going to cope?

I've got all these benefit and housing forms to fill in, I've got this interview next week, I feel like I've got no guidance.

Eating and drinking's becoming a major problem again, didn't have anything yesterday and only a jacket potato today.

At the moment I try to drink as little as possible, 1 drink per day max cause my body weights low and I am dehydrated as soon as I have a drink my stomach grows to 3 times the size and I become fat.

The sandwiches I used to have and enjoy now are less enjoyable, they taste dry and weird because I'm dehydrated.

It's really hard to explain, I know what not eating or drinking will do, I've been there but it's like as far as food is concerned all my rational thinking has gone. It's like I've trapped myself into this way of thinking without realizing and although I know what this way of thinking does it doesn't matter. It's like this is the way I'm going to think at the moment end of story. Am I making sense? I don't feel like I am.

Care plan updated 16th July 2002.

Need; Guidance in dealing with her "coping strategies" these presently are damaging to her and present as very high risk behaviors with regards to self harm but low risk with regards to suicide.

These behaviors are often self strangulation, encouraging dysfunctional relationships, superficial cutting of self, isolation and not eating or drinking.

At other times she may take herself off the ward or grounds, sometimes threatening to harm herself (she has always returned to the ward without serious injury)

Goal; that within three months, she is able to state that, she has alternative coping strategies to manage the pressures and decisions apparent in her life. These "coping techniques" will be non-destructive to her mental and physical states.

Interventions to achieve this goal;

1. Self strangulation behavior escalates during high levels of observations- due to this level 1 observation should not be used at any time.

2. Nurse in charge of each shift to be aware of the need not to use level 1 observations, but if unavoidable, lesser levels could be used if nurse in charge deems it necessary.

3. Should she request PRN medication, this should be given, as she often does not request PRN medication.

4. She has in the past approached staff during her self harm episodes, when she feels it's going beyond her control- this she has started she will try to do again.

5. Should she cut or try to strangle herself during the day she is to be asked to then spend the following hour in communal areas. If at night then she can return to her room to use her music as a coping strategy (identified as very useful by herself).

6. Allocated nurse to spend 20-30 minutes per shift with her allowing her to talk on an informal level but not to be involved in any "disclosure", talking through any self harm behaviors, Carl or her family. Where possible this time should be spent off the ward e.g. in Barrow grounds or in the coffee shop.

7. Key worker to liaise with psychology, occupational therapy and dietician.

8. Key worker to spend three 30-45 minute sessions per week with her using D.B.T based techniques. E.g. mindfulness, wise mind, interpersonal

relationships and emotions. In these sessions the key worker will also assist her in identifying her assets, deficits and positive coping strategies.

9. She will fill in a daily diary and an ABC chart. (Antecedent-behavior-consequence)

10. She can have her rats on the site but not on the ward due to health and safety issues. Spending time with her rats is not to be altered due to her displaying negative behaviors.

11. She is to see psychologist twice a week as per their care plan.

12. Staff are not to cuddle her at any time.

13. Staff are not to search her or her room unless they have absolute suspicion that she has non-prescribed medication (with authorization from nurse in charge only).

14. Associate worker to spend two 30 minute sessions with her per week. These times are to be used to offer her support and look into any life skills issues, such as finances, work and/or education.

15. If she takes an overdose/or is believed to have taken an overdose. Check with Cardiff Poisons Unit, contact Duty Medical Officer, treat accordingly and act with guidance from D.M.O, 999 to be called if her observations are of concern or if requested by D.M.O.

16. If she cuts herself. Nurse in charge to assess wound, treat accordingly or contact D.M.O, dependant on severity.

17. Staff to give her special diets each mealtime and ensure she also has fluids available to her. Staff are not to ask/encourage her to eat or dink, just ensure she has the provisions to take on board an adequate diet.

18. Should she not take adequate fluids on board the day before her outing to the farm on Tuesday of each week, she is not to visit the establishment. This is due to the possibility of her collapsing due to dehydration as the work is outside in possible hot sunshine.

19. If she takes herself off the ward or grounds, she is not to be searched for as she has stated that she will make her way back to the ward without serious injury to herself.

ME

I starve myself, I don't know why,
I let my mouth go sore and dry.
I overdose to loose my mind,
The sense of this is hard to find.

I strangle myself with thread real tight,
I wish I would die over the night.

I attack myself and feel no pain,
Some people might say I am insane.

I hate myself, you ugly cow,
I wish I would disappear somehow.
I think life is a big nasty mess,
This is me, more or less.



Friday 23rd August 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's not been too bad, spent all day doing a Winnie the Pooh cross stitch for a patient I said to give me £25 for it, she said she'll give me £50 so we'll see. Also sold my other Winnie the Pooh ones yesterday, £25 for the pair, I wasn't particularly fond of them so that was good.

Gone major red on my arms and especially shoulders today, that's what you get for sitting in the sun from 9:00am-5:00pm! Filled out the form from a supported housing agency last night with a nurse, really worried about this housing stuff.

Decided to wear my size 6 trousers today, cheered me up a bit cause they're too big, still need to loose a little more weight though, just under 7 stone would be nice so another ½ stone to loose.

Only had a jacket potato for dinner so I've done quite well. Still thinking of overdosing, got plans for next weekend, can't help thinking that it's helping my weight stay down, done something to my metabolism rate.

Still really want to move all my stuff out of "my house" but I need the help of the staff, need transport to buy suitcases and then getting them to and from the house.

Saturday 24th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Don't know what to say about today. Met Katherine in town this morning but before I met her I brought 48 Nytol and planning on taking them once I've finished writing.

Nothing to eat or drink again today which at the moment is giving me a buzz. Having the will power and determination to say no, stomachs disappeared, completely flat, thighs sticking out, ribs showing and wearing size 6 trousers again, it's making me feel good about myself.

Also brought some suitcases today so I'm ready to move my stuff, its just finding the nurses to help me with transport.

So what do I want out of tonight? Attention? No, I'm hoping I will go unnoticed by the nurses, so then why? To loose a bit more weight and go a little crazy, to stick two fingers up to life for a few hours and not let it get to me.

Sunday 25th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Come 8:00pm last night I took them, can't remember how many, between 25-32, still had one box left. I have no idea at what time or leaving, arriving etc but I was taken to the B.R.I and came back about 8:00am this morning.

Not done anything today, no will power or energy. Haven't had anything to eat or drink since Friday dinner time.

Weighed myself this afternoon, 7 stone. Cheered me up a bit, I can put a front on when I stop eating or drinking. I handed in the extra box of Nytol to a nurse when I got back; right now I want yesterday to be my last.

Monday 26th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Fell asleep on the sofa at 9:00pm yesterday, 11:30pm I was woken, had my meds then went straight back to bed, woke up this morning at 11:30am.

Been doing the cross stitch all day, nothing to eat or drink, now 3 ½ days. Physically I feel drained, got no energy or the enthusiasm to do anything. I am so thirsty it's unbelievable and would love to eat or drink but seeing that needle on the scales go lower and lower gives me a sense of achievement like a safety net.

I think I've realized that I can't o.d anymore that it has to stop. 4-5 days ago I noticed a change in my mood, on the whole it was better, and I think it scared me a bit and without realizing it at the time I probably stopped eating and drinking to change that good mood.

Although the scales say I've lost over ½ stone within 5 days I don't feel like I have.

Now I've brought the suitcases at last I've now lost the enthusiasm to get them packed, it's too much effort at the moment. All I can think about at the moment is making sure my weight is less when I next stand on those scales.

Tuesday 27th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Last night was totally horrible. Fell asleep on the sofa again at 9:00pm, a nurse woke me at 10:30pm, only took Zopiclone, went to bed but come 11:30pm still couldn't settle.

Went down for Diazepam then fell straight asleep. About 1:00am the fire alarm went off, I could hear it going but was so asleep I couldn't wake up.

Next thing I know a nurse is pulling me out of bed saying there was a fire. Went to follow him out but panicked. All I could see was smoke.

The laundry container had been set alight again. The smoke was so thick; I could hear someone putting it out but couldn't see them. After encouragement I followed the nurse out the male end, couldn't pass the fire down the female end.

Came outside and just cried in a patients arms. I was aware that someone else had her hand on my shoulder saying that "this is a joke." I couldn't cope with being around her so we went and sat a little way off.

Couldn't sleep upstairs so I had to sleep in room 2 and my room was locked. Come 3:00am I still couldn't sleep, just kept thinking of the fire and had to have some more Diazepam which settled me.

My room has stayed locked all day and I've been too scared of something else happening for it to be unlocked.

Upstairs still stinks of smoke and I'm terrified to go to sleep tonight. I can't help but think the fire was aimed at me, this is 3 times now, not aimed to hurt me but for the finger to be pointed at me like last time.

These past few weeks I've been waiting for something to happen but put it in the back of my mind telling myself not to be stupid but now a patients leaving I am truly scared.

Can't help but think that it's her revenge for that argument we had a few weeks ago. When she first left I can remember her threatening to do another patient over cause she didn't get on with her, I can't help but think that now she's leaving she's doing the same to me.

Don't know what I'm going to do tonight, just being upstairs scared me enough.

Another day without food or drink, now 4 ½ days. Saw my consultant today and he more or less told me that there's nothing wrong with me and that I'm faking everything to stay in hospital. If I was that set on staying here I wouldn't have filled in and sent that form off for housing. Yes there is part of me that wants to stay but there is also a tiny bit that's starting to want to get out.

Wednesday 28th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Weighed myself again last night, 7 stone, had a yogurt and drink last night, totally regretted the drink. Nothing to eat today but I drank. So in 5 ½ days we have a grand total of 1 yogurt and 2 drinks.

Been feeling completely crap physically today, constant headache plus dizzy spells when I first stand up.

Went into town for an hour this morning, no Nytol! Apart from that been doing this cross stitch all day.

A patient's just been discharged, can't say I'm sorry to see her go, now feel safer, apparently it was her purse that was stolen, she was implying to other patients that it was me so obviously that increases my suspicions about the fire.

Spoke to a nurse last night about a lot of stuff. I told her about my thoughts of meeting Carl but didn't know if I could do it, to discuss the house.

She said about writing a letter, seriously considering it. Also talked about the possibility of getting all my stuff tomorrow whilst I'm out with the interview for housing so I'll see what happens tomorrow before writing, Carl might be there which will make things awkward.

Don't know how long this not eating business is going to stay around, it's really strange cause at the moment if you put your hand on my stomach you can feel it pulsating, quite a weird experience. So I've got a lot on tomorrow, take all my energy but it'll be good to get it all over and done with.

Thursday 29th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Had stuff to eat and drink last night and totally regretted it, feel like a pig. Today's been crap.

Had a phone call from Gaby this morning, crying, she's going through a real bad patch, so pleased that she phoned me though, just been on the phone to her again.

Just come back from the housing interview, feel like crying my eyes out, going over all the personal stuff with them, had to go on my own which first upset me- thanks for the support.

Don't think I'll end up in their houses, A; can't take the rats, B; have to take responsibility for my self harm which with the overdoses I can't say that I would be able to.

After spending a week of reassuring myself that it would be OK, I'd have someone with me I just feel abandoned.

Feel like saying well piss of and not do anything to help myself get somewhere to stay, let them do all the work if that's all the support I get.

Katherine's taking me home to pack later. ½ feel up to it, it's another stress and I just want to cry and talk but at the same time I want to get it over and done with so then I don't have to worry about it.

Had quite a nice chat with a nurse last night, between 7-8pm is when I usually chat with a nurse, talked about a load of stuff but one thing that stood out was that he said that cause I had been into town he was expecting me to have overdoses and for the first time I agreed that it was good that I hadn't, that I felt good for not doing so.

In the past I've always felt bad, that I've let myself down by not overdosing. I think that me not eating or drinking has a huge role in that thought.

I'm already doing negative stuff so it's OK not to do anything else; usually just the one negative action is enough. Feel like I just want to cry into someone's arms but of course there's no one.

Friday 30th August 2002.

Dear Sky. Got almost everything from the house last night, didn't realize how much stuff I had.

Went into town for an hour this morning, was going to go to the Mall but whilst waiting for the bus I changed my mind, didn't but any Nytol again!

Been up in my room the rest of the day doing cross stitch, don't plan on sleeping tonight.

Was seen by the dietician today, she weighed me, 7 stone, said I needed to start eating and drinking, had a little to drink but that's it.

I am actually scared to eat and drink, scared of putting on weight. Since last Friday, 7 days, I've had; Friday lunch- Jacket potato, Saturday- nil, Sunday- nil, Monday- nil, Tuesday evening- yogurt and 1 drink, Wednesday evening- bag of food and 1 drink, Thursday- nil, Friday- 1 drink.

And I still want to loose more weight, can't eat cause I'll put it on so I have to loose it. Impossible to eat and stay the same weight.

Been texting Gaby again today, she cut up real bad last night and threatened to kill herself because she's not getting any support. Quite surprisingly I've managed to detach myself emotionally from her so all this negative stuff she's been saying hasn't effected me atoll, just told her I'm here for her.

Keep remembering what my consultant said the morning after we ran off

"It'll be a hard time for Gaby but she'll get through it."
Just remembering that and not being there physically is enough for me to be able to listen to what she has to say and not let it get to me.

It sounds really stupid but the thought of eating today really did scare me. The dietician got me the grapes and drink at lunch and I actually felt scared. Asked a nurse to put it back, she took the grapes but not the drink, which I've had about ¼ of today.

Determined not to have anything atoll over the weekend. It puts me in a false sense of "happiness" and to a degree stops me from doing anything else. The thoughts of cutting myself have come back today but I've managed to keep it at just thoughts.

Saturday 31st August 2002.

Dear Sky. Didn't sleep atoll well again last night, feel like crying my eyes out or cutting my wrists, nearly impossible to do both at the same time.

Spent this morning going through all my stuff, chucked a load of crap away. Jane phoned this afternoon asking if I wanted to go to Cadbury Garden Center with Katherine, one of my cousins and herself, so that's where my afternoon went.

Katherine brought 2 mice and I came close to buying another rat. Went to a shop next door, went to leave and Katherine's car wouldn't start so we had to wait for and hour for the RAC.

Looking at the mice, one looked quite fat, said it looked pregnant so whilst waiting we took it back, the staff agreed so got another one.

Nothing to eat or drink again today, at the moment I feel really low in mood. When I got back Thursday I found a penknife among my stuff. That was when cutting myself went through my mind, been fighting it since.

It's now been a week since I last took an overdose, don't know how I feel about it, I'm starting to want to do it again.

Gaby is a bit better today, as far as I know she hasn't done anything today or last night.

Oh, I did go to sleep last night, the evenings are so bad with negative feelings going to sleep is a relief but I toss and turn and wake so early, around 5:00am.

Like most evenings I just feel really negative, like harming myself. Don't feel that I should bother anyone, there's a few new patients at the moment and a few on levels and one to one and being short staffed the last thing they need is to be spending time with someone they think doesn't need to be here.

Sunday 1st September 2002.

Dear Sky. Last night was horrible, during the evening I felt so much anger inside me, went to cut my wrists but the pen knife wasn't sharp enough, tried watching telly, went for a walk but I couldn't shake the frustration I was feeling so I ended up punching the wall again which did the job.

Stopped crying, stopped the feelings and I sat down and watched TV. My hands bruised, struggled to do the cross stitch today and can only just grip the pen.

Surprise, I slept badly again, woke up and found a drink on top the drawers which I've had throughout today but nothing to eat since Wednesday.

A member of staff from work came in today with her husband, it was really nice to see her. Caught up on all the gossip from work, she and another both left last week, apparently the place is a shit hole and they were being treated like dirt.

What was also nice was hearing someone agree that I shouldn't have married Carl, nice to hear someone say "good" when I said we weren't together instead of saying how I should try and work it out.

Being out with Katherine, whilst waiting for the RAC brought back a few old feelings. Felt intimidated and that I was being bullied, brought back feelings I felt when we were young.

She wanted her bonnet up, I released it but she couldn't find the latch, I went to help, got out and walked around, she then changed her mind, grabbed my arm tightly and started shouting at me not to bother, in the middle of a car park, upset me quite a bit.

When I was first admitted I wanted to go back to my parents house but going by things that Katherine's said "home" sounds like hell.

She's had Mum and Dad argue over who would cook her tea, Dad telling Mum she was going to let her starve cause Katherine said she'd do it in a few minutes.

Friday Mum and Katherine argued and Katherine drove off for 3 hours. All my sisters seem to do is argue, all 3 of them. Just seems that my Dad has turned into more of a control freak than ever, they've had one daughter go bad, and they don't want it to happen to the others.

Monday 2nd September 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent all day in my room today, finishing off the cross stitches. Not had anything to eat or drink, a nurse brought a drink up last night, said I didn't want it but she left it anyway, poured it down the sink before I was tempted to have any.

The dietician came and saw me again, said how the nurses were starting to get worried, we talked a bit, talked about how my energy levels are low, I don't have the energy to do anything and whenever I stand up I nearly black out, it's no fun being like this but I don't have the will power to change it.

Had a bath this morning, won't be doing that again for a while, showers only, it hurt to lay in the bath.

Didn't sleep atoll well again last night and again woke up really early. All I feel like doing at the moment is shutting myself away and be left in my own little world.

Been lovely weather today and I haven't even been able to open my window, tried several times this morning but ended up spending over an hour killing 3 wasps one after the other as there's a nest outside.

These size 6 trousers that I brought last week, I now don't need to undo them to take them off, and they're not elasticity or stretchy material.

Tuesday 3rd September 2002.

Dear Sky. Had an absolute crap night last night, so my sleepers are being doubled. I went to bed at 10:30pm, woke at 12:00am, 3:00am then 6:00am.

Crap day today, been very tearful, nothing to eat or drink again, weighed myself this afternoon, 6.11 stone. Spent this afternoon downstairs, basically started to get bored

of my own company. Nothing to eat or drink since Wednesday evening and my body is craving so badly.

Spoke to my key nurse this morning; shared housing is out cause of the rats so going to look into private accommodation with other support outside.

Part of me is starting to want to eat and drink but most of me is worried about my weight.

Hopefully I'll sleep well tonight especially if I can last till midnight, after about 2 weeks it'll be nice to have a decent sleep because I've been feeling so crap today and lack of sleep hasn't helped.

Wednesday 4th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Well after having 15mg of Zopiclone and 10mg of Diazepam at midnight last night I slept straight through until 8:30am this morning.

Had a bad day, spent most of it half asleep, at the stage now that when I get up from lying or sitting down after a few steps I black out for a few seconds and have to support myself against something.

Now been a week without any intake, feel that all the nurses hate me for it, starting to get frustrated, they don't seem to understand.

Got rid of some more stuff this afternoon, been getting rid of my past, time to move on and not have reminders like school work and letters from Carl's mission.

Thursday 5th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Went to bed at 10:30pm with 15mg of Zopiclone, struggled to get off but slept until 7:00am when I could have killed the nurse for waking me.

I was beginning to get frustrated because my eyes were really heavy but I just couldn't sleep, told myself to relax, that it didn't matter if I didn't sleep anyway, just relax and listen to the music, I must have fallen asleep shortly after because it's the last thing I remember thinking.

Carl texted me this morning and he's coming in a minute to discuss the house, was my idea for him to come, hopefully we'll be able to discuss things like sensible adults.

Well I broke the 7 day strike at dinner and tea time, feel totally awful for doing so, had grapes, sandwich and drink for dinner and pudding for tea, hate myself for eating and drinking so much, feel so fat, it was a real fight, was in tears before eating, think they're taking bloods tomorrow to check if I've done any damage, going to be a waste of time.

The staff had a "professionals meeting" today, my key nurse is going to help sort out private accommodation, continue here as a day patient, still see the dietician, psychologist and my consultant. So although I'll be living on my own I'll have intense support.

Been feeling really week today, my legs only just managed a walk to the corner with a nurse, sat and chatted, when we got up she had to hold on to me otherwise I probably would have fallen.

Feel like I've put on so much weight and now that I've ate I won't be able to stop. In some ways I regret drinking more than I do eating, cause my weight is so low when I

drink my stomach grows double its size, everything tasted horrid at first, kind of acidy and sore on my throat especially the peach water, which really hurt.

I just hate looking down and seeing a bulging stomach instead of a concave one, makes a big difference in my mood.

Friday 6th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Meeting with Carl went well last night; we decided to sell the house. Talked about it for about ½ hour, I showed no emotions and the conversation was kept to the house. Carl's going to be dealing with it, asked him if he wanted me to as I have more time but he said he would.

Slept OK last night, back to my normal dose of 7.5mg of Zopiclone and 10mg of Diazepam, went up at 11:00pm, slept through till about 7:00am.

Decided to go into town this afternoon, wanted a few bits and pieces but mainly just to get out, and was absolutely shit.

Wondered around feeling physically and mentally crap looking at everyone, male and female and wishing I was as thin as them which also made me want to buy laxatives, hated myself more and more, envying everyone else's figure.

Only ended up buying a bag for my music then as I was feeling so crap and unsafe I went and waited for the bus for ½ hour trying not to cry but with tears in my eyes. Came back and talked it through with a nurse, I was very upset about the whole experience. I get like that when I don't feel confident about myself.

Haven't had anything today, spent 2 hours platting another patients hair last night, and he gave me an unexpected £10 this morning.

Saturday 7th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Slept well last night which is about the only positive thing I can say today. Spent all day doing cross stitch whilst watching TV, nothing to eat or drink again which takes us back up to 2 days.

I feel so crap and low, I hate myself so much, I hate myself for not eating, I hate myself when I do eat, I can't win. It feels so wrong to eat, that I shouldn't, that I don't need it.

It's been 2 weeks today since I've taken an o.d, it feels like it's been forever but it's been since that time that I've virtually had nothing to eat or drink but it's also been since then that I've felt more positive about being discharged.

I'm just putting all this effort and willpower into not eating and drinking and believe me it takes a lot but part of me thinks why? Why put all this effort into hurting myself? Why can't I just give up and say it's OK to eat and drink.

Why do I feel so bad about eating? I feel that when I do eat or drink that I'm being stupid. That it's a silly thing to do, I feel like saying yes when asked or asking is stupid, feel intimidated by allowing myself to eat. I can't make sense of it all.

Sunday 8th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Was really tearful last night, had Rascal drying my tears, I wanted to die last night; I can't cope with this eating stuff. Had a sandwich, yogurt and drink for dinner, struggled to allow myself to eat it.

Slept very badly last night, I think mainly to being cold, tossed and turned all night and woke at 6:00am, been doing cross stitch again.

I feel that I need to have a real good cry in someone's arms but there's no one, I have to keep everything in and deal with my feelings alone.

Last night and this morning I felt like screaming frustration and confusion over what's going on at the moment, why do I have this issue over eating.

Also feel that I need to know if I've been diagnosed with anything. An explanation as to why I hate myself so much, not an excuse, just for piece of mind, I feel so muddled and confused at the moment and I don't know why.

I feel like everyone is keeping so much from me, what they think about me. It's making me come to my own decisions not knowing. I feel that everyone thinks I'm a waste of time, that I'm hiding out here and basically I'm a stupid little girl that they hate and needs to grow up.

I know that now is the right time to start looking at a future out of hospital, I know that any self harm I do wont keep me here. Although I feel that I want to move on and am co operating with plans for discharge I hope it won't be for a few more months yet.

THE LOCK WITHOUT A KEY

Let me tell you a story,
One that comes from the heart.
Listen as I tell the tale,
Of the lock without a key.

The lock started its life,
When a tiny spark was lit.
Because the lock is so clever,
It grew and then clasped shut.
I challenge you to open the lock,
Go on, give a little tug.
Pull on it as hard as you can,
Mot even fire will make it melt.
The lock is far too clever,
It is invisible for you to see.
That is why it can't be destroyed,
It lives deep inside my heart.
Being inside makes my pain hide,
Hide from those all around.

The only thing it'll let you see,
Are the effects my hurt will bring.
Often my feelings turn to actions,
The lock only controls what's inside.
But the one thing I ask you to remember,
This is the lock without a key.



Monday 9th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a really bad evening yesterday, ended up cutting my wrist again, literally cutting away at my skin with scissors. Why? To stop myself from crying, I didn't want to cry yesterday because there was no one to talk to. You can't feel emotional pain when you self harm, it gets blocked out.

Didn't sleep till 3:00am, I ended up crying my eyes out to a nurse and felt better after I'd shown her what I'd done and talked about how confused I am.

Been shopping today, mostly craft stuff, ate at tea time and again regret it. I am so confused at the moment and it's a horrible feeling, confused about my feelings, I wish I knew all the answers.

I guess not eating and hurting myself is my way of pleading for help. Trying to put across that I can't cope with the way things are, that I can't go through this not eating stuff alone, it's too big an issue for me to deal with by myself.

Tuesday 10th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Not a bad day today. Went to O.T this morning! Played a bit of pool and table tennis, the guys were surprised that I wasn't too bad a player for both, also had to do some cooking though, my consultant wanted to know if I could so I made cheese on toast for the others, how pathetic!

Saw my psychologist this afternoon and had quite a good chat, I asked him about a diagnosis. His opinion was anorexia and a detachment disorder; don't need to explain the first but the second?

He talked about how I find new situations difficult, dwell over them; he was basing the disorder on my marriage saying how it was a mistake that I couldn't adjust to it and the trauma of breaking away from a controlling family.

Also talked about that I feel I want to talk in depth about my past, piece my life together, I guess I feel there's parts missing, I want to move on, think of the future and forget my past but I also want to talk in depth about my past, have done for ages.

Like I said, I feel something's not right, I need to know how I got to be the person I am, without that it's as if I have no purpose, make sense?

Had a good chat with a nurse last night, we went into my past and feelings; I guess that's what I want to do, more of last night.

Had a mirror put inside my cupboard today, full length, all cupboards are supposed to have one but for some reason mine hadn't and I love that mirror! All the other mirrors in the hospital are crap and only half length, I looked in this mirror and I actually felt OK with my figure but it's put in my head that it would be better to be thinner!

I had a yogurt, pudding and drink for dinner, the want to buy laxatives is really strong at the moment, I tell myself I'll only be taking a few too many a day, not like before-40, but deep down and from experience I know that wouldn't happen, it might for a few days and then I'll loose control and end up taking huge amounts.

Overdosing is a nasty experience whatever you take. Not necessary the effects, just taking them is a bad enough and a hard experience, it's not easy swallowing 40+ tablets of any kind.

Going back to this talking about my past, last night I feel was a good way of going about it. The nurse asked so many questions and questioned everything I said. It made me think made me question stuff. She asked one important question. "Do you think all your bad feelings about yourself started before you were 14-15?" to which my answer was yes.

Wednesday 11th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent most of the day shopping, nothing much. A year today since the attacks on America. 1:30pm was the 1 minute silence, I was in the Galleries and for that minute it stood still.

Had some tea today, really fighting that at the moment, my heads saying refuse it but my bodies got other plans.

Had my bloods finally taken today, asked my Dr if he'd discuss the results with me when they came back. Before I came in I'd never had blood taken and hated things like that, now I'm so used to it I hardly felt it today, although I can't look.

Thursday 12th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Had quite a good day today, spoke to my key nurse this morning, and talked about a load of stuff. Talked about what my psychologist had said, she didn't agree with his diagnosis, knew she wouldn't, said I suffer from a self harm disorder then called it something, and can't remember what, sounded complicated.

Said about how my feelings and thoughts get muddled, find it hard to express myself, how there's a little girl inside that's been hurt. I'll ask for the name again and try to remember, it sounded a lot more like me than what my psychologist said.

Again my key nurse was keen to point out that I'm not ill, I don't have an illness but a disorder. Talked about when I'm discharged the work we do will be very different, that we will go into my past but at the moment things need to stay inside.
My appetite is starting to come back, had pudding for dinner and tea, also asked my associate key nurse to take me to Long Ashton, and got a few sweets and stuff.

Played Badminton with another patient this afternoon, enjoyed that, I enjoy playing sport with him.

Also……texted Mum this afternoon just said I was doing good and thinking of them, she replied saying thank you.

I slept so well last night, in my new bedding-quilt I brought, went up just before 11:00pm, didn't wake properly until 9:00am, in and out of sleep from 6:30am but didn't hear the 7:30am check, my associate key nurse said she came in, saw me looking as snug as a bug and didn't have the heart to wake me.

Friday 13th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Slept well again last night. Carl phoned me at 8:00am about the house, we're re-mortgaging it and he's buying me out for about £13.000 which I should get within a month, could I ask for a better start to the day?

Went to O.T this afternoon, beat a patient at table tennis, he used to play pro, also used the piano.

Not had anything to eat or drink yet today, been allocated to the same nurse all day and she doesn't approach me at meal times.

Saturday 14th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Today has been completely crap. Woke up with a really bad headache, went for a walk to try and clear it which didn't work. It was so bad I had to take some pain killers then spent the rest of the morning asleep.

Came down about 2:15pm, started getting a bit upset, one thing led to another and I cut my wrist to pieces, told a nurse and through her pushing me we pieced together why I cut myself.

The nurse I was allocated to yesterday meant I was ignored, I wanted some pudding for tea yesterday, it was one of my favorites but no one asked me. Spoke to another nurse in the evening and had my food; sandwiches, grapes, crisps, 2 yogurts and drink. Felt really bad afterwards, knew I would, felt guilty and angry and upset for eating so much so after a good day I went to bed feeling crap.

Told myself I was going into Long Ashton to buy Laxatives, woke up with this headache real bad which made me tearful also. Come the afternoon I started to feel a bit better, I'd missed the lunch checks, must have been asleep and I was hungry but didn't feel right asking the nurses. This made me tearful then seeing my name under that nurse just made everything worse.

Because of this I felt I couldn't talk to anyone so I put the blade to my wrist over and over again, it was that or Laxatives. Whilst I was doing it all my feelings were blocked, no pain, no feelings, I just kept doing it again and again until I realized I couldn't keep doing it which is when I realized I'd gone far enough and approached a nurse and had a fucking good cry afterwards.

I have nothing against the nurse I was allocated to as a person, I don't dislike her, I just cant talk to her and she know that but because I was allocated to her I felt I had to approach her not the others and not being able to talk to her meant I didn't talk until I was desperate.

Whilst I was led in bed last night the memory came back of that night on the sofa on my old ward. Sat there hugging my knees, hands on arms, fingers started digging into

my right arm, then pinching it. I wanted to get rid of the skin, I kept pinching and pulling, had to pierce it but my nails weren't sharp enough, sharp enough to pierce but not remove. Then I found myself biting, after a few attempts I succeeded, I'd bit of a part of my skin, success, I was happy.

Same feelings as last Monday when I cut parts of my skin away and the same feelings when I saw the blood today but those feelings don't last long atoll.

It may sound stupid but in my eyes on days like today speaking to a nurse before I act is attention seeking more than the other way around like most people see it. I've now got to make the decision as to whether I'm going to hand the knife in or not. My minds split right down the middle on this one, how can 2 days be so completely different?

Sunday 15th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Mixture of emotions today. Went to bed and woke up feeling crap. I gave the knife to a nurse last night, if I hadn't I would have done it again this morning, my wrist is a right mess, was really upset this morning, spoke to my associate key nurse and felt better afterwards.

Mum dropped Katherine and Jane in today, Jane wanted to see me, they texted me to check if it was OK. Also Mum wanted to come in, that threw my emotions everywhere, and I didn't know what to do. I don't feel ready to see Mum but I didn't wasn't to say no.

Grabbed a nurse and talked and cried it over with her, Mum stayed in the car. Just got some chips from the chip shop with a nurse, feel OK about it.

Had this bad headache again today which dampens my mood anyway, makes me tearful. Been doing cross stitch all day, it really does help to calm me down but I have to be relatively settled to get it out and start but once I've started it relaxes me and makes time go really quick.

Monday 16th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up really early today with this nasty headache, about 5:30am, had a crap morning waiting to see the Dr cause I've had this headache all weekend which isn't like me atoll. Finally saw her midday, she checked me out and took bloods to test for dehydration, wrote me up for Paracetamol, which I'll never take and Ibufraine which I took and felt much better since.

1:30-3:00pm went and used the piano, been dong cross stitch and watching Pearl Harbor since. Ignored both meal times which means I'm going to go to bed feeling crap cause I'll eat everything tonight and feel bloated, just like last night. I'm really struggling with the Laxative thoughts; thinking about doing it the following day, every night.

Tuesday 17th September 2002.

Dear Sky. First woke at 5:30am this morning but didn't get up till 8:00am, texted Carl to ask about a date for the money, texted me back saying the 15th October. Woke up with a bit of a headache bout not much, went down and did cross stitch then the letter

came about the annulment. Basically said I didn't have any grounds as to why I couldn't wait for a divorce and my application had been turned down.

There and then I decided I was going into town for Nytol to take tonight, I was absolutely devastated, I though all that crap was behind me. I can't have it carrying on, I need it in the past, now feel like there is no hope again.

Went to O.T to distract myself, saw my key nurse at 2:45pm. Walked into Long Ashton, caught the bus at 4:00pm, brought 4 boxes/60 tablets of Nytol and caught the 5:30pm bus back.

Haven't decided how may I'm going to take or when, probably around 9:00pm-handover, don't want the nurses to find me, going to take them and go straight to bed. Haven't taken any for 3 ½ weeks so they won't be expecting it, my way of saying fuck you!

I can't cope with the idea of being officially married to Carl for over another year. I'd put the marriage behind me, I though it was in the past, now it's all got to be brought back up again. What do they mean I don't have grounds for an annulment!? Don't they realize what it's doing to me? Does anyone understand what I went through? And now to be told that I went through all that shit and I don't have grounds for an annulment is crap.

And I'm going to show them, show them what being married is fucking doing to me. Who cares that I've gone 3 ½ weeks, this is fucking shit, shit that I can't deal with. Guess it's my own fault, shouldn't have thought that it was all over, should have known I was just getting my hopes up, nothing goes the way it should with me, guarantee I won't get that money, bet Carl gets the re-mortgage turned down. Life is shit, end of.

Wednesday 18th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I took 32 Nytol at 9:00pm and stayed in bed, had a real crap sleep, that is assuming I slept, I kept looking at the time, sometimes it was only a gap of 10mis other 1 hour or so. I didn't tell anyone until I was having a chat today.

It's now 7:00pm and I still feel physically crap, seeing patterns and shapes move on larger items, managed to keep my sentences together, just. My eyes are refusing to focus, can't focus on the TV and I'm really struggling to look at this writing without it blurring together and going 3D.

At least I should sleep tonight, still getting problems with this headache; I think it might be a strain more than anything.

This o.d had been building up for this past month; this letter just tipped me over. A future was just starting to sound like it could work then this letter gets thrown my way and now I also think I won't be getting any money.

Two main important hurdles I thought were over now I've gone back to why? What's the point? Will I have finally learnt now that the future can only bring trouble?

The idea of being discharged sounds OK but doing it is another matter. I nurses ask me if I'll ever feel ready, this is true but something I've thought and not told anyone. Something inside is saying hang on, hang on till Christmas and the New Year then I'll be ready.

At the moment it's what I believe but whether I'll feel the same way come that time, you know, get this money behind me, and get the relationship legally closed. The big wide world is going to be bad enough without having to deal with these two major

issues on top. Officially finishing our marriage, getting my share of the house and trying to find a flat is too much to deal with all at once.

My hand eye co-ordination is absolutely crap at the moment, totally out of sync.

Friday 20th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Felt absolutely crap today. Went shopping this morning mainly for something to do, bumped into Gaby and chatted for a bit.

Came back and chatted to a nurse, told him how crap I was feeling about my life, also told him about the other 32 Nytol I still have but didn't hand them over.

Went over to O.T and played pool this afternoon, still felt really crap.

Talked to another nurse and told her that I felt so unsafe, handed the Nytol over, I'd got to the point that if I hadn't talked I would have acted, either Nytol or scissors, cried my eyes out.

Still can't shift this headache, now been a week, felt dizzy whenever I stand up again today and feel really weak. Went for a walk around the grounds with a nurse before tea, had a dizzy spell a few times.

I've lost all hope, confidence and enthusiasm for the future, don't see the point in looking forward to it, like I've always said, it only brings disappointment, yet again it's just been proved.

Saturday 21st September 2002.

Dear Sky. The girls just came in, Mum and Dad stayed in the car; they were coming back from Cadbury garden center and popped in. Gave me this letter from Dad;

> It has been along time; we are missing you and pray for the lord to watch over you daily. It had been on my mind to write to you for some time now but I've been putting it off afraid I'd say the wrong things but the thought keeps coming back so here I am.
>
> I LOVE YOU, YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER, above all else remember this. Having said that I do want you to know that I believe what you are doing is wrong I can't believe that ending your marriage is the right thing for you to do. I believe you will live to regret it but I also know that I can't force you to do anything and that you need to live you life as you feel you must.
>
> Recently I have found my way in life again, I've started going to bed earlier getting up earlier praying everyday and reading the scriptures, this has helped me find a new out look on life and find peace of mind.
>
> I feel ready now to be of real help to you if you want it. Regardless of what I have said above you need not worry about me trying to persuade you to go back to Carl. I'm past all that, I just want my daughter back, safe and well, living the gospel and HAPPY.
>
> THE GIRLS….can I ask a favor next time you see Jane and Hannah, could you talk to them and explain to them that you will not be going back to Carl, we have tried but still they pray and ask the lord to

bless you to help you get better and return to Carl, if it comes from you then maybe they will except it but it is not easy for them, every Sunday they see Carl and he sits with us in sacrament meeting.

NEWS. We have paid our mortgage off and brought the lease on the land so now the house is all ours. I've started a temporary job at work; I run a small stores, ordering spares, shipping spares to engineers etc. Mum has got a proper job now (no more agency work) working for the council. Granddad is up and down not doing too well. Katherine is now a primary teacher; did you know I was too?

Well…..I love you, look after yourself, even though I have not seen much of you, you are always in my thoughts and prayers. ANYTING I CAN DO JUST ASK, LOVE DAD.

Why does he always do this to me? I hate myself for what I'm putting everyone through. This letter has put so much pressure and guilt on me. I've been feeling a bit unsafe today and now I feel suicidal. That letter is making me feel so guilty, saying what I'm doing is wrong makes me feel so bad, it's not like he's perfect and it's also a matter of opinion.

Throwing me over his shoulders was wrong, locking me in the car was wrong; calling me a liar was wrong, confronting me about suicide attempts was wrong. The list could go on and on but I've never told him, never gave my opinion. I can't see me and him ever having a decent relationship again. I'm sat here writing this with tears streaming down my face. Everything goes wrong at once; this is another pressure I can't deal with. I feel so guilty, unsafe and evil, why am I going through all this shit?

Sunday 22nd September 2002.

Dear Sky. After writing to you yesterday I went and talked to a nurse, in total I must have spent an hour crying, I couldn't stop. I'd spent all day in my PJ's which was a good job cause come 7:00pm if I was in day clothes I would have been straight out the doors and up and over the Suspension bridge.

She was a great help, felt better after an hour of tears, like I said though, if I was dressed things would have been a lot different. I don't feel that I can cope, everything's happening all at once and I can't handle the pressure.

Seeing my psychologist tomorrow which I'm glad; talk over this parent/family crap. I feel that I'll never have a parent daughter relationship with them again.

10th December 2001, the second time I was taken to the B.R.I, I knew I couldn't return home to Carl, I didn't recognize this at the time, my rational thinking had gone, Carl had left me some money to get home after I'd swung at him and as far as I was concerned as soon as I was discharged I was heading straight for the nearest pharmacy, it seemed like the most sensible thing to do regardless of the fact that it was something like 10:00pm. I couldn't face going "home" again.

Why did I tell the nurse my plans? What would have happened if I didn't? Who knows! I did and nodded my head when asked if I wanted to be admitted to hospital.

My life has move on from then, I'm not the same person, as to who I am I don't know. In here I feel safe, I feel that I can stand up for myself, just refusing to see my parents is a huge thing, I don't feel like I could do that left on my own.

I can't return to my family, there are conditions that come hand in hand with doing so. Returning to Carl and the church, returning to Carl might fade but my family and the church come as a package even if it's not shown on the outside I can feel it on the inside. I know what they want from their daughter and I feel huge guilt when I don't comply.

Getting this letter from Dad reminded me of the letter I got when I was 15/16 and Dad read you, the same standard of letter, typed, and guilt ridden and left on my bed because he couldn't tell me. Why am I reflecting on all this, it's stupid but it gives me some sense of comfort.

I feel like I have to hold on to my past, I can't let it go and leave it where it belongs, in the past, kind of a safety net. Although it brings nothing but bad thoughts and feelings I can't let go of who I am. "Am" not "was."

Monday 23rd September 2002.

Dear Sky. Who am I? I feel so lost and alone, I've got so many emotions going on inside which I can't make sense of, I feel like screaming but I don't know why or what about. I feel like I'm not being heard but I don't know what to say, I feel so mixed up. I feel like I've suddenly been given a life and body and I don't know what to do with it. I'm scared of it, I hate it, and I wish it would go away, I don't know how to handle this life and this life doesn't know how to handle me.

Played a game of Scrabble 11:30pm last night with a nurse and another patient. Half way through the patient blurts out "did you feel the earthquake last night?" thought he was shot away, what earthquake? As if! Woke up this morning and the news was saying that in the early hours of the morning the West, including Bristol had an earthquake measuring 4.8!

Been craving hot food for these past 2 days but obviously denied myself that privilege which is making food an issue again. I can't win! I'm always going to battle with this crap.

Last week was such a tough week, how can so many bad things happen so quickly? Annulment turned down, overdose, mood plummeted, lost all hope and letter from Dad.

I've lost all faith in my future, I don't want to live it, don't want to aim for it, what's the point when only bad things happen. In the space of a week I've lost my claim to freedom, lost the belief of a payment settlement for the house, lost any respect I might have had for myself, lost hope and lost my family.

If all this happens in a week what's a fucking life time going to be like? I can't make sense of my life. Everything I'm feeling is only stuff I have to get used to cause it's what's going to shape my life. Loneliness, fear, neglect, confusion, I'm going to be on my own for the rest of my life so all these feeling I'd better get used to.

Tuesday 24th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Been a tough day today, I can't shift all these negative feelings, made plans today for Thursday. Going to go into the NHS walk in center, say I'm having difficulties sleeping (which is true) and hopefully with a few lies I'll get them to prescribe me with something which I'll overdose on.

But I told my psychologist and a nurse my plans. The rational part of me doesn't want to but 90% of me does, I've made these plans, I'll be letting myself down if I didn't follow them through and it'll be a new drug which will hopefully be stronger, tasteless and have more effect.

Also caught up with my consultant, he's under the impression that these past two weeks have been better! More like they've been fucking hell, he doesn't have a clue what's going on with me.

I don't know why but I always feel uncomfortable talking to him, I like the bloke and find it easy talking to him, maybe it's what we talk about hat I find uncomfortable, that and the fact there's usually at least 2 other people in the room.

Naturally we talk about future plans, what I want to do and possibilities, all stuff which I'm very confused and intimidated by. I think that his view of things being good recently is based on the fact that I've been going to O.T, take today for example. It's been crap, tearful and spent mostly thinking about overdosing but I still went to O.T. It's not a complete distraction but it's either go and do something or stay staring into space and finding it hard to distract myself. I still come back just as upset as when I leave, it's just a matter of passing the time.

Just been with a nurse to get some chips, pinched some of another nurses sweet and sour sauce and sat down and fucking enjoyed it. No guilty feelings, no hate, sat in the lounge and enjoyed these chips and sauce.

Wednesday 25th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a meeting with my key nurse this morning, asked if any of the courses she told me about appealed to me, they didn't. Asked about the money and separation from Carl, I have to wait 2 years then apply for a divorce.

Come 4:00pm I'd had enough of waiting around for tomorrow and suddenly decided to go to town there and then, didn't tell anyone I was going. Just got back, said I'd been for a walk.

Went to the NHS walk in center, couldn't prescribe medication, great, there goes that plan. Had enough of Nytol, they taste absolutely disgusting for one thing.

Ended up looking in Boots to see what else I could buy, couldn't buy anything dangerous that I hadn't already taken because it was only shelf stuff so I ended up buying some water retention tablets.

I went to bed last night hating myself cause I look fat, didn't want to go back to the laxatives to this is something new to try, don't know what effect they'll have. Realized today what I'm so scared of, commitment, scared of committing myself to anything.

Thursday 26th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Felt really crap last night with the plans for today, going to try the walk in center in Knowle, I'm convinced I can get these pills.

Spoke to a nurse last night. Woke up at 6:00am this morning, went downstairs and chatted with the nurses for 45mins then went back up and led in bed half asleep. Got up at 8:30am, thought of going out but talked to someone instead, talked through the 9:10am bus, talked about my plans and what we could do to stop them happening.

Had a really good meeting with my consultant about the letter from Dad mainly, also about the situation I'm in. Got to say it was probably the best meeting I've had with him yet.

Then the nurses got me busy till lunch sorting through referral forms, kept me occupied. Katherine popped in at 1:30pm to pick up some music books, going shopping Saturday, then went to the gym for Badminton and been doing a cross stitch this afternoon, meeting with my psychologist as well which went well.

So how's today been? Don't know, now that today's gone with not overdosing I'm now thinking of a next time, thinking, not planning, that's the difference.

Doing the sorting for staff really distracted me, felt that I'd achieved something even though it was just a small thing.

Just binned those tablets after taking 10 last night 10 this morning and 5 lunch time, don't feel like they're doing anything, what to try next apart from sleepers?

Friday 27th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Today has been horrid, spent all day hating myself, had a really tough time after dinner, and came really close to going out and overdosing. Got really wound up, couldn't settle, took 10mg of Diazepam and after about 20mins calmed down a bit and fell asleep on the sofa.

Wanting to buy laxatives has been really strong also, I'm so fat. I hate myself so much, I don't see the point in struggling through each day, just take the o.d and be done with it. I hate myself for not overdosing, I hate myself for eating, I hate my body and I detest me.

FREE AS A BIRD

Flying with her wings at height,
Looking down's such a peaceful sight.
Seeing the world but not being involved,
Flying above the noise and crowd.

Up she goes soaring so high,
Leaving the world far behind.
Gliding freely with the wind,
Going wherever she may please.

Higher and higher she climbs with the breeze,
Faster and faster she glides with ease.
Further and further into the peaceful sky,
Calmer and calmer as clouds go by.

Up she goes, soaring so high,
Leaving the world far behind.
Gliding freely with the wind,
Going wherever she may please.

Nothing could spoil the peace within,
Being free is a wonderful feeling.
As the sun gives off its heat,
The world is always under her feet.



Saturday 28th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Today was different, spent most of it with Katherine shopping in town, Avonmeads, BTC, hobby craft and Ikea, can't say I enjoyed it but it wasn't bad, just a few conversations I didn't like.

I'm looking at buying a new car and she asked why I didn't wait until I could afford on instead of finance, I told her I would be able to afford it because Carl was buying me out of the house.

Then had an argument cause her view is that Carl is being generous, I'm being out of order, told her legally I'm entitled to it, she argued saying that she deals with divorce settlements through work and that I'm not entitled to half cause Carl's been paying the mortgage, shut her up by saying that was cause he's living there, if he wasn't we would have sold it months ago. How to make someone feel bad and guilty!

She kept talking about this missionary serving on our ward, how they both really like each other, obviously they have to keep their feelings to themselves. He goes home in January to Birmingham and has asked her to go up and be there for his first Sunday back.

Asked her if this could be your classic relationship, she said yes, my heart sank. I just hope that this classic relationship doesn't follow my path, she was then saying how she wants a house, return missionary, kids, married, and everything she should want. I'm scared for her, scared she'll rush into it and not be happy, and maybe she'll have the strength to work it out unlike me.

Went into work and picked up last months pay slip, holiday entitlement and my P45 which means I'm no longer on the JJB list! Went into Boots, after a few minutes Katherine said she was going back to the car to wait, straight to the laxatives, only 20

Senokot though. Didn't stop to think about it, walked past them towards the till, not thinking about buying tablets, the realization that I could buy them just jumped into my head and I went and grabbed them.

Only taken 2 so far. Planning to go to the Drs Monday, use Katherine's name, emphasis at the moment is to lose weight , I hate taking laxatives, lets face it, the effect of taking 40 tablets isn't pleasant but as always, use them sensible, we all know that wont last.

Sunday 29th September 2002.

Dear Sky. Took another 2 Senokot last night, this afternoon and will be taking 2 more tonight. Had a horrible evening yesterday, had a text from Katherine saying Mum and Dad are really down recently, it would be nice if you could text them or something and let them know you still love them.

So after many tears and talking with a nurse I sent Dad a card saying; just a little note to let you know I'm thinking of you all, give my love to everyone. Scared I'm going to feel pressured by him now to keep in contact a lot more which I don't want, I need the distance.

Went shopping again today, forgot the cross stitch stuff yesterday so got that, it was nice to be able to walk around the shops without having to worry about who I was going to bump into cause they were/should be at church.

Just had an unexpected visit from my cousins and 3 week old baby, only a quick visit, I was the last on the rounds, showing the new baby off. My family now consists of; great Grandma, Grandma, Granddad, 6 uncles, 6 Aunties, 24 grandchildren, 2 great grandchildren; total of 43, not too big a family!

Monday 30t September 2002.

Dear Sky. Taken 6 Senokot today and spent all day in my room apart from a meeting with my psychologist.

Took double Zopiclone last night again, been sleeping really bad and I had it set in my mind yesterday evening that I wasn't even going to try and sleep cause I was scared and too worn out to go through the same restlessness again.

Took the double dose at 11:30pm just after a hot drink and didn't get out of bed properly until 10:00am, didn't hear any of the checks and instead of slowly waking at 5:00am I didn't start waking until 8:00am.

Meeting with my psychologist was good although we only touched on stuff, talked about my early teens. Haven't had anything to eat today and I don't plan too. Need to loose weight, I'm disgustingly fat.

Tuesday 1st October 2002.

Dear Sky. Been punching the wall again, can barely hold this pen. Spent all day in my room again, not eaten, got loads of thoughts and feelings going on that I want to write about but my hand hurts too much so I'm going to have to leave it like this. Life is shit and I want to die.

Wednesday 2nd October 2002.

Dear Sky. Ended going to the BRI last night cause a nurse spotted my hand, complete waste of journey but didn't want to argue with them, my hand is a lot better, very swollen and bruised but I could have told them that's all it would have been.

Came back last night and cried my eyes out, punching the wall was all about trying to get rid of the pain inside by having outward pain, didn't feel like I could talk to anyone. The feelings wouldn't have come out, they were locked in.

The ward has been very busy and I didn't want to inconvenience anyone and I wasn't allocated to anyone anyway, that in itself makes me feel worthless, it's really stupid and pathetic but it does.

Did about £250 retail therapy this morning, shoes, top, coat. I've spent these past 3 days thinking of ways to kill myself or hurt myself, actually picturing it, playing scenes through in my head. Jumping off the suspension bridge, finding a tree and hanging myself, strangling myself, cutting my wrist, taking an o.d and punching the wall.

I've just had enough; I feel like giving up, I can't fight with myself anymore. Now been 3 days without intake, got a horrid cold as well so I feel crap but I've only got myself to blame for the cold, it's what you get for sitting on a bench at 8:00pm with no shoes and a sleeveless top on for ½ hour. I just feel so lost and confused.

I had a text from Katherine last night saying how she misses her older sister. "It seems that I've lost you since you've been in hospital, it feels that you're gone." Instant guilt and hate towards myself, started thinking along the lines, if it feels like I've already gone then why not go?

The nurses were great last night though, crying my eyes out and letting go of a few feelings and actions i.e. the laxatives, the feeling of worthlessness, my concerns for Katherine's future, I just cried and poured my heart out.

That's the problem with appointments, I saw my key nurse and psychologist yesterday but because these inner feelings that I can't express aren't always there sometimes the meetings have no affect.

The confusion and mixed emotions come without warning and can't wait to be talked about. I need to be feeling really crap to be able to acknowledge and talk about it otherwise it goes unsaid. Didn't buy anything dangerous.

Thursday 3rd October 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's been hard but an improvement on these past few days, probably because I woke later. Had something to eat and drink last night but nothing today. I've been craving food all day, chocolate, chips with sweet and sour sauce, anything. But I've denied myself of that privilege, why do I? Why do I cause myself so much grief by not eating? I look in the mirror and all I can see is this fat stomach but my body is constantly craving food.

I still don't understand why I can't get this annulment, it still means a lot to me.

Friday 4th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's not been too bad, had something to eat again last night and just been to the chip shop. Had a wonderful chat with a nurse last night, she's been to Florida also so we had a great chat about how wonderful a holiday it is.

Dragged myself over to O.T this afternoon and I've been spending more time downstairs. The nurses have been fab today, had a letter from the solicitor, talked to them about why I couldn't go through an annulment, they phoned my solicitor for me, basically it couldn't be funded by legal aid, would have cost me around £1000, I would have had to appeared in court and my solicitor thinks the best option is to go for a divorce over unreasonable behavior a day after our 1st anniversary.

Been talking about that option with a nurse most of the afternoon and I'll tell you, she's been an angel! I'm going to go for it, it won't cost me anything, I don't need to go to court, and all I need to do is write the solicitor a letter giving her 3 accounts of unreasonable behavior.

When people say those 2 words I automatically think of violence and extreme cases but by talking to the nurse I've come to realize that they don't expect that and through talking I've come across unreasonable behavior.

I have to draft it, think about it and write every thought that comes into my head because the month we were married has been blocked from my mind but certain memories have come out just by talking today.

So here's a bodged job down memory lane of November 2001; I find it hard to believe but the fact remains that I only had one meal in that house, the first Sunday back from our honeymoon. 2 out of the 4 Sundays I didn't go to church, said I wasn't feeling well, I didn't want to face people and I was scared of being invited back to either parents for tea and having to eat.

First night of the honeymoon was awkward, obviously both Virgins, both nervous, I made the first move which later he said he was glad of. During this time I don't know what my true feelings were about having a baby, I don't think I had seriously thought it through, he wanted kids, who was I to deprive him of that? With my religion it was also expected.

It got to the stage where I didn't want him to touch me, no hugs, no kisses, we had a king sized bed which I slept as close to the edge as possible, with a teddy, fighting back the tears from emotions.

Even before we married, during our engagement I didn't like holding hands or him putting his arm around me, I froze or changed my position, I felt uncomfortable.

Whilst I was at A&E the first time I didn't want anyone with me. Dad and Carl waited somewhere whilst the Drs let me stay in a cubicle. Eventually I agreed to go home with them on the condition they didn't ask any questions.

I was supposed to get support in the community but it wasn't arranged quickly enough and I ended up back in A&E within a week.

This time Carl came in but I couldn't even look at him. He put his hand on me and I lashed out, luckily he moved away quick enough so I didn't hit him. He left after that and I was taken to Barrow.

I later at some stage learned or was told by my Dad that he and Carl had talked about me whist I was in A&E, actually I think Carl told me in-between the 2 admittances. My Dad had told Carl that he had to be more firm with me, make sure I ate and they had talked about our sexual problems.

10th December, 1 month anniversary, admitted to Barrow. The night before Carl had said that we were going to sit down this night and eat a meat together, I said I would have had something to eat at work and not feel like it, he said he didn't care, we were going to eat a meal together. Did I subconsciously stop this from happening?

Although I was married my Dad still had a huge hold over me and Carl felt like a second Dad, someone I had to answer to. I'm not sure at what particular point but before I was admitted to Barrow I knew our marriage was over.

Saturday 5th October 2002.

Dear Sky. That's it; I've decided I'm giving up on life. Tomorrow I'm going to find out Katherine's D.O.B and Monday I'm off to the NHS walk in center in Knowle.

Spent the whole morning with a nurse today going over the divorce stuff and other bits and pieces, so this morning was good.

We then watched save the last dance which was good. After that I couldn't motivate myself to do anything, saw this new patient attack another which shook me, it's the first time events on the word have got to me, that guy needs to control his temper, reminded me of my Dad.

Took Diazepam at 4:30pm, been asleep since, going to take it as often as possible now until Monday, I don't want anything to do with life, it's shit, I wish I was dead so why bother?

I ended up being thrown into an ambulance by 3 people last night as the nurses thought I'd taken an o.d which I hadn't. I'd taken Diazepam and because my sleep has been so bad I was out of it.

I fought with the paramedics so had to be firmly strapped down and spent the whole night in A&E. Spent the last 2 hours forcing myself not to go to the Suspension bridge, because of this I was really wound up by the time I got back this morning.

Spent most of the day asleep on Diazepam because I couldn't settle, pacing the floor. 5:00pm I tied a load of thread round my neck and fuck was it tight, don't know how much longer I would have lasted.

Going to go to the suspension bridge in a minuet, if that doesn't work then its tablets tomorrow so this is most likely to be my last entry, I've had enough and just want to destroy myself. RIP.

Monday 7th October 2002.

Dear Sky. About 7:15pm I left for the Suspension bridge, arrived at 8:45pm and went straight to the wall, looked over then climbed up. I must have only spent 5-10mins up there but it seemed like forever, taking steps closer and closer to the edge, looking down, picturing myself falling, being free, took another step then all of a sudden I was being grabbed around my waist and pulled back, no warning.

I fought with that guard as hard as I could; he had to get some help. I fought like a wild animal, as they were pushing me to their office I saw two little girls with their Dad crying. The father asked if it was OK to cross, didn't care about what the girls had seen, it

was 9:00pm, they shouldn't have been out so late anyway; it would show them what life has in store.

They locked me in the office and shoved me on a chair, I still fought, I ended up being shoved back when trying to leave and smacked my head against something, and I could feel the blood dripping down my head.

The police arrived; hand cuffed me, said I was being detained under the mental health act and took me to the police station. I hadn't spoken a word and had nothing on me. I was at the police station for a few minutes when I started going weak, started swaying so they took me to hospital.

They had the sirens going and around this time I think I went unconscious. Once woken by the doctors I was extremely violent again, it took the 2 policemen and a doctor to hold me down whilst they sedated me, apparently with enough to knock a horse out.

I was still trying to get away, I have grip marks on my wrist, and I wasn't going to spend another night in A&E. I struggled like crazy then tired out and drugged up the injection they had given me started to work.

Around midnight I started again, I had to get out, pulled all the wires off and went for my drip but the doctors held me before I could, they were extremely forceful, holding my wrist and bending my hand forward but as soon as they let go I went for the drip again so I constantly had a doctor holding my wrist until 2:30am when an ambulance brought me back. Somewhere along the line I had bloods taken, don't' remember when, probably when I was in resus with 4 people holding me down.

Went into town this morning, brought 4 boxes of Nytol came back, had a bath, and broke the tablets in half ready to take with a cup of soup. Its midday and going to take them soon. RIP.

Tuesday 8th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Well yesterday didn't go as planned, I mixed all the Nytol which dissolved and took several sips but not the whole lot. I then felt guilty and told a nurse so she said I had to go to the BRI. I argued saying I didn't need to, it took them until 4:30pm to force me onto an ambulance, and as soon as I was left alone I dashed off and caught the 5:30pm bus back.

I'd spent the past 2 nights in A&E and resus and I wasn't going to spend another, they then told me I had to go back. They tried sectioning me but couldn't legally. I wandered off for ½ hour before forcing myself to come back.

They then wanted to talk to me, I thought they were going to inject me so I refused and dashed for the door. They caught me and forced me into the interview room where I fought with them. They ended up pressing the alarm and getting nurses from other wards.

When the night shift started I had 2 agency nurses sat holding me, whenever they let go I tried going, constantly struggled. I had no idea but we were waiting for an ambulance which again they forced me into and spent the night at A&E with 3 nurses holding me.

Throughout the night I tried leaving, suddenly woke up and tried getting up but they were too quick and strong and I was worn out.

Got back 9:00am this morning, told the nurse I was going back out to get prescribed medication, had a long chat with her and she persuaded me to stay and work with them.

It took 25mg of Diazepam to calm me down and I slept between 12:30pm and 3:00pm, started panicking again and took 10mg more. I've not slept for 3 nights because I've been in A&E, only just eaten since Sunday lunch time. Have bruises all over my hands and arms from being restrained these past 2 nights and my left hand/wrist is killing from the position they restrained me in.

I kept waking last night and trying to leave cause all that was going through my head was the bridge. I'm really scared and feel that I need a lot of company; I'm scared of tonight, scared of going to sleep and being alone with my thoughts.

I've kept myself safe today but it's still in my head to get the pills. I would have jumped Sunday night, either that or fell cause my legs were so weak, just kept taking steps closer and closer and leaning more and more and yes, I do want to die.

I've been feeling so bad for at least a month now and I want to end it, want it all to go away, I don't know how I'm going to get through these next days, the thought of tonight is bad enough. I can't shake these negative thoughts away. I guess I'm crying out for help, I'm really desperate but it's like no one can do anything for me. I have to do it myself but there are times when I can't.

I feel someone else has to take over, just for a bit. Give me that support I can't give myself. All I can think of at the moment is self destruct, self destruct. I need someone to tell me it's going to be OK and most of all for me to believe it. I need comfort but I'm also scared of feeling OK. I can't cope with that feeling and sooner or later I react negatively on it. I'm so scared Sky, scared of myself, scared of my feelings. At the moment I feel like I need constant support from the nurses and I'm scared of going to sleep tonight, left alone.

Wednesday 9th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I slept last night but badly, the night nurses were completely uncooperative, told me if I couldn't sleep to come down. I was awake at 2:00am then woke again due to bad dreams at 5:30am.

Went down but they didn't want to know, not all night nurses are like it, only a few but the same 3 are on again tonight. I started dreaming about Sunday night, the time in hospital trying to pull the drip off and thoughts about how I hurt one nurse, feel really bad about that.

It's strange cause I don't feel bad about what I put the nurses though, just the physical hurt. But had a chat with him this afternoon and feel better for doing so.

Wrote the letter to the solicitor with a lot of help from a nurse this morning so that's done, I feel cruel though, doing him for unreasonable behavior, I don't like the label but I need this legal divorce.

This afternoon two patients started talking about people jumping off the bridge, that really affected me and I started to get wound up, had Diazepam which calmed me down. They were talking about it so causally; none of the patients except one knew about these past 4 days, I can't express how much it distressed me.

This CPA meeting on the 22nd is going to be a complete waste of time as I have suicide plans for that day, major ones. Need to start planning for it next week. I feel I will be safe until then.

Spent this morning chatting and having a debate with two nurses which I enjoyed, putting thoughts and theories across about things like religion and historic events. I like hearing other people's theories and argue about mine.

I don't take it personally, I like knowing what other people think/believe. I also needed it to lake my mind off everything because when I properly woke at 8:30am my first thought was into town and taking an o.d.

Struggling with eating at the moment but eating a bit, you can always tell because I wear my work trousers for reassurance.

Strange thought process about the bridge, no one knowing who I was, where I was from, what my background was, the doctors sussed that I was a self harmer as they saw the marks on my wrist and neck and obviously I was distressed to be on the bridge but to be unknown, to have no label, for them to take over.

They were saying how they were going to try and find me a bed, I presume psychiatric. When I heard them talking I was still drugged up, out of it and didn't care what they did or thought, it was when I started to come round I started to take control.

First conversation was "where do you live?" I said "hospital." One of the nurses asked my name, I just said "they'll know who I am" but eventually told them just as they'd found out from my nurses.

But unlike the BRI I didn't have that "waste of time" label. I was unknown until I came round then the label started a little.

These next two weeks are going to be hard. Anything positive I do is just going to be a front to get me through. Inside I'll have all these plans and thoughts that will be carried out.

Had another chat with a nurse which was good, was very settled and had a phone call from my cousin at 9:00pm about doing something for my birthday, fobbed her off.

The nurses put half my food out which I would have ate. Got worked up about that and had to get out but they wouldn't let me, just had to go for a walk so I set the fire alarm off and went out the lounge door.

Started aiming for the Suspension bridge, left the grounds but got scared and came back onto the grounds, found another fire alarm and set it off. Got chased and pulled to the floor by security. After a lot of swearing and anger on his part I eventually agreed to come back and behave myself.

Funny how the nurses wanted to talk to me then. I was angry and said how they weren't listening to me. Accused them of all sorts, passing me off, wanting me out of the way, not being able to cope with me and how no one can help me and I'm being passed on from person to person, un helped, this is what my discharge is all about, them not being able to help me and chucking me aside. I don't understand why I'm getting so wound up.

One nurse then started accusing me of attention seeking, apparently the more time I spend with nurses the worse my behavior gets. This made me really angry, talking to nurses today really helped; it was the night nurses that got to me.

Thursday 10th October 2002.

Dear Sky. I've now been in here 10 months. After last night I had the worst nights sleep ever, didn't take any medication, didn't try and sleep till 2:30am and then I only half slept until 6:30am. I was on 15- ½ hour obs last night. I really wanted to strangle myself and I still do.

Spent a lot of time with a nurse today and had a good ward round with my care team, lots of things were talked about. My CPA was cancelled as I said it would be a waste of time because the only thing on my mind at the moment is killing myself.

I'm surprised how honest I was with my consultant, told him that when he starts talking about discharge, which he did today, that he scares me. Told him how I feel out of control and plans for killing myself on the 22nd.

He said how my care would be changed, that they would take more control when I need it, I felt relieved when he said that. I know my key nurse wouldn't but let's face it, my care plan isn't working at the moment.

For example, having 3-1 at the BRI is completely against my care plan but it took less pressure off the nursing staff at A&E. although I was very confused I felt safer, not being able to leave although I wanted to, by being stopped I felt safe. I truly believed I didn't need to go to the BRI but my pulse was 110 and that's whilst being asleep. So I must have been deluded.

I dreamt/thought of Rascal dying last night, in my arms, just like Tara, I've been really upset about Tara today. I don't know the date she died but Sparkle was brought on 5th November so it must have been around a week before, been thinking of that night which has really upset me.

No ones told me but I know my key nurse isn't coming back to work here like she used to, I'm not stupid.

I feel so out of control at the moment, scared of myself, everything I do I'm punishing myself, scared to feel OK.

Don't know what's going to happen tonight, will I sleep? Will I put a load of thread around my neck? Last thing I said to one nurse today was "don't give up on me." Those words came from the heart; he said he wouldn't, that I was stuck with him. I just don't understand what's been happening to me these past few months, all I know is that I don't want to see 23rd October and I will do all I can to stop that from happening.

Friday 11th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Help, help, help, help, I can't take control anymore. I've just strangled myself and about to cut my wrist. I can't cope with life anymore; my head's so messed up, although I didn't feel safe this morning two nurses I get on with were in so I managed to keep myself safe.

I actually left the grounds to buy Nytol at 10:00am this morning but turned around and came back because I realized I could talk it through which I did.

He asked if I was still happy with my key worker because she's not around, I couldn't answer. My head wanted to say no but my heart wanted to say yes. She promised she wouldn't abandon me but it feels like she has but I also have a very strong bond with her and would miss her not being involved with my care.

If I'm so set on killing myself why don't I just got on and do it? Why wait until the 22nd? Why am I telling everyone I plan to do it? Why can't I just go and kill myself right now? Because I'm a stupid bitch, that's why.

I'm going away now, going where only the devil can find me. Strangling myself, not eating and cutting my wrist are cries for help, to get me through until the 22nd but like staff said, there's no point in me being here if I don't talk and work with them but what I've been doing is working with them and like I feared they have given up on me, unlike they promised.

So why put off the 22nd and try coping until then? I'm going ahead with my 22nd plans as soon as I've finished writing this letter. Please don't tell my family until you are sure I am dead, not even if I'm close, only when I'm dead. I can't hold off the 22nd, the turmoil is too much, so it's time to finish this fight.

Like my old key nurse said, there's no point in me being here if I'm just going to carry on hurting myself and not talk but this is my cry for help, my unheard cry, my cry to beg them to stop me killing myself but my cries for help aren't being heard and I'm being left to kill myself. RIP.

Saturday 12th October 2002.

Dear Sky. My head's so messed up I don't know what to do. My old key nurse came up whilst I was getting ready to go and read the letter but she didn't stop me, she just let me go.

I went to the NHS walk in center under Katherine's name but they don't prescribe medication so I caught the bus into town to buy Nytol then make my way to the bridge.

I was angry as to why I hadn't been stopped and foolishly phoned the ward who persuaded me to wait whilst they sent a taxi.

Whilst waiting the armed forces had a parade, guns, horses, the lot. Everything in me just wanted to get away, away from the noise and to the bridge but I came back and after talking to staff I've had 15mg of Diazepam to calm me down.

I did my wrist yesterday and strangled myself again this morning. I can't cope; I need someone else to take over. Again I was given the impression that it was in my head because no one stopped me but leave everything on my head and I won't always stop myself.

Have you ever felt loved by your family? I know mine love me but I don't feel it. Even though they say they care and give a hug often I don't feel love, not since I was a teenager.

Never cried into my parent's arms, never felt safe like everything's going to be alright because I never let them know how bad I was feeling. I guess I'm crying out for that, not from my parents, I don't have that bond, I'm crying out for that feel of love and security. To be taken into a safe cocoon and told everything's going to be alright.

Then you've got all my family issues before I was a teenager, the fear of my Dad and Katherine, all the issues of fights and rows and meal times. I've always been the oldest, the rock, I've never had anyone to talk to, I guess I want a bit of emotional looking after but don't have my family to turn too.

I'm crying out for help, crying out the only way I know how, I wanted someone to come after me today. I want someone to make sense of my head, I dread every second of every day as the turmoil grows and grows.

Sunday 13th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Don't really want to talk about today much, ended up strangling myself early afternoon and down the BRI. Made a fuss when down there which meant I was soon discharged, when moved from major to minor the nurses comment when seeing me was "you could have told us the name."

Talked to a nurse once back, now on 15min obs so it's a quick one with the rats. Now feel like I'm slightly being heard, being on obs is a bit of a reassurance but I'm still worried about the 22nd and what would happen if I was to get up and go in-between obs. I hate being like this but it's the only way I know how to be.

I just don't understand why I feel so bad about everything, why I feel like I can't cope, I'd like to think this is just a bad patch but it seems like a lot more than that. Probably talk more about today tomorrow, as I said, I only have 15mins.

Monday 14th October 2002.

Dear Sky. These past 2 nights I've not slept well, woken from nightmares. Yesterday night I woke up shouting "no," tossing and panicking, dreamt about getting married to Carl, can't remember the details but I didn't want to marry him but couldn't say no.

I had double Zopiclone last night with 10mg of Diazepam and still woke from a bad dream but can't remember what it was about.

Spent the most part of this morning with a nurse trying to keep myself safe, only taken 15mg of Diazepam. All I want to do is strangle myself, still on 15min obs because I requested it, I can't strangle myself on 15min obs but I'm still finding it hard to keep myself safe. 15min obs is stopping me from strangling myself but it's not going to stop me from cutting myself or running off if things get that bad, that works down to me.

I've got Tuesday 22nd planned to perfection. It's just a matter of waiting. I didn't succeed Saturday because I hadn't thought it through properly and walk in center wouldn't give me anything, although I didn't take anything last time I will be this time.

I'm at that point again where I feel like I need to talk but I don't know what about, my old key nurse asked me yesterday to make a list of everything that's bothering me, although the first few things on this list are good, they're still upsetting me if you get what I mean.

Divorce from Carl, handing the house over, discussing the above issues with my family, my birthday, not understanding why I feel so low, 1st wedding anniversary, having this suicide plan, my key nurses involvement in my care, not understanding what's wrong with me, thoughts of my past, bad memories and feelings of being stuck in this place and not being able/wanting to get out.

Since plans for discharge have been put on hold I've realized what I want. I want to be able to walk into a meeting with my consultant and boldly say "I feel ready for discharge." At the moment I've been going along with the flow, my key nurse has been

pushing for me to leave but that bold phrase hasn't been felt. I want it to, then plan for discharge.

Tuesday 15th October 2002.

Dear Sky. KELLY'S BACK!

Had another nightmare last night, around 4:00am, 3 nights on a row now. This one I'd just married Carl, it was Christmas, staying at another family members house I wanted to go back that day but told we would be staying a few nights, I was led in bed then Carl put his arm around me. I froze, panicked, shot out of bed, grabbed my stuff and told my parents they had to take me back to Barrow because I couldn't cope. I was taken back, and then I woke up tossing and turning and in a state again.

So I woke up feeling crap but by taking Diazepam regularly instead of when I need it like a nurse suggested I managed to stay safe.

My key nurse came about 10:30am, we chatted, I tried holding back the tears but couldn't. She said she was taking me off obs which I told her I didn't agree with. She's still set that I can get through this myself, she disagreed which made me feel like she was saying it was OK to kill myself if that's what I wanted. I know where she's coming from but this time it's different.

I promised I'd keep myself safe until she saw me tomorrow morning, I've missed her so much but I wish she'd let the others take over just for this bad patch. I think everyone had an argument over the plan they drew up. Thankfully I think my old key nurse stood up for me because afterwards I signed a "crises care plan" which was to be implemented if needed but taken away if I abused it. I don't know whether my key nurse agreed to this. Probably find out tomorrow.

Also had a meeting with my psychologist, discussed the weekend and my plan, and said that the only way they could stop Tuesday from happening was to hold me down.

Taking Diazepam regularly has definitely helped my mood; I can't express how glad I am to have my key nurse back although we do need to rethink my care plan. I'm saying all this as if I'm planning to live longer than a week, whether I will or not is down to someone pulling me off the bridge, I'll end up in A&E anyway cause of tablets I would have taken but this one is out of my hands.

Wednesday 16th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Watched the film last night "Girl interrupted" with a nurse, completely different to the book which is much better. Because of the theme I had to wait until almost everyone was asleep at midnight. Finished at 2:30am, took my meds and as soon as my head hit that pillow I was gone until around 8:00am, no nightmares, no waking up, fast asleep.

Saw my key nurse this morning, still argued about my care for Tuesday, they're going to discuss it in ward round tomorrow, been struggling with my emotions today, been wanting to o.d.

Just been to the pet shop with a nurse, occupied me, had a new student start today, seems really nice and friendly.

My emotions are so strong about Tuesday usually I would agree with my key nurse and say I could get through it but not on this one. If they let me out the least that will happen is ending up in A&E through a large o.d.

I'm going to be completely honest here and say that part of me wants a wrestling match with someone, to be physically stopped. As soon as I leave the grounds I'll feel let down, that no one cares enough about me which will increase suicide.

Part of me wants to get past 22nd, to look forward to life but I need to have this fight with people on the 22nd because lets face it, I will be wrestled with whether it is staff, bridge security, police or doctors.

For the next week I'll be severely limiting my intake as well for preparation. Only one drink maximum a day and only food off the trolley.

Was supposed see the dietician today, surprise, didn't happen, she's been setting days for the past 2 weeks but each time said she's needed to cancel, I guess it'll only mean my food I get sent up will go to waste.

This past week, I think since my hike to the bridge, I have been feeling so week, whole body, my legs feel like they're about to collapse under me, don't understand why.

JUST TO LET YOU KNOW

I wanted to write a message,
To say how much I care.
I don't know what I'd do,
If you weren't there.

I'm so thankful to have met someone like you,
Who means a lot to me.
You understand my true feelings,
The ones others don't see.

People like you are rare to find,
But I've been truly blessed.
To have your wonderful friendship.
You really are the best.

Whenever you're around,
You bring a smile to my face.
I know you're there to listen,
When life seems hard to embrace.

Certain people stay in your mind,

You can not let them go.
I just wanted to let you know I'm thankful,
For the love you show.



Friday 18th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Sorry I didn't write yesterday but I ended up in A&E over a 16 Nytol o.d. I went out planning to do my Tuesday plan but couldn't cause it wasn't Tuesday. I just want someone to take all this pain away, it's all I'm thinking of and it hurts so much.

Can't remember the last time I ate or drank, the dietician weighed me this morning; 6.10 stone, I don't even feel proud about my weight, I know I don't weigh enough.

Spent this afternoon wanting to leave again, I just can't cope with what's going on in my head. Every second my thoughts are occupied with suicide, the only exception being is when I'm asleep. I've just got so much going on in my head; I don't know how to deal with it all apart from hurting myself.

Saw my key nurse briefly today, said she'd write in the diary who I had to be allocated to for each shift over the weekend and they had to spend 2 lots of ½ hours with me. This afternoon was a good start! Allocated to one who's barely said hello, I approached the nurse in-charge and told him how I still felt like going off; he got a nurse to sit with me.

I'm in so much emotional pain right now and I feel like I've got nowhere to let it out to. I can't cope with all these suicide thoughts; I need someone to take them away. Also feel so weak still and I don't have the energy to do anything.

Had a message from Carl last night sating he's having problems being accepted for a loan, didn't I say from the start that this would happen?

Saturday 19th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Went to go to the bridge again last night, the nurses let me go again but again I couldn't go through with it cause the day wasn't right.

Had a long chat with my key nurse last night, talked a bit about my childhood, there's a lot of hurt back there. One nurse clarified what I already new last night, he said that cause I was so quiet and tucked up on the sofa, he thought I was OK, he proved that if I try and distract myself then people think I'm fine.

I've lost all my will power and energy to do anything; I'm just here waiting for Tuesday. I wish someone could take the pain away, I wish I didn't have this plan; I wish I could like myself.

I'm back to the stage where I'm blacking out when standing up again. I can't do this anymore, I can't fight with life, it's too hard, and why am I going through all this

shit? What did I do to deserve it? I've got nothing to live for so why try and fight with life?

You know what the worst thing about Tuesday is? The nurses are prepared give me 1-1 attention all day but they're not prepared to stop me from going, in my eyes I see that as them saying if you're that set on killing yourself then go ahead.

I can't cope with all these suicide thoughts; I don't want the control over this one cause I know I'll go ahead with it which scares me. Yes scares me but not enough to stop me. It's not nice having these thoughts every second you're awake. To fantasize about killing yourself, planning your every move.

I feel that if someone were to stop my plan and force me not to take action then after a while all the thoughts will go away but they are not prepared to try it. What do I have to do to make them realize this? I can't deal with this responsibility, it's too much. I wish today was Tuesday, and then one way or the other this pain would go away. I can't cope with life, life itself is killing me. I just want someone to take all the pain away.

Sunday 20th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Woke up anxious as I realized I only have 2 days left to live. Had a chat with a nurse and a bit more about my childhood came out.

Went up to my room after lunch with so much emotional pain, led on my bed just wishing to be dead. Went into the bathroom where there was a razor, broke it to pieces so I just had the blade then with one slash I burst my wrist open, I have never seen so much blood before, it came pouring out so fast. I didn't feel any pain just thought fuck, fuck, shit, shit, ran downstairs leaving a trail of blood and got a nurse, blood was everywhere.

I'd cut to the bone and you could see it along with my veins and arteries and had to have 9 stitches at the BRI. I had no idea how deep it would cut, you could call it an accident because I won't be doing it again, and I scared myself.

Katherine's just been in with birthday presents and cards; everyone's celebrating my birthday when it's making me want to kill myself.

Physical pain overrides emotional pain, makes it go away although it doesn't hurt at first, it's like a numbness looking at this gaping hole and it doesn't feel like your wrist but it hurts now. I just feel like giving up on life.

Tuesday 22nd October 2002.

Dear Sky. 11:00am yesterday I had to go to the hand clinic who booked me in for an operation at Frenchay for today. I had to leave at 4:00pm yesterday; a nurse came with me and was really nice. As it turned out cause I hadn't had anything to eat or drink I went down for the operation at 7:30pm yesterday, the nurse was so nice, the porter thought she was my Mum, I was so nervous.

The last thing I remember is being injected, the surgeon saying think of something nice, I thought, fuck, what can I think of, last thing I remember is the nurse stroking my head and feeling really comforted by it.

I had an agency nurse overnight, again really nice, I had a drip. Me and this nurse chatted until about 11:30pm when I tried sleeping. First woke at 2:30am, realized it was

Tuesday- the day. Started panicking and trying to leave, tried taking the drip out but they took it out for me, woke up panicking many times throughout the night.

Another nurse from Barrow came at 7:30am, by this time I just wanted to get back to the ward, to get the support from the nurses but no one would listen, first said I had to see the doctor, lie. Then they said I had to go back by ambulance within the morning, that was too late, I had to be back to see my consultant. I tried leaving; they persuaded me back to find a definite time for the ambulance, they wouldn't let us book a taxi. An ambulance hadn't been booked but would be here by midday, too late, I got up and went.

Nurses followed me and tried bringing me back; I got away from them leaving my nurse at the ward. I was walking in the direction of Bristol for about 30mins looking for a taxi, nothing. Then I saw a taxi pulled in by a petrol station. I thought I've got to ask, I was getting really wound up; luckily he said yes, not a problem, so relieved. Cost me £20 though £4 tip because I was so pleased he took me.

Got back in hysterics, luckily my consultant was still here and we talked. I feel so week, haven't drank since Sunday had a pudding when I got back, feel like fainting, still want to leave, not going to be able to do my exact plan but I can still jump.

Apparently I will be stopped if I try to leave within 76 hours. I feel like today is the end of my life, whether I jump or not, I feel like I got to try though, I don't believe they can stop me, I can't cope with seeing tomorrow. I've always hated the thought of being 20 but within 5 hours it's no longer a thought, it's a reality, a scary one, I can't cope.

Wednesday 23rd October 2002.

Dear Sky. Last night I ended up being put on a 5(2), 72 hour section, I tried leaving so the nurses stopped me. I was injected with 80ml of Diazepam along with a load of other stuff, had to sleep in the interview room. Since then I've been on 1-1.

Struggled to get through today, been having Diazepam, had a drink today, first since Sunday, also had 2 puddings.

The girls just came up with Grandma, brought a cake plus a few more presents. Voiced my opinion to the nurse in-charge about the TV, said how me sitting there just with my food, staring, is like a punishment. It's how it was when I was younger; he said it's up to the nurse in charge to use their digression.

Being 20 doesn't feel different but the emotional feelings are still there. Glad I'm on 1-1 for the next few days but not longer, I feel like I do need my independence back but not at the moment, still tempted to run off but I know I won't win.

Thursday 24th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Today has been a lot better, had to sleep downstairs again and been on 1-1 until this afternoon. Had to have a bath with a nurse in with me, trusted to go for a walk on my own which I was totally shocked about seeing as it was how I tried to leave on Tuesday.

Just this second received a call from Carl saying everything's been accepted and I should be getting paper work through.

Still on a section, not allowed to leave the grounds but been on 15min obs this afternoon which are going down to ½ hour from now.

Saw my psychologist this afternoon, had a good session with her, going to start to try the DBT stuff again; recently it's been too much.

I feel the support I've received since Tuesday night has been right, I needed the 1-1 but for no longer than I had it and slowly my independence is being given back, I feel they went about it the right way. Cause even yesterday, at least twice, I felt like running away but didn't because I knew it would be a waste of time because I was constantly being watched, so it worked.

I haven't felt the urge to do anything negative today although if I did I'd probably get away with it but I don't want to at the moment, back in my room tonight.

Friday 25th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Slept well last night, first time in my room for 3 nights. Today's been different, I've not felt the same as yesterday, I've felt like cutting open my stitches, been feeling pretty low.

Had a really good chat with my key nurse midday, discussed that I've been "diagnosed" with borderline personality disorder but not as straight forward as that sounds.

We talked about my past, got the journal with memories in it but we didn't talk about how I felt around Katherine, that's something need to talk to her about. How I felt bullied and belittled by her, sometimes she did it intentionally others she didn't.

Talked about how I couldn't accept that my Dad is a bad person, I cannot accept that word bad, bully I can accept but not bad.

Told her the news from Carl. I'm glad I showed her the journal because we're going to talk more about it which is what I want.

Binned all my birthday cards last night, don't need them around to remind me. My section should be lifted in an hour which I'm glad about, I asked a nurse and it won't affect any future jobs cause of the 5(2), if it was a section 2 then it would.

Told a nurse I feel like cutting my stitches open, I'm trying to work with them but I don't know how long I can last, now also back to just general obs, no limits, so I owe it to the rats to stay out her as long as I can cope with cause although they've not been neglected they've been pushed to one side and had little time, so maybe now's the time to write a load of nonsense!

My key nurse read part of the journal that goes on about me being anorexic, she told me I wasn't, that I have problems with eating but not anorexic, which is how I see it most of the time, sometimes I feel like I slip into the anorexic label but not often.

At least now, like at the BRI when people ask why I'm in hospital I can give them what they'll see as a simple answer, borderline personality disorder. I know this comes in many shapes and sizes but it's a disorder that people, who ask, of importance, accept.

Yes I did have a lot of mixed emotions and feelings about Katherine when we were younger, she used to physically bully me, one time sticks out that she bit me but most of the time I just felt intimidated.

Everyone preferred Katherine when we were growing up, she had lots of friends, everyone loved her but because she was louder than me she got told off and punished more than me, I guess that's why I hid in the shadows.

I can remember what I think was the last time Mum hit me, I was about 10. She went to slap me across my bum but I put my hand in the way, she moved it and hit me again and shoved me upstairs. I can't remember what I did wrong but I think that was the last time she hit me.

Dad has always had a short temper, always has and probably always will, what springs to mind is whenever we were getting ready to go anywhere, day out, visiting family, even church he expected us all to be ready when he was and would start shouting if we weren't. Not stopping to think that my Mum had 4-6 kids plus herself to get ready, Dad only had himself. Couple of times he drove off to church without us because we weren't ready.

Why did I turn out the way I am? Is there an answer? I can't lay the blame on my Dad, I find it impossible, it can't be true, and he's not a bad man. Where did I go wrong to end up like this?

Saturday 26th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Did about £100-£200 retail therapy today, got to take a few things back though. Really struggled to sleep last night, took about an hour to get off.

Spoke to Carl on the way to town; he'd received a letter form the solicitor saying I wanted a divorce. Told him yes, he asked if I ever loved him, told him I didn't know, he asked if I could see us together again, I said no. Told him it was either do it this way or drag it out for 3-5 years when I don't need his permission, felt really evil and cold to be putting him through this.

I feel really low at the moment, even with the good day I've had, going to go and cut my stitches open now but not tell anyone.

Sunday 27th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I opened my stitches last night, took me about ½ hour to remove them then pulled my skin apart, didn't hurt, wasn't my wrist! Blood seeped out, didn't tell anyone at first but the secret got the better of me. Ended up with the DMO putting 2 stitches back in.

Went back to town this morning to exchange stuff. Came back wanting to take the stitches back out, I could feel that 3 wasn't enough, skin was still open but instead I told a nurse, got the DMO back out and she put 3 more stitches in which now hurts like hell but as long as it hurts I wont be taking them out. Part of me doesn't want it to heal.

I feel like crying my eyes out, I can't cope with my dramatic sudden mood changes. Going back to younger years with Katherine when everyone preferred her she also had a lot of medical problems which gave her the lime light even more.

First there was speech therapy, then Asthma, the glasses, then more problems with her eyes, one thing after another, even now she has fainted and other medical problems.

I never had anything wrong with me, when I was ill I was ill for a day or two max. All I had was a bike crash when I was 5 or 6 and a fractured wrist when I was 12, even then Jane and then Katherine soon followed with fractured wrists. Maybe I'm trying to compensate in some way for my feelings of neglect.

Everyone I've ever got on with has left me. School friends years 7-8 I only had one friend at a time; Daniella- she left, Sue- she left, Emily- she left, Suzanne- she left, then when I left school I lost touch with everyone, confided a bit with a guy at work- got too much for him- left me, a woman at church- got too much for her- she left me, although my key nurse has come back- she left and I was convinced she was never coming back. Left, left, left, left. Story of my life, passed on from person to person, people promising they'll never leave me but do.

Monday 28th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Took my stitches out this morning, wasn't going to tell anyone but the student who I was allocated to came in just as I'd finished, refused to have the cut re stitched, it's just got a bandage on it.

Went to go on the 12:30pm bus to go to a GP to get tablets but the nurses stopped me going. They've forgotten my tea time meds, mine obviously aren't important enough. I feel like giving up. I don't feel like I can talk this one through, it's at the stage where there's so much inside, it stays inside and only comes out in actions.

Tuesday 29th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Strangled myself really bad last night, I wanted to die. Got woken this morning by someone's alarm clock in the next room, it went off for 45mins before I couldn't stand it anymore and burst in her room, waking her. It goes off for about ½ hour at least 3 times a week, today was the last straw. I told the nurses, they said they'd have a word; I was really pissed off because I really needed the sleep, and it also led me to wanting to o.d again.

Got a nurse to redress my wound which hurts like hell, you should have seen her reaction; she couldn't stand the sight of it.

The owner of that alarm clock came and said sorry about this morning but I thought "fuck her," she's made me feel small when I've apologized to her and it really had put me in a bad mood. I had a go at her saying next time it happened I would chuck it, told her why use it if it doesn't wake you, it's not fair on me and probably other patients. I had a right go, she didn't know what to say, didn't give her chance, she just said my reaction was unacceptable and she's avoided me all day and to be honest with you I felt so much better afterwards.

We just this second met upstairs and she tried having a go at me about my attitude and entering her room, I had a go back, told her she better shut up or I'd hit her (not that I would) she tried arguing but I kept saying how it's OK for her to complain about every little thing but no one else is allowed to, I ended up having the last word again. It is so unlike me but I don't feel bad about it, like when I was at work, sometimes the bitch comes out.

I tried for a month not to let it get to me but for some reason today was enough and for me to argue back like I did is rare, I prefer to keep the peace but like I said, sometimes I like being a bitch.

Had some good chats with a nurse today, this morning said I wanted to go but I'd keep myself safe, when I woke I realized that when this divorce happens I have to also go through church which scares me, talked about that as well.

Kilroy was on TV talking about near death experiences, I told the nurse how during one strangling episode all I could see was white, and everything was white.

Also had ward round with my consultant, he talked a lot about how if my behavior continued my therapy would stop and they'd have to move me to a different unit, I absolutely see where he's coming from saying how the nurses can't cope with my behavior, that it's not fair on them, we made a deal that if I kept myself safe and took responsibility until Thursday he'd spend an hour with me.

I've done well today, it's been a lot better than yesterday, I mean yesterday I had two nurses holding me down again cause they came in whilst I was putting the 2nd of 5 lengths of wool round my neck and I wouldn't let them take it off.

Although I've not drank I had pudding for dinner and turkey burger and chips for tea, one nurse was so pleased when I asked if I could have tea, she even gave me a kiss!!

Had a good session with my psychologist as well so yeah today's been good and all probably because another patient got the front of all my built up emotions, tonight will be interesting after threatening to hit her but I'm still up for an argument and tomorrow morning will be interesting with her clock.

Wednesday 30th October 2002.

Dear Sky. Well I've kept my side of the bargain and stayed safe, funny how on a good day I don't really have anything to write!

That patient woke me with her clock again, she'd asked the nurses to wake her at 7:30am yet she set her alarm for 9:00am when she wasn't in the room. So I've broken it, she hasn't noticed yet but I'm looking forward to the confrontation, evil bitch that I am.

Went to Boots with a nurse and another patient which was fun, I had a load of stuff I had to get and I don't trust myself shopping alone at the moment, it'll end up with a doctors appointment.

My wrist is hurting like hell, tempted to take some Paracetamol to help but it defeats the object, of wanting the pain.

Thursday 31st October 2002.

Dear Sky. What a day! Woke up this morning feeling it was going to be bad, I'm struggling to stay in a positive mood after 2 days. Came downstairs to a letter to sign for just under £13k for the house!

Had a really good discussion with my consultant, talked about loads of stuff, going to try Prozac again, wanted me to work my weight up to 8 stone, we settled on staying at 7. He talked about a therapeutic community, don't want to go and I've got to do another mood chart to see if the Prozac works, start it tomorrow. Told him I was

scared of ups cause I then go down and upset everyone, he said it was to be expected with my condition; BPD.

3:00pm I started my period; really bad back ache, took Paracetamol, 5mg of Diazepam, hot water bottle and led straight out on the sofa. My psychologist woke me at 4:15pm, got up and my right foot gave way and I stumbled and fell flat on my face, now my foot and ankle is in agony. Felt like a right idiot sat on the floor because I couldn't get up but had a good session with him.

Saturday 2nd November 2002.

Dear Sky. Stayed in bed until 10:00am this morning although I was semi sleeping/awake since 6:00am. Had the petition for the divorce come through, signed it and sent it back.

Been struggling not to harm myself today, felt like buying Nytol although most of me doesn't want to, also feel like cutting a vein in my wound.

Told a nurse how I felt, when I tell someone I am less likely to do it. Not done a thing today, slept through what seems like most of it, that's why I go to bed late so then I wake late and the mornings gone.

After dinner cause of the Diazepam I usually sleep for 1 or 2 hours which is nice. Got to start the cross stitch back up, I've got 2 Christmas presents to do, might make a start tonight, after Casualty.

I wonder how soon I'll get this money! One thing that worries me about getting it is I feel like I'll then be pressured into leaving.

Sunday 3rd November 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent all morning asleep, this afternoon me and Katherine moved everything left of mine out the house. That's it, I no longer have anything to do with it, nothing atoll, all gone. Don't know what else to say about today as that has been my day.

Tuesday 5th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Happy birthday Sparkle, well at least happy brought day!

Saw my consultant this morning, had a good session with him. Since the session when he reckoned I was quite good when in fact I was crap we've had good talks. Mainly because we're not talking about discharge, as soon as people mention it I kind of switch off.

Woke up at 4:00am this morning from a nightmare, I was really panicky and sweating, I can't remember what it was about. I hope it doesn't start up again, I haven't woke from a nightmare sine my Zopiclone was doubled.

Sorted out my car insurance for when I buy a car, changed my details, found out that £800 was claimed from the accident so I've lost 2yrs no claim bonus and checked that it was OK to insure the car in the hospital as the kept address, all I've got to do now is get a car!

Caught the 12:20pm bus into town and then went to the Knowle health canter, registered myself with a Dr under my marital name and address and got an appointment for 5:50pm this evening.

I got really agitated last night because I saw a box of Nytol with my name on in the clinic and I wanted it. I couldn't understand why they'd kept it to give it back to me when I leave so I can o.d.

Told the nurses II was meeting my sister, that we were going up Cabot Tower to watch the fire works but went and saw this Dr. Within 5mins he prescribed me with 7x7.5mg of Zopiclone, picked it up from Lloyds and also got a box of one a night Nytol from another Lloyds and a box of herbal Nytol from Asda.

So tonight I plan to take; 7x7.5mg Zopiclone, 15mg Zopiclone, 10mg Diazepam, 16 one a night Nytol, 28 herbal Nytol and already had 30mg of Diazepam today.

Don't think the nurses realize but I've not had anything to drink since about Thursday, at least I'll have to have something taking all these pills. Don't know what will happen, plan to go to bed, all I know is that I'm NOT going to the BRI; they've got enough with it being bonfire night.

Wednesday 6th November 2002.

Dear Sky. At some point last night I took all the Zopiclone and 16 one a night Nytol. Ended up being in the BRI, I only have vague idea of what happened. I can't remember leaving in an ambulance, arriving or how I got back, I think someone stayed with me.

Spent all day on the settee, my eyes can't focus and I've got a headache and my insides hurt but what can I expect! Why did all this happen? Why do I keep trying to kill myself? Everyone has bad phases in their lives, why can't I get over mine and be like everyone else? I'll probably find out more about last night tonight so I'll tell you tomorrow.

Being dehydrated is no fun, apart from with meds I drank today, first time in a week. I wish I could run away, detach myself from everything but you can't run away from what's inside, no matter how far you run. I feel that here is the safest place to do it. Why do I do this to myself?

Thursday 7th November 2002.

Dear Sky. The Bishop came in this morning to talk about a temple divorce, he tried talking about other stuff but my key nurse butted in thankfully. As soon as he started talking my fist thought was it was as if it was Carl or my Dad, his tone of voice. If seeing the Bishop has done anything it's at least made me surer that I don't want to be around those kinds of people, they seem fake.

Still don't know what happened at the BRI, I guess I need to find out who took me and ask them.

Friday 8th November 2002.

Dear Sky. After writing to you yesterday I had a chat with a nurse, well mainly got told off. Earlier on in the day I really needed to talk to her, she was my allocated nurse but she wasn't around and was told that she was busy so I asked if I could talk to someone else, I needed to talk about the meeting with Bishop.

She said I shouldn't have talked to the other nurse, I should have waited for her, that the other nurse shouldn't have spent as long as she did with me, and it wasn't sticking to my care plan. She also said how disappointed she was that I had overdosed, she said she knew I would, things had been going too well.

She also said that in a way she was glad that my Mum doesn't see me because I would break her heart and she'd feel disappointed and that me being admitted to hospital was the worse thing that has happened to me, that I'm throwing my life away, that I'd soon become a statistic.

I'm sorry but does everyone think that I enjoy being me? It's all very well saying get your act together bur it's not that easy. I wish people understood me, understand what's going on inside, getting my act together isn't as easy as that. And the comment about coming here was the worse thing that could have happened; well she obviously doesn't understand what got me here.

Things were really bad, I felt like a prisoner where would I be now if I wasn't here? Probably unhappily married with at least one kid and still feeling unhappy and harming myself with no one knowing. They tried dealing with me through the community but I went downhill so quickly they couldn't arrange it in time.

I hate to think where I'd be if I wasn't here. A prisoner, that's what I'd be, a prisoner, to Carl, my Dad and the church. Someone with no voice and no opinions. I now know that I can have my faith but I don't have to live it like the rest of my family.

I wish people could understand me, understand what it's like to be me, it's not fun. To hate myself so much that to harm or kill myself feels like the only way out. Can you imagine what it's like to feel that bad day in and day out? IT'S HELL. When I harm myself I don't intend to hurt other people as well, it's me I'm trying to punish for being such a bad person, for being me, doing the things I do, being me.

I can see where the nurse was coming from though. It must feel like a kick in the teeth for them, they put so much time and effort into me only for me to go and overdose or do something stupid.

Why is all this happening to me, what did I do so wrong to be and feel like this, have I been like this from birth? The horrible thing is probably yes. I just don't remember but there have been good times in my life, don't get me wrong, holidays, days out, birthdays, Christmas, it's just a shame the negative overrides the positive.

I had a chat with a nurse last night which was a lot more positive, felt better afterwards. I asked him about Tuesday night. Apparently they had me in the clinic and everything. The agency nurse did come with me buy ambulance and luckily I was only in there for about 3hrs which explains why I was still hallucinating when I came back.

I mean I told the nurses that someone had tried breaking into my wardrobe and I couldn't open it. I get on well with that nurse, if I need to talk he's great to talk to and if I just need distraction he'll be more than happy just to play a game with me.

Like the nurse said, she knew I'd do something because things were going too well and I was too happy. Why? Why go and spoil it? It doesn't make any sense. Saying that being here is the worse thing to happen makes me feel rejected, that nobody can help

me. I know It's a 2 sided thing, they can't help me unless I put the effort in as well but it's so hard.

I mean is my life really worth living? Is all this hard work and pain really worth it? I wish someone could just get inside my head and sort it out. I'm so scared of my life, scared of my frame of mind. I feel like there's no hope for me, that I'm destined to be like this for the rest of my life.

Why can't I change it? Make my life positive? I don't know, I feel that I'm not able to help myself. Everyone's saying that it's such a waste of a life but I don't see it that way, I don't see myself as being important, the way I see it if I was to kill myself people would be upset but soon put it to the back of their minds.

Just had a phone call from Gaby, crying, saying how suicidal she's been and no ones helping her and been told she's a no hoper, cried together. I'm so scared that the same things going to happen to me, that I'm going to be left alone, forgotten about, not cared about and not missed.

Everyone's saying you need to pick yourself up and occupy yourself but it's the last thing I feel like doing, I mean isn't that partly how I got in here? Worked myself to the ground, didn't think about how I felt and ended up basically breaking down.

I know most of the effort has to come from me for things to get better but I'm not in that frame of mind. I'm tired, worn out and had enough. I just wish someone could understand.

If I was discharged at least I wouldn't be hurting or disappointing anyone when I hurt myself or try to kill myself because no one would know, it wouldn't affect anyone else. When I hurt myself I hurt the nurses as well but I don't mean to, at the time it doesn't cross my mind but I can't help myself, I wish people could understand that.

I don't see this wonderful life that staff says out there, it's as if they're talking about someone else. It's as if I've had my life and it's over, I've been married, I've had a good job, isn't that the main 2 points in life? I've had them what's left to look forward too? I just want someone to understand me, to know what I'm going through, how hard it is, and it's not nice to feel like there's no way out apart from suicide.

Saturday 9th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Why does everyday have to be a fight? I want to o.d again, why? Because it makes me feel crap, punish myself. Eating and drinking is hard, I'm trying to stick to my care plan, and people find it hard to see my way of thinking. To me drinking is worse than eating, unless you eat loads and loads you don't notice the weight, it goes on slowly but just one drink and your stomach balloons which I can't stand the sight of.

Taking those tablets on Tuesday was so easy, as soon as I came back it was as if I couldn't wait to take them, I was on a high. Everyday I feel like I have to hurt myself, I wish I had a load of tablets on me right now.

Beginning to feel the effects of dehydration again, dizziness, head rush and a kind of hot, worn out, exhausted feeling, burning inside. Spent most of the day asleep again, didn't get out of bed till 11:30am and that was only to stick to my care plan. Fell asleep for an hour again around 4:00pm, sleeping is good. I want to die.

THE PERFECT PLACE

Can you imagine a world without pain?
A life where peace will always remain.
Everyone enjoying the life they have,
Never knowing any bad.

A world without hurt,
A planet without shame.
A place without crime,
A race without blame.

What a wonderful thing that would be,
Where joy and laughter is always seen.
Everywhere a happy face,
A peaceful perfect glorious place.

A world without hurt,
A planet without shame.
A place without crime,
A race without blame.

What a dream, that's all it is,
For this life is full of crisis.
Hurt and pain is all around,
Happiness is rarely found.

A world without hurt,
A planet without shame.
A place without crime,
A race without blame.

There is one place where peace goes on forever,
The place you go when life is over.



HIDE AND SEEK

You've been hiding for years and years,
Running and running from all your pain.
But you cannot hide from what's inside,
You carry your feelings wherever you go.

They're with you day in and out,
No matter how hard you try to hide.
They'll always seek you out,
For they hide right beside you.

So if you cannot run,
If you cannot hide.
Can you try to find out why,
Your pain is always there?

Find the pain, find the hurt,
Try to work out what went wrong.
It's not easy, it hurts like hell,
But maybe then you won't have to hide.

Uncover your pain, let people see,
The true you that keeps hiding from the world.
With support and a caring hand,
You can stop running and hiding.

So open up your heart,
Let your emotions show.
Then you won't have to run,
Or even hide.



Sunday 10th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Well for someone who's pretty set on sticking to my care plan they've done a pretty good job this morning! Hardly said a word to me, ignored at lunch time, not even given my meds and the worse thing about that is I really felt like a roast dinner. So thank you, you've made me feel really crap and neglected.

A year ago today I got married, it's still not too late to go and buy a load of tablets, I want too o.d, that's all I want to do.

Cried with a nurse, told her how bad this morning had made me feel, felt safe being allocated to her, knew she wouldn't ignore me at tea. Just before tea there was an argument over the telly and a nurse went to switch it off for tea, just before she did I told her she wasn't allowed, she asked "says who?" "Says my care plan," I then said about seeing how keen she was to stick to it she said she wasn't the one so keen, said she'd go check my care plan.

Time went on and my nurse hadn't been in, started getting upset because I knew the turkey drummers would be gone. She ended up coming in with a sandwich, yogurt and drink, apologizing saying that she'd just had an argument with a nurse ending with her swearing.

I don't think the nurse understands me, it was so hard for me to come down this morning, just to be let down like that. We used to get on so well but since Friday things have gone so bad, since she said how disappointed she was with me and saying it was a good job I wasn't her daughter she doesn't seem to understand what goes on in my head.

Katherine and Jane came in this afternoon, had a chat, have me a letter form Mum saying about the holiday, how there was a place for me, have to give it a lot of thought.

Monday 11th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Now been in here 11 months. I don't know why but last night I confessed my 2 plans to a nurse, I still feel I need to go through with them though.

I feel it's not worth sticking to the eating part of my care plan, it causes too much hassle. Me and the nurse haven't spoken about yesterday but we've talked in general with everyone else.

I remembered yesterday the first regret/doubt if those are the right words about marrying Carl. The first day of our marriage/honeymoon we disagreed about what to do that day, being a Sunday Carl was set on not spending money. The way I see it is holidays are different, I justify it. I said to him, you don't go on holiday often; his reply was you don't get to go to heaven often. We ended up being really bored that day cause what can you do that doesn't involve money?! As a family we went on holiday every year, I always hated going to church especially as it was the first day of the holiday.

Feel like I'm a pain to everyone, it seems that no matter what anyone does I have to carry out these self harm/ suicide missions, feel that I'm being completely selfish. I feel so ill and tired, just feel like giving up. Is my life really worth fighting for? Not everyone lives till they're 70-80, lots of people die young, maybe I'm one of those people, maybe my time is up and this is my way to die.

During my early teens I always used to, fantasize? About a member of my family dieing, mainly my Dad but even my sisters, though never my Mum, didn't want to imagine what like would be like with just my Dad. For a few years now, even last night I also imagine what it would be like to be raped. What's wrong with me? Why do I always want bad things to happen? Cause then I'll have an obvious reason to be, feel the way I do?

To people who don't know what goes on in my head they must think I'm a stupid girl whose got everything going for her, throwing it away and to sort myself out and get

on with life but it seems like I'm obsessed with hurting myself, not letting good things happen, why? Why do I have this fear of things being good? I feel that I don't deserve it cause of all the hassle I cause.

Why did I tell the nurse last night? I had everything planned in my head, no one would know but I had to tell him didn't I? But like my key nurse says they still can't stop me. Wednesday will happen and that's all there is to it.

I'd love to know what the nurses wrote in my notes for Saturday and Sunday morning, probably a complete contradiction to how I really felt.

I am so tired but again I can't sleep. Not at night, not during the day, the nurses think I'm asleep but I'm not, just trying.

1:30pm; Kelly has just told me that Gaby killed herself last night. How could a service that is set up to help people let them down so badly. Gaby has been crying out, screaming out for help but no one has listened to her. At least now she's gone to a better place, somewhere where she can't be hurt anymore.

I don't know whether I'm crying for Gaby or myself. It's just proved my point that people die young, Gaby's pain is over; she doesn't have to go through another 50-60 odd years of shit. It was her time to go, I just wish I could have done more for her. I let her down as well, the only contact I had with her is when she phoned me feeling suicidal, I stopped her a few times but this time I let her down. I should have listened to her more on Friday; I didn't believe she would go through with it. She must have been feeling so bad to go through with it and she went through it alone, unheard.

Where does this leave me? Wanting to follow her. This is the first death that has affected me and I don't know how to deal with it. Part of me wants to run away right now, part of me wants to shut myself off from the world. Why wait? Why not kill myself now, end my pain?

Yes, I've just learned that it does affect people terribly but like I've always said, that pain will soon ease. She'll never be forgotten and that phone call I'll never forget but it will start to effect me less and less, just the same if I were to follow her lead.

I want her back, I want to phone her and hear her voice, to say how sorry I am for not being there for her, for letting her down like everyone else.

I could go do it tonight, what's stopping me? Nothing! Change my plans, go straight to the killer. I want to see Gaby, give her a hug, say things to her and tonight I can make that happen, by being in the same place.

Tried to leave on the 5:10pm bus, planned to go to the Mall then buy Nytol then the bridge but my key nurse got to me before the bus came. I tried walking away from her; part of me was saying "run, why don't you run?" I don't know why and I'm now back on a 5(2) section.

Was in the teaching room on 1-1 or 2-1 from coming back till 10:00pm, tried leaving several times, actually succeeded in getting out the room once but another nurse came and got me back in.

I sat and cried with my old key nurse who key nursed Gaby, remembering her, talking about when we were on our old ward how we were "two little sods."

Still in two minds whether to try leaving or not, I want to be with Gaby, another part of me just want to o.d and I have the tablets to do it. The thought crossed my mind

that I wanted to see Gaby before she was buried; someone asked if I wanted to go to the funeral, automatically I said no, they said to think about it. I wouldn't be a stranger there, I met her family a few times, and I mean I helped her move into the hell house that she was in.

Talking to my old key nurse and remembering the good times with her, sat on our beds chatting, doing puzzles together, running away together, crying together, stopping each other from doing silly things, brought our teddies together, hid under the table together, screamed at Jaws together.

The nurses didn't like us spending so much time together because like my old key nurse light heartily said, we were two little sods. It was like having two school girls; we could cause havoc when we wanted to.

It's just left me feeling that the same things going to happen to me once I'm discharged, ignored and refused help which is what basically happened to Gaby. I think I'll leave today with just an o.d, stick to my previous plan for killing myself.

Tuesday 12th November 2002.

Dear Sky. I overdosed whilst in the toilet last night at 1:00am which meant I had to go to the BRI, complete waste of time, didn't get back till 7:00am then they woke me 2hrs later!

The nurse who went with me was great last night, glad he was there, and we talked about a load of stuff before and whilst I was at the BRI. Every night he's in I'm glad because nights are hard for me but he helps, if I need a chat or just distraction he's more than happy.

Been stuck in the teaching room until now- 12:30pm causing havoc, accusing the nurses of all sorts of stuff. I just wanted to go to my room, have my music, write to you and go to sleep and disappear.

Whilst in the teaching room I had a call, came up with "private number calling", it was my cousin crying over some doctors appointment she'd missed, I didn't know who it was at first, I honestly thought it was Gaby, that she was alive and it was all a mistake. My cousin asked if I was OK, told her I was fine and got her thinking positive.

I feel that there is no point in carrying on, I don't see the point in life, and I just want to hide away. Nothing seems to matter anymore. GOODBYE GABY, REST IN PEACE.

It's now 8:00pm, I've been waiting for this strong sleeping med since lunch cause of which I haven't had any Diazepam since 9:00am this morning. I just want to go to sleep but cant. I don't know how I'm feeling at the moment, I apologized to my key nurse about this morning and we made a deal. I would keep myself safe and she would do everything she could and not let me down starting with reading through all 6 of my journals, there's a lot she can pick up from them.

The nurses let me down today by not letting me see my psychologist in my room. I really wanted to talk to him; he said it wasn't safe, hello! He was up here Thursday and yesterday, I really could have done with talking to him.

Florida is the only place I'd go for a holiday. It's a holiday of a life time. Everything there is amazing. Island of adventure was the best theme park, totally amazing, beyond words, Sea world is my 2nd favorite.

Last time I was a split second too late in getting picked as a volunteer for the Shamu show and touching him, if I go this year I'll be even more determined.

Swimming with dolphins was amazing, them pushing you along putting their nose on your feet and being pulled along holding onto their fin, we even had a baby dolphin in with us, which was a bonus.

Just all the theme parks are beyond words, it makes places like Alton Towers seem tacky. Going this year will be a reason to break the silence with my parents otherwise it will go on for longer but like a nurse said, make some ground rules that they promise to stick to before I go, things not to be talked about.

There will be 15 of us going anyway so time purely alone with my parents is pretty much avoidable. Going twice is lucky but three times is a treat, really lucky. Just have to be strong enough round my parents before and during the holiday, can I do it? I want to.

Mum sent a letter with a rough plan of what they would be doing, which made my mind up even more that I wanted to go; Sunday: Kennedy space center or relax at villa. Monday: Island Of Adventure. Tuesday: Crystal River, swim with Manatees. Wednesday: Sea World. Thursday: Wet n Wild. Friday: Bush Gardens. Saturday: Magic Kingdom. Sunday: relax day. Monday: Universal Studios. Tuesday: Disney Water Park. Wednesday: Sea World? Thursday: Island Of Adventure or Universal Studios again. Friday: a water park maybe Wet n Wild. Saturday: go home.

£1000 would cover the whole cost, I could afford it; the £1000 just wouldn't go into the savings account instead! I can't turn down this opportunity.

Wednesday 13th November 2002.

Dear Sky. I finally got that medication at midnight after spending time with my key nurse, she cheered me up, and medication only lasted 4hrs. 4:00am I woke up all of a sudden, sweating and panicking, went downstairs, took 5mg of Diazepam and went back and slept till 9:00am so this wonderful medication was actually crap.

Talked to a nurse this morning, hugged over Gaby, she persuaded me to have a shower and come down. It's now midday and I'm back upstairs.

Weighed myself, 6.8 stone, nearly lost a stone in a week, now under the category of emaciated, symptoms of semi starvation priority, I've come up to escape dinner.

Text Mum this morning saying I'd love to go to America with them, she said she'd sort it out; it's going to be hard work.

I'm finding it so hard not to go to the bridge, the only thing stopping me is the promise I made with my key nurse but I don't know if I can hold it off.

I tried going but they got me back. Now on 1-1 until tomorrow when my consultant will asses me for a section 3 which lasts 6 months and means I can't go to America.

I got both Gabies' phone numbers on my phone, I can't erase them, it really means she's gone then. I've never lost anyone I love before, I don't know how to handle it, everyone has their own way of grieving, mine seems to be that I want to follow her. Running off was a 5 minute decision and action. I didn't think, it's my way of coping, I don't know how else to cope.

Put me on this section and I truly will have nothing to life for and I'll succeed in taking my life. At the moment there's a little tiny bit of light, I'm just not thinking straight at the moment. The tiny bits of light are going on holiday and being in contact with my parents, the work my key nurse promised to do and work with me, not let me down.

Put me on a section 3 and all that will be meaningless. 5(2) section I can cope with and it doesn't effect me long term but a section 3 and I will kill myself, no threat, a promise. I just don't know what to do with myself, part of me doesn't even want to pick myself up but like I said there's that tiny bit of light.

Listening to Michael Ball at the moment, Gaby got me into the relaxation cds and I got her into Michael Ball, we had exactly the same taste of music.

Before I see my consultant tomorrow I want him to read you from last Friday onwards, I think it's about time he had more insight into how I feel cause he doesn't always hear the full story from me cause the difficulties I sometimes have with communication.

I let my feelings out more freely and honestly to you. Even though I know the nurses will then read it, I want them to; like I said more comes out through you.

Just had an agency nurse sit in with me, she saw the picture of Jesus on my wall and also asked if I drank coffee. I said no, it was against my religion, she said hers too, well it was, I asked what religion, Mormon, and I couldn't believe it.

We talked about it, went into depth a little but it was really nice, someone who understands. I just wanted to talk about it more and more can't remember her name but she was nice, wanting to come in and talk or play a game rather than just sit outside. Felt like we connected because we had something in common, she doesn't go any more but still has her faith, which is what I want.

Talked about how I wouldn't be excommunicated or dammed, nice to talk to someone who knows what it's like to be strictly Mormon.

Thursday 14th November 2002.

Dear Sky. I feel so much better now, had a good chat with a nurse last night, he is so caring. The owner of the alarm clock asked me last night if I broke her alarm clock! I've been feeling so guilty about it, denied it all innocently.

This morning I had to talk to another Dr/Psychologist and social worker to asses me for a section 3, they went and discussed it with my consultant and key nurse. I'm off all sections! The other Dr and social worker wanted to send me to Florence Nightingale in London under section 3 but my team, after having read you argued my case; it would have been the end of my life if I had gone.

Spoke to Mum this morning on the phone, she then came in just after lunch to talk about holiday, I had my key nurse sit in with me, it went OK, I felt there were things that both she and I wanted to say but couldn't.

Possibly the family are coming in tomorrow, terrified of seeing my Dad, suggested that Jane and Hannah came along, with my key nurse sitting in, thinking that Dad would back down a little with the girls there.

Also I feel that although they are "girls" they are old enough and need to understand what's going on. I mean there might be times on holiday when they want to talk about stuff!

Hugged Mum hello and goodbye which I didn't want to do but felt I had not choice, it's the way my family are. Hugs from nurses for me feel so genuine but I feel so fake hugging my parents.

I have a £5 gift voucher for Argos; I can't see me using it so I told that patient I'd buy her an alarm clock using the voucher.

They want me to put on more weight but I'm terrified, also feel like I've gone off food. Going to Florence Nightingale would have been the end of my life.

Apparently Gaby died in her sleep, that's all I know, I'm glad that's how she went, its how I want to go, nice and peaceful in my sleep with all my comfort items around me.

So I've now got this tiny little light to try and hold on too. Just don't give up on me please; I need all the support I can get.

7:20pm, I don't know what my feeling are like at the moment, I feel like I'm holding everything in and putting on a brave face, feel like I'm about to cry. My eyesight at the moment is terrible, has been for a few days, blurry, hard to focus and double vision as well as straining, it's like I can't focus on anything.

Friday 15th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Just spoken to Mum and I'm scared shitless, her and Dad are going to come over between 6:30 and 7:00pm tonight without the girls. She asked about the issues not to talk about, I said that's what the meeting was for; she asked if they could ask how I am. I spoke up and said it's not been easy for me in here so that would be a hard question to answer. She said that Dad is going to come in and obviously want to give me a hug, did say it will feel uncomfortable.

I'm really scared of this meeting, scared that I'm just going to shrink back into my chair and not say anything, feel overwhelmed by my Dad.

7:30pm, well today has gone by slowly! Around 6:00pm I started getting worried about the meeting, they arrived, with Hannah, hugged, I knew it would be unavoidable but to be honest I only had one arm around them which felt OK.

Don't know what to say about it really apart from that it went OK. My Dad was completely different, like my key nurse said, on his best behavior and we talked about different things, a few hard stuff but also casual chat.

Some of the stuff Dad said I felt him trying to reel me back in but I just let him say it and didn't give a reply. Just got to keep it up and keep everything on my level. At the moment I feel I can but I don't know if I can keep it up out of hospital, it is a sanctuary, got to try and believe in myself like Kelly does.

Offered the alarm clock to that patient, don't feel so guilty now, we shook hands on the condition that if it keeps going on for ages the nurses take it away and she can have it back when she leaves.

10:20pm scared that things are going too well, a bad spell always follows, even today I wanted to o.d cause of the meeting, putting on a front still feels wrong. I've lost my appetite as well as not wanting to eat. I don't know why I feel so bad about food, why

can't I eat like a normal person? My eyesight still isn't right, hard to focus, all I can see is everything is going too well, an o.d is adamant.

Saturday 16th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Katherine phoned me at 9:00am saying the family was in town and asked if I wanted to join them, I did; saw Mum and Dad but only briefly because as usual we split.

The new sleeper I'm on only kept me asleep for about 6hrs. Got back from town midday and I feel crap. I feel worse than yesterday, I don't know why, I just feel really sad.

Haven't eaten since Sunday night, had 2 drinks since then, they want me to eat but really they just want to make me fat and I don't want to be fat, I don't want to put any weight on.

I'm going to Gaby's funeral on Wednesday with a nurse, I have been distracting myself this afternoon but I still feel bad. I feel bad because I know I'm going to o.d again, I don't know when but I know I will.

Rascals dieing, I'm sure of it, it's been 3 days now where she's just stayed with me smoothing her and pulling gently at her ear, she likes it. Got to keep my hopes up and keep thinking she could go on for a few more months yet but I'm not sure. I just hope she waits like Tara did, wait for me to be there holding her.

I just feel so sad, I don't know how else to put it apart form wanting to cry but not allowing myself. I want to die, I want to die, I want to die. If death seems like the only answer then what is the point in fighting it, if all I can think of is dieing then doesn't that surely say something?

I was so tempted to buy some Nytol today but didn't. Maybe that's why I feel so bad, I failed, is my life really worth living if I keep trying to kill myself?

Gaby

I miss you loads,
I want you back.
I feel so empty without you,
I really don't know what to do.
You cared for me,
You helped me laugh.
You were a person of great worth,
You laughed with me, doing the best you could.

I have so many happy memories,
Of the time we spent together.

You helped me more than you'd believe,
Caring for me, a real good deed.

We had so much fun together,
All the trouble we caused!
But we had loads of fun,
Because you were a caring one.

I'll look back on those times,
I'll smile through memories.
I'll never forget the person so true,
I'll always be glad to have known you.

You'll be safe now,
You'll be in a world with no pain.
You'll always be in my heart,
For in my life you played a huge part.



Sunday 17th November 2002.

Dear Sky. I feel like giving up on life, planning an o.d, if I end up at the BRI as soon as I get with it I'll be off and up to the bridge, it's going to be the biggest o.d I've ever taken, don't know when I'm going to do it but I'm planning for it. I just feel like watching the world go by until then.

Shopping yesterday took so much energy, something I have little of. See I have things to look forward to like holiday, still I plan to kill myself. Me and my fucked up head make no sense.

I believe that when you die you go back to the time when you were happiest/ perfect, I wonder when that was! Must be when I was very young.

Scared my family are going to put too much pressure on me now we're back in contact, I think shopping yesterday overwhelmed me, even though I didn't see too much of them.

There's nothing wrong with my weight, I'm not too skinny, I just don't care about looking after myself, I'm no one important. 6 ½ stone, they're soon going to give up on me.

3:00pm, just been over to O.T, played badminton to burn off some calories, pretty much did the job. Back in my room, pretty much exhausted, Rascals dieing, just sat in my arms again, I'll give her another week to live, max.

I can feel my body shutting down as I've not had anything to eat since last Sunday and nothing to drink since Friday. Don't care if I'm fucking my body up, in some ways that's the whole point.

I know the nurses are going to send me away which means giving up on me just like everyone else, when they promised they wouldn't. Everyone gives up on me in the end, no one can help me. I'm just giving up on life, what's the point, I'm back to the lowest weight I've ever been. All down hill from here.

The nurses say I'm in control of what I eat, shows how little they know, the self destruct me has complete control of whether I eat, the other me has no control, she' too week. My concentration levels are slipping, I'm not as alert, the only reason I went to O.T was to loose calories, and I really didn't have the energy. All I can manage to do is get through the day in a very basic level.

Feel like crying but I'm not going to, I'll struggle when Rascal dies, I think I can get through Gaby's funeral without crying. Crying makes you vulnerable, it shows how you are truly feeling, my true feelings I'm trying to hide at the moment. What with not eating or drinking and with overdosing plans I have to hide my feelings. I'm so tired; all I want to do is sleep.

At least when I o.d I'll have to have a drink. What's the point in living? We all die eventually anyway; why not get it over and done with? Now decided when I'm going to o.d. I'm sorry everyone, I'll have let you down but this is something I have to do, the self destruct me is in control.

Monday 18th November 2002.

Dear Sky. 10:10am the vet put Rascal to sleep, my best friend for 2 ½ years, just buried her out in the back garden, rest in peace.

Only had 4hrs sleep max last night, had to make sure I was awake to book a Drs appointment, phoned at 8:20am to book that so we're on course.

I'll have to buy another rat cause seeing Sparkle on her own would break my heart, also going to buy a plant to mark where Rascal was buried, I'm glad she died in my arms and she's buried here. Here was probably the best place she's been, it was very quick, 2-3 seconds, wish I could go that quickly.

8:20pm just been to the doctors I know have; 14 Zopiclone, 16 one a night Nytol and 16 two a night Nytol, stupid chemist didn't have any one a night. Going to take them in about ½ hour, during hand over then just go to bed.

Horrible seeing Sparkle on her own, she stayed under my top because she could smell Rascal. I have to take this o.d tonight; bridge will follow if I'm left alone, no threat, promise. Hopefully no one will know so I won't be of any pain and a waste of the nurse's time; don't want to go to the BRI because they really hate me there. That's why if I went then the bridge would follow cause as soon as I'm with it I have to get out. I've been building up to this for a few days so it has to happen and no one is going to stop me.

9:00pm, just taken them all, be off to sleep in a minute, overdosing is so hard, swallowing all those tablets aint easy. Don't know how much longer I can keep my eyes open for so I'll say goodnight.

Sunday 18th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Well, I went to the b…E I an in so much physical been going on for – 2 years didn't even go out to see rascal die. She look so personal.

Wednesday 20th November 2002.

Dear Sky. I don't know what happened to yesterdays entry, even the date's wrong. To talk about yesterday I'll have to talk to the nurse's first cause I can only remember little bits and I can't even say for sure whether they happened but I think I succeed in it being my biggest o.d yet.

Can't believe what I did about 6:30am this morning, I actually went down stairs and asked for a drink! All they had that I would drink was orange juice, the nurse had to carry the cup up cause I couldn't, my hand just started shaking, and well that carton is gone!

I didn't even go out and see Sparkle last night, let's just face it I was fucked yesterday. Rascal looked so peaceful after the vet put her to sleep; she just looked like she was resting because her eyes were open.

I'm so scared; I'm still hallucinating, seeing things move like a black mark on the floor. My mind would convince me that it was a very tiny spider moving.

1:00pm a nurse picked me up for Gaby's funeral, we only went to the service; I don't think I would have coped seeing her buried. Had tears but stopped myself from true crying, I couldn't imagine/except that Gaby was in that coffin, still doesn't feel like she's gone.

Had to cancel with my cousin because the money wouldn't go through in time, she didn't sound too happy. This past week I've been struggling to go to the toilet but have done, bits at a time but today seems worse, I couldn't go atoll, call me stupid but it's scaring me, I can understand the past few day cause I haven't been drinking but today I've drunk loads and feel desperate for the toilet.

At Gaby's funeral the vicar mentioned about her "illness" and saying how could God let this happen, through my mind just went anger, she was let down by the service, that's how it happened.

Not taken any meds today, I wanted my pupils to return back to normal, which they haven't.

Just went and brought another rat, I've called her Babe; she's not too much different from rascal.

I feel like I've taken tablets although I haven't. I've even ate today which was so dam hard. How did I let myself get into this mess?

Thursday 21st November 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's entry is going to be a mixture of the past 3 days as they have been so blurred, some of the stuff I thought I did Tuesday I actually did! I thought someone called me into ward round with my consultant so I went in and sat down, it turned out that he was actually having a meeting which I interrupted.

My key nurse also asked me to walk to her across the room looking at her, I thought I did pretty well but the table was in the way, as it turns out I walked into the table.

Just been into ward round with my consultant, he's still worried about my weight and wants me to put some on. Doesn't anyone understand how hard and scary that is for me, to be fat again, their perception of fat and mine are totally different.

I feel that no one understands me, that everyone thinks I'm playing some sort of game, well I'm not, and I am completely freaked out and scared over what's happening. I feel like I'm in a big hole that I can't/won't allow myself to get out of and that's not a nice feeling.

I wish someone knew how bad I feel, to feel day in and day out that suicide is the only answer, its hell, I wish I could shake myself out of the way I feel but I can't, it's not that easy. I think that everyone's had enough of me, I mean I have been here nearly a year and I'm still harming myself. I think my consultant will be glad to see the back of me.

After taking the tablets on Monday I think I kept myself semi conscious until someone knew cause the only thing I remember about that night is someone saying something like oh shit, that's all I remember. Don't remember going to the BRI, being there or coming back or waking up Tuesday.

I feel that I need a real good cry, is life really worth all this pain? Being me is someone I wouldn't even wish on a worse enemy. I've refused all my medication since Monday or Tuesday as far as I can tell I haven't had any side effects, the sleepers were crap, and I'll just have to go to bed later.

My key nurse was saying how she can understand and cope with all my self harm methods but not with me not eating or drinking. Sounds about right, no one understands me, it's as if no one can help me.

Just spoken to the nurse who came with me to the B.R.I and quite a bit happened whilst I was at the BRI. They called for an ambulance straight away, didn't bother with he DMO, apparently I was completely out of it. They did a heart trace which was dodgy, took bloods, did another heart trace, still not right so they took bloods from my arteries in my wrists, I must have been out of it cause that fucking hurts. They did another heart trace, still wasn't right but it was better and we got back about 6:30am and was brought upstairs. I think I probably scared a few people.

Friday 22nd November 2002.

Dear Sky. There's nothing wrong with my weight and I'm not starving myself, I'm just not hungry, why can't anyone understand that. Now they're going to make me eat loads and put on loads of weight, why doesn't anyone understand?

I've always harmed myself in some way or other and they're trying to take all that away, so how am I supposed to cope? Do they really understand how hard everything is for me? They're asking so much of me, it's like they're taking away my life line, my safety net. I've had enough of like, I wish I was dead.

Saturday 23rd November 2002.

Dear Sky. I feel like I'm screaming but no ones listening to me. I can't say what I want to say so I'm getting frustrated cause no one knows what's going on. Its 4:45am in the morning, haven't slept, too restless, stupid woman just wanted me out of the way and not talk or otherwise occupy myself. Not much point in talking if no one listens.

It's not nice to have so much built up inside and not be able to let it out. I hate myself so much, I don't enjoy being like this, hiding away cause I'm ashamed of my figure, I don't like being like this atoll but it's not as easy as just eating.

That's what no one understands because they don't understand they're not willing to spend any time with me and just get frustrated but what I really need at the moment is someone who will put my eating to one side and listen to me regardless.

I need a shoulder to cry on, someone to build up my confidence without focusing on food, I need someone to look after me to care about me regardless of my weight which at the moment no one is willing to do.

They see my weight as the barrier but It's not, it's everything else, not talking, not crying, having no one understand me, that's the barrier but because I'm not eating no ones willing put that effort in, they don't see that if they did I might find eating easier. Because I don't see my weight as a problem it's a waste of time everyone focusing on that cause I'll just fight them but no one understands so I'm left alone for things to get worse, story of my life, left alone, given up on.

8:00pm, opened to a nurse this afternoon a bit, this afternoons been hard and I've hated myself for it. Slept through the morning, unsurprisingly but I had something to eat for tea, 2 sandwiches, crisps, yogurt, drink and later grapes, I feel like a fat pig and that I've let myself down badly, to have so much to eat at once, none of which I enjoyed, it made me not want to eat again.

Had a few tears with the nurse but I feel there's a lot more to come, maybe that's what's stopping me from letting the nurses in. Already stating to think of my next o.d, worse again but it has to wait at least another week.

Sunday 24th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Cut my wrist last night, didn't tell anyone as they weren't that deep but I don't know about the ones tonight. Felt I needed to punish myself for eating too much.

Today's been OK; family came round this evening which was OK. Went over O.T as well this afternoon. I feel like I always have to punish myself, they've made me loose control of my weight so I'm back to cutting myself and planning/waiting for another o.d.

Monday 25th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Struggled to sleep last night, only cut the surface again, decided last night that I would o.d tonight. Caught the 2:45pm bus out, had a jacket potato for tea, hated it. Brought Nytol then went to the walk in center for 6:00pm only just got the tablets cause it now brings me up to 5 weeks worth so it'll be the last time at least for a while.

Then had to go to my parents to sort out the flight, managed to get on the same flight as them. Mum and Dad drove me back, a bit worried about, Dad did ask if he could ask questions, I said no, he said he was itching to ask so many questions but he respected my answer and we chatted generally. Everyone's saying how good I'm doing, I hate that especially when it's only because I'm doing and planning things behind people's backs.

Just taken 14 Zopiclone and 32 one a night Nytol. So good night, of course it's the suspension bridge from the BRI.

Tuesday 26th November 2002.

Dear Sky. 12:30pm just woken up, can only remember bits of last night, can't remember them finding me, I brought more Nytol than I took, I've just handed them over to my key nurse and I feel like crying, I was planning on taking them today, I feel like my life line has gone now.

I hate myself so much, when will I learn that hurting myself doesn't achieve anything after a few hours.

I'm scared I've put on weight, not been enjoying anything I've ate. Can't believe I handed 20 odd Nytol to my key nurse, I wanted to take them. Why don't I just stop hurting myself and give in and let myself be happy without feeling wrong about it.

4:20pm, been waiting and wanting to talk to my key nurse all afternoon but she's been too busy, I don't know why but it's only her I want to talk to. I'm crying whilst writing this and just before but I'm managing to hold the proper crying aside.

I keep thinking look at me, I'm a real mess. What a wonderful life this has turned out to be, look at me, I shouldn't be living this kind of life at my age, I should be out there enjoying life but I stop myself from being like that. I hate myself so much, why am I letting myself be like this? I'm a wreck.

11:30pm. Had a real cry with a nurse around 5:00pm not about anything particular, I just hugged her and cried and cried. Still feel like crying now though again, nothing particular, I just hate being me so much, I wish there was an easy way out of this but there isn't.

Everyone says suicide is the easy way out but it's not. Doing it takes a lot of effort and detachment from your thoughts and feelings, I'm not happy with the amount I'm eating, I don't want to eat anything.

I'm going to have to be so strong over this holiday, already I feel like I'm seeing my parents too much but I have to cause its things to do with holiday. I don't like being happy, it feels unsafe and so false, I rarely feel 100% happy, as soon as I recognize things are OK I start to panic and harm myself, it's the way it's been for years.

Wednesday 27th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's been OK, went into town midday to meet Mum because I had to sign some stuff for insurance for holiday and the guy needed my medical history. I went in by myself, as it turned out he didn't need either, mix up in communication, I must have only spent max 5mins with Mum, going to try not to see them this weekend.

Mum had told this guy that I had anorexia, as far as my family are concerned that's why I'm in here, how wrong could they be? Need to know if I have ever been diagnosed with it, my care team have all referred to me as anorexic but I need to know if I've ever been actually diagnosed.

I would love to see my notes for the first month or two of when I was admitted, I was so different, ward round meetings I barely said a word, my consultant was quite

confused about my situation cause I barely said a word, that was what I was like even if I didn't like what was being said I still remained silent.

The point I guess I'm trying to make is that we're all trying to find a new person inside me cause the old me can't come back, we're trying to create someone new.

A nurse took me to Ikea this afternoon, brought a cd holder, had a good time, talked in the car about my parents thinking I'm anorexic, said about how much I hate that word anorexic, makes me go cold when people say I've got it. I don't know why, maybe because I've read so much about it and I believe it's something you never recover from, it's always there.

Like today when Mum said that she'd told this insurance guy that I have anorexic, can't describe how I felt, cold isn't the right word but I know they wouldn't cope with the truth; BPD, a side comment that I think went unnoticed from my Dad when we met with my key nurse proves the wouldn't cope with the truth.

I'm scared of going out there as a new person and failing, I'm struggling inside let alone outside, being swept away with my family as it is, I'm not strong enough to stand up to them. I 'm scared of failing yet I'm scared of doing OK which doesn't make sense. I'm scared of going out there and not making it, I wouldn't be the first.

I can't even look excitingly to the holiday, improve for holiday although I've got that to look forward to I'll still carry on hurting myself. Some people will say stop feeling sorry for yourself and get on with life, to be completely honest at times it does seem like that but it doesn't feel it. Shut the fuck up your not making any sense!

Thursday 28th November 2002.

Dear Sky. I feel so low today but something will be done about that by the end of the day. I'm so scared of life I don't want to live it, what's the point when it can all be over? I'm going to find peace tonight, got it all planned. Please respect my last wish and don't inform my family until it is confirmed that I am dead. I'm sorry for all the hassle I've caused, please forgive me. I'll be at peace now, no more hurt or pain. I don't have the strength to carry on; it's too much hard work. Once again I'm sorry but this is the best way out, please forgive me. RIP.

Fiday until thes harvest?

Dear Sky. A quiz game would be. I don't rember leaving Dundry in the ambulance propably give her a copy of the songs we had to say. When I got id ea come from? My heart was going way to fast and I was talking judges. P.s. had to take bloods from the ended cause he's, hope I would.

Saturday 30th November 2002.

Dear Sky. Today has been a complete shock; don't know what happened to yesterday's entry either. I knew I'd been to the BRI but when and why I couldn't remember so I had a chat with my old key nurse who said that the police found me on the bridge and I was in the BRI for a complete night and day, she also said that I'd taken an o.d of Nytol but couldn't remember how many.

Since she's told me I've remembered bits. I must have left Barrow on the 5:10pm bus, I remember buying Nytol from Boots and I think I brought another lot from Superdrug. I think I then caught the bus to the top of White Ladies road; from there I walked to the bridge. Before I got there I took all the Nytol (32) leaving the drink and empty packets on a bench. I remember walking down the hill, until I talk to the nurses more I don't know about the rest.

How did I get this huge bruise on my back? How did the police know who I was? How did I loose my trainers? I remember getting back to Barrow but what time and what happened then, I've no idea.

My old key nurse said they had to tell my parents that I'd left the ward. What also scares me is the fact that I don't know exactly why I did it! Did I have a bad day? Did I have a bad meeting with someone? I can't even remember what my eating was like before.

Can't remember how I got to bed last night or what time. Someone must have tried rousing me cause my chest kills where doctors press to bring people round.

Sunday 1st December 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a long chat with my key nurse yesterday and the nurse who was with me at the B.R.I this morning, she said the doctors were taking my pulse and blood pressure every ½ hour, she said I was in a lot of pain from my kidneys, I remember that! She also said I had a bit of trouble taking some Paracetamol, I remember that as well.

Still can't remember how I got the bruise on my back. Its horrible having this memory block, I can't even remember half the patients, and apparently I also fitted badly twice Thursday night.

The money from the house came through yesterday. I feel really low today, I feel like giving in, I can't get excited about this money, buying a car, paying my debts off or going on holiday, it all feels too much. I hate myself so much and I feel like a lost case.

Apparently according to the police I was nearly over the bridge. My chest and back still hurt and I still can't go to the toilet properly.

4:00pm; why do I hate myself so much? Why do I keep hurting myself? Why am I so scared of life? The reason I got this memory block is because of the fits. Why can't I look forward to life? At the moment I don't want a life, I don't want to live out there, I don't want to go on holiday, I don't want to be round my family for Christmas, I don't want to buy a car, I don't want to be normal. Why? I don't want to be dead but I don't want to be alive, what s wrong with me? Why can't I cope?

10:30pm; still can't go to the toilet properly, there's 5 patients I can't remember, Sparkle is really poorly, thinking of giving them away. I want to die Sky, I really do, I've had enough of this life, and I don't want to spend another 60-70 yrs living it. I just want it all to be over, I've got no fight left in me I don't want to carry on, I don't want to live in the big world, I don't want to grow up, I don't want responsibility. IWISH I WAS DEAD.

Monday 2nd December 2002.

Dear Sky. 3:15pm; just taken another 40 Nytol. I want to die, I've had enough of life, and I wish I was dead.

Tuesday 3rd December 2002.

Dear Sky. I can remember being at the BRI again last night and coming back but I didn't know until I was told that I'd been sick all over the sofa then had another fit, can't remember any of that or being in the ambulance.

At some point I came round, I kept going up to the nurses and asking strange questions and as always when I'm alone I wasn't with it and left, they did try to stop me but I went bare foot into the center and caught a taxi back.

Got back about 4:00am this morning, slept for most of the day, a nurse woke me at tea, went to do the rats after to find Sparkle dead.

A nurse took me to my parents because they're going to sell Babe for me. I thought it would be best and I didn't want to get into the pattern that I was and I hadn't become that close to Babe.

Wednesday 4th December 2002.

Dear Sky. It's 7?30am, just got back from the BRI with a nurse, throughout yesterday and I think since Thursday I've been getting stabbing pains in my chest so we went and had it checked, they didn't find anything.

Good job my nurse was there because I would have ended up leaving again, it's such a nasty atmosphere there, and it's as if I can feel their glares stabbing into my back.

I had a good meeting with my consultant yesterday which I forgot to mention, changing my anti depressants and I agreed I'd start eating and drinking a bit more, still only weigh 6 ½ stone. At the moment I don't want a normal life, it's all too much to take in.

6:30pm; it's strange to be inside this time of night, spent all afternoon tidying my room, it was a mess from when the nurses had searched it Thursday, quite enjoyed doing it with music blaring out.

Dare I say that I've been in a better mood today! Don't know why, could be the new antidepressants, just got to try and keep it up, had a good chat with my psychologist this morning, went over some coping strategies.

They started moving the furniture into the new HDU (high dependency unit) attached to the ward, I think patients are moving in next week but they've already closed 4 beds on our ward, at the moment it's nice and relaxed.

Got to think about what I want to do about the taxi driver Monday night. Told a nurse about it but not in detail and she thinks I should report him. I told her he came onto me and started touching and kissing me, he did try kissing me and he grabbed my breast, quite hard, after a bit of pushing he let go.

I should report it to stop him doing it again but I don't know if I can go through it all with the police. The police will be able to trace him because I ended up having to give him a cheque, it's just scary to go through it again, and it wasn't the nicest of experiences. I was very vulnerable, still under the influence of Nytol and I just wanted to get back, didn't think things through. You know, he stopped the car and everything.

Thursday 5th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Staying happy is so hard, my memory of this last month is shot to pieces cause of the fits. At the moment I don't want to die but living is so hard, staying positive, I think these new anti depressants are working, I'd like to say I'll never o.d again but the chances of that are very unlikely.

Last Thursday and Monday I really did want to die, for everything to be over. I don't believe I'll ever be happy; I'll always have negative thoughts leading to actions. I'm eating a lot better but I still can't go to the toilet properly, the Nytol o.d fucks it up.

I can't look forward to anything; everything seems like one big challenge, never to get better. Why? Why is all this happening?

I talked to the nurse who has been with me to the BRI the past 3 times and she said how she doesn't want to go through with me what she went through with Gaby but the peace I get from all my negative thoughts gives me so much relief. I know I was in a lot of physical pain from my kidneys but the mental peace overrides all that and that's what I'll remember when there's a next time.

10:00pm; I hate myself so much, been planning to o.d again tomorrow, why can't I allow myself to be happy? The feeling of being out of it is too strong. I want a good life, I don't want to be like this forever but I convince myself it's not possible.

Friday 6th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Went into town this morning, brought some cds and 32 Nytol which I plan to take tonight. Got back at 11:00am, a nurse came up and asked if I brought any Nytol I said no, she asked if I wanted to hand them over, I said that I hadn't got any, she made me put my hand on my heart and swear on my mothers life. I found myself denying it before I knew it. It's cause I hate myself so much, being happy doesn't feel right, I always feel like I have to punish myself.

Just been round the HDU with Samantha, that's one place I want to stay out of, the bedrooms are big though but everything is so clinical.

9:15pm; just taken the 32 Nytol. See what happens tonight, don't want to go to the BRI because I'll probably be sent on my own which will probably lead to me leaving and last time wasn't very nice with the taxi driver. It's because I'm not thinking properly when I'm under the influence of Nytol.

Sunday 8th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Friday night I did go the BRI with a nurse but I can't remember who at something like 6:30am. Saturday dinner time I took 16 Nytol, can't remember where I got them from, they were just in my wardrobe screaming to be taken, they found out about 4:00pm and again someone came with me to the BRI, the nurses there tried so hard to get me sectioned but couldn't. They wanted to keep me in overnight for obs, I said that come 8:30pm I would leave so they let us go, got back just before 9:00pm.

Wanted to watch a programme but ended up falling asleep and the nurses taking me up at midnight.

Its 10:00am just got up because I was woken to have my meds. Had to talk to the police yesterday, they took the clothes I was wearing most likely for finger prints, they asked a load of questions, said they'd get in contact in a few days to get a statement, it was quite scary. Really going through everything again, I realized I was quite lucky he only did what he did; he could have done a lot more.

Katherine came round this afternoon and we went and got a car. Y Reg Citroen Saxo, red, £5,900, it's really nice. Finding it really hard to stay happy, I think these new antidepressants are working a little bit. I'd like to say I'll never o.d again but I can't. Life's a bitch isn't it!

Monday 9th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Today's been strange. Got my car insured and taxed, the nurses were concerned with me having the car, worried I'd kill myself in it or buy tablets; a nurse searched my bag when I got back. I can completely understand where they're coming from; again they're keeping my keys. Buying tablets didn't even cross my mind whilst I was out.

Not having a car hasn't stopped me buying tablets before so if I'm that set having a car or not isn't going to make a difference to me buying any, it's just a question of whether I'm safe to drive after.

Been eating better for a few days which is starting to worry me cause I'm still not going to the toilet properly so I'm worried I'm putting on extra weight.

I've been in an OK mood today which is really strange feeling, knowing that these new meds are working a bit, not completely but a bit, it's a really weird feeling.

I've been getting this stabbing pain in my left rib again tonight its agony. My car is lovely to drive, accelerated beautifully. I would really like to say I won't o.d again but I know it would be a lie, I'm going to be really upset when I do but I know I will, it's just a question of when, I can't stay relatively happy forever.

It's really strange not seeing my rats every evening, being able to stay in and relax and not worry about them, I miss them but it is nice not to have to go out every evening.

Tuesday 10th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Took extra medication last night and slept well, after being in a lot of pain again from my ribs. Now been here a year!

Had a good meeting with my consultant, weighted myself before I went in 6.9 stone! Relieved but surprised thought I'd be at least 7 stone, they questioned me about that because they were surprised as well, thought I'd been taking Laxatives.

Talked about visiting some therapeutic communities. Later talked to my key nurse, mentioned that I was quite amused that she asked about laxatives, explained that buying them had been on my mind a lot and I would have been a lot more tempted if I'd weighed more but explained to her that I have to be very low and really, really hate myself before I take laxatives cause I hate taking them, more so than Nytol. Reassured her a bit but it is the truth, I hate taking laxatives, they're the last resort.

Then spent over an hour giving a statement to the police, if they catch him, which they probably will it'll go to court and I'll probably have to give evidence. I still want to

go through with it but it's horrible. Managed to hold back the tears till I was alone, just had a bath to be alone. Looking at myself crying about what happened and how fat and ugly I am.

Just been out to my car to get something, put my coat on because it's 8:00pm and it's been snowing! Felt something hard in my pocket, didn't have a clue as to what it was. Opened my pocket, 1 ½ packets (24) Nytol. Didn't know they were there and can't remember putting them there, I think it was Monday.

I'm crying now cause of going through everything with the police and the fact that I've got to take the Nytol, it's the only way to get rid of them, I wish I never found them but I did and they've got to be taken. It'll also help me to forget about the taxi driver so I'm just about to take them.

Forget everything, taken at 8:10pm.

Wednesday 11th December 2002.

Dear Sky. I took them last night but can't remember anything else. Think I woke several times during the night.

About 11:00am this morning the nurses tried waking me, I was still out of it and they found the empty packets, my pulse was 100 so they called the ambulance. Once it came I was a bit more with it and started putting up a fight, eventually they phoned my consultant and he said I didn't have to go.

There was no way I was going; a) the nurses are only concerned about the first 12hrs b) I would have been alone c) I would have had to catch a taxi back by myself.

I've been asleep for most of the day; I broke down in tears with one nurse. I really didn't want to take those tablets but I had to, I wanted to hand them over but couldn't.

The HDU opened today so there's been less staff. At times I feel like there's no help for me, it's horrible having the memories about the taxi driver, I wish I could forget about it but I can't and I still want the police to catch him. I'm such a pain to everyone but I'm really struggling in moving forward.

Thursday 12th December 2002.

Dear Sky. 10:32am; just woken up, in a better mood today, just got a phone call from my Dad on Sunday on my mind. He had a go at me about buying the car on a Sunday; his exact words were don't you ever do that again. He also said how Mum and him thought he best thing for me to do would be to move back home as I wouldn't be able to cope in my own flat. As if I would move home, that would be such a step back. 20yrs old and I still can't stand up for myself, still feel like a little girl around my Dad.

Friday 13th December 2002.

Dear Sky. So much has happened since I last wrote, I'll write as much as I can remember.

Some time last night, I think around 5:30pm for some reason I packed two suitcases and lied to the nurses to get my car keys and drove off. Went to Avonmeads and Cribs then drove in the direction of Exeter.

Had the ward manager and then another nurse on the phone along with text messages from Dad saying that he loved me, the police had phoned him, I had a home with them and he wanted to come and get me, didn't reply to his text but I talked to the nurse. I didn't know what I was doing and started panicking when I was flashed by a speed camera doing nearly 100mph near Exeter so came off the motorway and parked at the back of a Sainsbury's car park.

Again had the nurse on the phone, she got it out of me that I'd taken 32 Nytol and where I was, she asked me to stay there and like a fool I did.

Sometime later I realized that a police car had pulled up behind me. I panicked, tried reversing but they pushed me forward, threatened to smash my window if I didn't open the door so I did. Didn't say a word and struggled with them so they hand cuffed me and arrested me under a police section. Took me to a police station then on to a A&E. Still hadn't said a word and as soon as I thought I was alone I ran/ walked out.

Didn't have a clue where I was, asked a bloke for the way to the town center. It was poring with rain, I only had a thin jumper on, spent about an hour walking before finding a taxi who took me back to my car, after the second attempt of finding it.

I then drove back. For some strange reason I agreed to go the BRI, this was around 4:00am this morning. A nurse came with me, that's all I remember.

A nurse woke me just before midday; I then fell asleep again till I was woken at 4:30pm. Then had a telling off from my consultant and key nurse saying how hospital was making me worse and the best thing would be for me to go back home.

Like fuck it is! That's where I came from. I don't know what led me to doing what I did yesterday, not looking forward to seeing my parents and explaining myself. I felt like everything was getting on top of me and too much. Everything with Carl, being in contact with my parents, meeting Christmas, holiday, my car, the money, work with my psychologist, my key nurse wanting me to get a job, looking at therapeutic communities, eating again, taxi driver, I guess I felt wow!!! Wanted to take a breather, time out, too much was going on in my head.

Thought I could run away from my problems, that was my plan but realized I couldn't, my head followed me! At least I learnt that from all this! I can't run away from my problems, because I am the problem!

Saturday 14th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Had a better day today, didn't go to bed last night till 1:00am, woke at 1:30pm this afternoon, didn't go down till 3:30pm, and had to sort my room out from packing Thursday.

Don't know what they did to me but I have aches and pains and bruises and holes from blood samples all over, can't even lie on my front.

Scared of seeing my parents again, which will probably be tomorrow because of what happened Thursday, if they mention it I wonder if I'll be strong enough to say that unless they want a load of lies then not to talk about it.

I'm really dreading going to court over the taxi driver, the more I think about it the more I'm convinced he wasn't a proper taxi driver and even more so that he didn't belong to a firm a) there was no radio b) there was no price meter c) I don't think he had

any ID d) I don't think there was any taxi license plate and me being me I blame myself for being such and idiot not to notice these thing and get in the car.

Still going to go through with it though, I just hope I don't take a third o.d to partly forget about it, well these past two times it's been the main reason but not the whole reason.

Not done much today like I said, didn't come down till 3:30pm then just watched TV for the rest of the day, the wards quite quiet at the moment, wonder how loud it is on the HDU.

Sunday 15th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Why do I feel guilty for feeling OK? Since the HDU's opened there's been very few nurses, at times you can't find any, It means I've done a lot less talking about everything, I guess it's a step in things going back to how they used to be, not talking, keeping everything to myself, no one knowing how I really feel then everything going crashing down again.

Just like all this stuff with the taxi driver, I've not talked about it properly to anyone, how it's effected me, how it's making me feel.

I've not talked properly to a nurse since the beginning of the week but I guess I've got to get used to it. Not everyone wants to know about my problems.

Woke up completely confused this morning! Went to sleep on top my quilt because it was so hot, woke up under it! Everything I do and feel is being kept a secret.

My key nurse is still threatening to send me home, I would defiantly succeed in killing myself or running away if that was to happen. It would be the worse thing that could happen; I'd be tied down again and not allowed to be myself even if myself is a bad person. My parents don't do it on purpose, they probably don't even realize the influence they've had on me but that's the way it is and always will be.

If I was to go home now things would be worse than before. They would be more controlling and I would shut myself within myself even more, I can picture it. All the guilty feelings and feeling under pressure, everything being a hassle and feeling like I have to answer to my parents for everything which would mean going back to lie after lie.

You know, you are the person I talk to the most, feel like no one else wants to know, getting me used to being alone again. Feel like I'm not allowed to cry, got to be strong. Can't say how I really feel cause "I've got to move on, hospitals making me worse," yeah whatever! If that the professional opinion I've got no hope. Everyone has such a low opinion of me including myself.

Like Dad said I wouldn't cope by myself. Since the taxi driver and Thursday night I'm starting to believe him. I mean I'm 20 and I'm not coping so I don't stand a chance do I?

My consultant saying that he wants me to get back to the me that could cope, the me that could manage a busy superstore but what he's forgetting is that me at the same time was overdosing on 40 laxatives a day, having regular panic attacks that lasted for several hours, wasn't eating properly and kept everything to herself. Is that the me he wants back? Because that's the me that at the moment will come back and is coming slowly back. Starting with beginning not to talk about her problems.

Monday 16th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Found a razor in the shower last night after writing, broke it up and cut myself with it several times, very disappointed with the small amount of blood I caused, I was expecting to do the same damage as last time with a razor from here but I couldn't, covered it and haven't told anyone, it's just red and deep scratches.

Stayed up until 2:00am this morning so I could talk to a nurse and she read you, I really wanted to talk to her and felt a lot better afterwards. She's one of the few nurses who I feel really wants to spend some time with me.

Slept virtually straight through the whole morning, wasn't planned but I'd had Diazepam at about 9:00am so I fell asleep in front of the TV. Didn't have any Diazepam at lunch because I wanted to do shopping in my car and I didn't want any reason why I shouldn't drive.

Went near 3:00pm and got back just after 8:00pm, spent about £200 on Christmas presents and £200 on a car alarm. I love spending money on my sisters, I always have done. Went to Town and Cribs and Hobby Craft, spent quite a while in Boots in town and whilst in there and at Cribs several times I thought "I could buy some Nytol, there's nothing stopping me." But that's as far as it went, a thought, I wasn't even slightly tempted, not because I was scared of being discharged to my parents but because I didn't want to go through Thursday night again.

Finding myself starting to hate my figure again, getting fat and need to loose weight. Actually I think I'll weigh myself, back in a mo!

Fucking fat bitch 7 stone, that's it. Guess whose now not going to eat! Might even have to o.d to keep myself asleep. Spent ages looking for a pair of trousers this morning thought I'd lost them somehow because I couldn't find them anywhere, took me a little while to remember it was the ones the police took which of course brought everything back.

Have you noticed that my entries have been longer recently, goes to show how little I talk to anyone cause I'm writing it in here instead, who cares!

It's 11:30pm, got to keep myself awake as long as possible so I'll sleep more tomorrow, the nurse said yesterday that I should show my consultant yesterdays entry tomorrow so he had more of an understanding.

Tuesday 17th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Struggled like hell to get off to sleep last night, got woken around 10:00am cause my consultant wanted to see me, had quite a good chat, we always seem to when it's just me and him. Talked about a load of stuff, can't remember much of it now!

Talked about how important it was to be honest and open with the nurses, he doesn't realize that it's hard for me to ask for time, we talked about the overdoses, talked about what I find hard about my parents. Talked about my eating, against what I wrote yesterday I have eaten today although it has been less, scared now because any more weight gain means over 7 stone.

He talked about working properly on my "anorexia" about getting the specialist team involved; he said I do have anorexia. I guess looking back I can recognize times when I did have very strong anorexia, we talked about how if I was to get my own flat I'd be more than happy being alone and not looking after myself properly.

Also had a meeting with my psychologist, didn't do any DBT, I just wanted to talk, talked about Thursday and the taxi driver although not in detail.

Everything's still so hard, staying happy, being in control, scared of the future; it's horrible as well because I've already decided that I'm going to o.d after Christmas, early January but not until then. Hard to admit that, it's been on my mind for several days, keep myself safe until after Christmas, what sad person thinks like that?

Through my consultants advice I've not taken any Diazepam and apart from about 1 ½ hours I've stayed awake all day so hopefully I'll sleep better tonight.

Wednesday 18th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Spent 5hrs doing the last of my Christmas shopping, just got to wrap it all now! Slept better last night, probably because I didn't sleep during the day, who knows! But the music I listened to also helped quite a bit, it was one of my new ones, Zen Garden, global Journey, hardly a surprise I'll be listening to it tonight.

Feel really bad about my size, feel so fat, that my stomach's bulging out. I walk round town envying most people, wishing I had their figure, wonder if anyone does the same with me! Wishful thinking I think.

Most of the nurses don't understand that every day I keep myself safe is an achievement because I'm honest and say that I know that I'll o.d again they get frustrated and think it's pointless working with me but as long as the overdoses get further in between it's achieving something and it means that something's going right.

Thursday 19th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Today was OK, spent 3hrs this morning just wrapping Hannah's presents, also done Jane's this afternoon. Glad we didn't have ward round today, I hate it, pretty pointless but I find Tuesdays quite good because it's my consultant and I so I open up to him more and our sessions are quire constructive.

Really feeling guilty about my eating, struggling to keep it up, it's slowly getting less like it did before I was admitted.

Had a meeting with my psychologist, did some more DBT, I also said how every day I keep myself safe is an achievement, he said I should print it across my forehead cause I said not all the nurses understand that, I thought maybe sticking a poster on my wall might no be such a bad idea!

Just seen Harry Potter, was quite good, better than the first, I did have my doubts as to whether it would be but it was. Feel like I've now got to be sad and have a bad day tomorrow. Maybe I'm just tired; it is 11:30pm! After what I said yesterday I had a bad sleep last night.

Friday 20th December 2002.

Dear Sky. It's 10:00am and I feel like shutting myself off and spending all day in bed.

Chatted with a nurse last night, he said a lot I didn't agree with but didn't want to say anything, he thinks a child isn't accountable for their actions, as a child he was talking of up to at least the age of 11 or 12 if not older, what a load of crap. You're accountable from the age of 8 if not before.

You mean to tell me that people like Hannah whose 10 isn't accountable because she doesn't fully understand? Course she does, she knows exactly what she's doing and the consequences.

Just like me, from the age of at least 5 I knew what I was doing and the consequences. I knew that if I didn't like my dinner and didn't want to eat it I'd spend hours at the table, get shouted at, after a few hours having to try eating it cold before I was eventually allowed to throw it away.

I knew if my parents started arguing I'd have to hide otherwise I'd end up getting shouted at. I knew if me and Katherine argued we'd get smacked and sent to our bedroom.

I knew if our bedroom was a mess and we didn't tidy it after being asked several times Dad would chuck everything that was on the floor into a black bag and we'd slowly be allowed it back.

At the age of 7 I knew that my second best friend was a thief and what he did was wrong. If I wasn't accountable for everything bad I did and didn't understand it was wrong then I wouldn't remember it because it wouldn't have mattered.

At the age of 12 I realized I was a bad person and people didn't like me, you can't help but realize it to be the truth when you're constantly told by your best friends, it took me 3yrs to have a group of friends after that. My best friend was so scared of me that he didn't want to go to school, what kind of person does that make me? A very nasty one, that's what. Then as soon as I did get my confidence back in having a group of friends again I lost my confidence in myself. So what kind of child/person did I turn into? A pathetic excuse of one that's what.

11:00am; just cut my wrist again, don't want to bother anyone. As from the 17th the taxi driver hasn't cashed the cheque cause I got a statement, looks like he probably wont cause he would have done by now. This means I took it to the police and went through all that for nothing. Probably deserved it anyway, something I did must have made him do it, what an idiot I must have been, I mean what did I expect catching any old taxi at 3:30am in the morning!

2:30pm; still in bed in and out of sleep and cutting myself. Well if I'm up here doing that I can't be downstairs eating and getting fat. Don't see the point in getting up just to feel worse than I do cause I haven't been downstairs I haven't had any medication, obviously it's not that important.

Wanting to o.d is getting stronger and stronger also got the plan of when I do I'll obviously get sent to the BRI cause it'll be an o.d of at least 40, as soon as I'm with it I'll be out there so quick and straight to the bridge they wont be able to stop me, just like the time with the taxi driver, they tried stopping me but couldn't.

4:00pm; My Uncle and my cousin have just come in, apart from that still stayed in my bed.

Why do I tell the nurses I'm OK when they ask? When the truth is that I'm feeling totally crap and I'm just hurting myself in ways that aren't as obvious as an o.d. I'm just shutting myself off from everyone and keeping my true thoughts and tears inside doing what I'm best at.

2:00am; just got into bed, went downstairs around 5:00pm, fell asleep until 7:00pm, went back up to bed at 8:30pm after Eastenders. As usual the corridor smelt of fags from a patient smoking in the bathroom.

Got into bed, sometime after the fire alarm went off again. Couldn't be bothered to get out of bed, it was only obviously a false alarm like last time and it would be freezing outside so I stayed in bed.

About 5mins later a nurse comes barging in pulling my covers telling me to get up cause it was a real fire. There was a load of smoke coming from another patient's room.

Got rushed outside into the rain with just socks on, the floor was so wet and cold it hurt.

After about 10mins they opened up my old ward for us all to go over, it was strange being there. We were on there for quite a while before all the girls who sleep upstairs apart from me and another were sent to JCH.

We are sleeping in the interview room. I feel so sorry for the patient whose room it was, who would do that and why her room? Well I hope they got what they wanted out of it whoever it was.

It was 11:00pm before we were allowed back in, missed Midsummer Murders that I wanted to watch!

I feel so dirty over this taxi driver stuff, him doing stuff I didn't want him to do. It being on my mind 24hrs a day, no rest from it, I hope he's happy because I'm certainly not. It's made all my sexual issues 10xs worse, I hope he's proud of himself because he's made me feel like hell and the worse thing is not really being able to talk about it, not nice for anyone to listen to anyway.

Well its 2:30am so I better be trying to sleep, doubt if I will, I could go on writing forever but I've got to stop sometime tonight.

> The reason as to why I'm writing this letter to you at this time is because I wanted you to know how I felt about some of what's happened, also how I feel now. I really wanted to tell you in person these things but I know that I really struggle sometimes to remember what I want to say to someone and I feel that what I want to say is important so I will write it so I don't forget anything.
>
> I had been doing a lot of thinking and I decided that I loved you more than anything and that I wanted you to be happy. I have found that I tend to find that I get most of my happiness in seeing other people happy. I would rather see you happy with someone else than to be with me and never really be able to find your true happiness.
>
> As I looked back over the past year I see all that has happened and consider with the knowledge I have now that if I could would I go to your house and propose to you knowing all that would happen from then until now, with everything that has happened I would still propose to you, still marry you, every time the answer would be yes. I would perhaps try to change a few things that I

did and had said but I would do it all again, why? Because I have learnt a lot I have had some great times with you and these feelings I had for you from what I've gained from the time I've known you I feel it had been wroth while to have been able to enjoy those times that I've loved more than anything.

If at some point it the future you find that you feel that you don't find that true happiness with me then please when ever it may be let me know. I say this because I still love you and I always will, I also know though that the way you feel is very important. This is why I have begun to move on and will continue to do so.

I have been trying to do the things that were needed so that we can both get on with our lives. I would like it if we were able to be around each other and not to have to ignore each other, that if we met that we could say hello when passing and to be able to be somewhere and both of us be able to be at the same place at the same time, that it wouldn't be a case of well she's there so I won't go or he's there so I don't go.

I'm sorry I'm not putting this very well, I guess what I'm trying to say is that perhaps we could be kind of friends, I understand that it might be a little bit weird at first but we are both mature enough that we could overcome that.

I don't know how you feel about coming back to church but I wouldn't want to be the reason you stay away from church, in fact I would like to see you back, not for me but for yourself and your family.

I've told a few people and will continue to tell people that we have both decided that divorce was going to be the best thing and people understand to it. I'm sure there are a lot of people that miss you and would love for you to come back to church. I'm sorry it almost sounds like I'm preaching now, I don't mean to, I just want us both to be able to gain the most and best for our lives whatever that will be.

I kind of look at the new year as a changing point, I have been changing a lot already and will continue to do so, I'd getting my life organized and see what the future will bring, I wish all the best for you. I would like to thank you once again for the great times that we've spent together, for the help you've been to me, I don't regret the past but I thank you for it, I hope that all will work out for you that all you want and desire will come to you and that you will find true happiness in a great life. Carl.

Saturday 21st December 2002.

Dear Sky. It's just gone midnight and I'm writing to you after the worse 24hrs you could possibly imagine.

After writing to you last night I couldn't sleep, everything to do with the taxi driver just kept going over and over in my head. I started getting really wound up, couldn't sleep, got up and went to the smoke room where I cried.

I wanted to talk to the nurse but I was really wound up and I didn't want to interrupt her game with that other stupid nurse which I don't like.

Come 4:00am I was still really wound up and decided that the only way to get rid of everything was to walk down to the dual carriage way and run out in front of a car. I was still in my PJ's and had nothing on my feet.

Asked the nurse if she would let me out cause I wanted to go for a walk, we argued because she wouldn't let me so I told her I'd wake everyone up and let myself out. She still wouldn't let me go so I set the fire alarm off which opens the doors and walked out.

Didn't get far, that other nurse dragged be back fighting, it took four of them, one arm and leg each to get me into a room where I was then held by 3 then 2 nurses whilst they waited for the Dr to get here.

He asked what was going on, foolishly I told him what I wanted to do and that I wouldn't stay. So he sectioned me at 5:00am on a 5 (2) again and they chucked me in the HDU where again I tried getting away and locking myself in the bathroom and having 2 nurses hold me with another 3 in the room.

Another nurse came in, she ended up sitting on me before I relaxed and got all the other nurses out and we talked in detail about the taxi driver, how I felt dirty and it was my fault and what he did.

I had to sleep on the sofa because they already had 4 patients, all blokes. I eventually fell asleep around 6:30am and woke around 10:30am this morning, again I caused havoc, locking myself in the toilet, trying to get out the door 5 or 6 times when anyone tried going in or out and trying to climb the fence.

It wasn't until around 1:00pm that I calmed down after biting my wrist quite badly again. I fell asleep after that until around 5:00pm when a nurse woke me and told me they'd sorted out a room.

I started crying and talked a bit; I went into my bedroom and sat in the wardrobe where I cried my eyes out wishing I'd never been born. A nurse came and got me out and sat me on the sofa, talked a little.

Throughout the day my mood has improved, going to do everything I can to stop any of my family finding out. The nurses don't realize how hard it is to approach them and talk.

I do wish I was never born and I couldn't care less what they do to me after the 72hrs. If they want to ruin my pathetic life by sectioning me on level 2 then they can go ahead, like I said, I wish I was never born. So them ruining Christmas and my holiday doesn't matter. If that's the way and reason to die then so be it, who gives a shit.

Sunday 22nd December 2002.

Dear Sky. It's nearly 10:00am and already I feel crap, got woken early by someone's music blaring out, was absolutely frozen all night, I'll need another 10 blankets to stay warm tonight, so I'm really tired as well as pissed off.

I want to go back on the main ward, can't stand it on here. At the moment I've just given up on living, what's the point when I'm stuck in here? Just making me worse being in here, all because of ONE bad night, can't I have bad nights without being punished the way I am, I would have been alright in the morning once someone had spoken to me and had a sleep in normal circumstances on the main ward.

I would have been alright but they had to make everything worse by locking me in here. How much worse can it get? Suppose I'll find out after the 72hrs, find out whether my life is wrecked or not.

4:30pm; I'm back in my room on the main ward! I asked a nurse at about 11:00am, she asked the nurse in charge who said she thought it was a brilliant idea. It was the most I could do to stop myself from crying.

Come midday I was back upstairs in my room. Had to promise the nurse in charge I'd be good before though. She said she didn't agree with me being sectioned and put on the HDU to begin with.

It was so nice to be back in my room. Been spending the rest of the day wrapping presents listening to music, ran out of paper though. Went down stairs to socialize but couldn't hold back the tears. There were too many people down there. Thoughts of the taxi driver came back.

That was at 3:00pm and I'm still struggling, can't stay in the TV room. Upstairs is a mess from the fire, the door is black, the mattress is outside with a great big hole in it, and it must have been a big fire. I feel so sorry for the patient, all her stuff must be wrecked and she must feel so unsafe. I know I did and that was when the fires were outside my room, let alone inside.

The only men I fully trust, 100% are my consultant, psychologist and one or two nurses. All the other blokes I'm around I'm struggling to trust, don't know what they're really like, I could be completely wrong but I feel the above men are who I see them as. Everyone else I don't know.

The taxi driver probably has family and friends and comes across as a completely different person. Apart from the above4 men my trust has completely gone with all other men, best staying away.

10:00pm; going to have an early night, go to bed after I've finished writing. Cried my eyes out with a nurse at about 8:30pm, talked about the above and also things about my past and Dad, about his violence, temper and the stuff I've written about before. I cried my eyes out.

Why does everyday have to be a struggle? Managed to spend a few hours downstairs this evening by ignoring the other patients and I had 10mg of Diazepam at tea time as well as my antidepressants and 10mg of Diazepam at lunch but that didn't stop me from feeling crap and crying and wanting to o.d.

I don't understand why all this is happening to me, my sisters aren't the same, why me? At the moment I feel like I'm living for the holiday, I feel it's going to be the last happy time of my life but it's not stopping me from hurting myself in the mean time.

Although I'd like to talk there is no one on who I'd feel comfortable with, that's why I'm going to bed. The nurse had to leave me whilst I was still crying because she had to go into handover so I had to quickly dry my eyes and pretend I was OK again.

Not allowed my other journal cause my consultant wants to see it before I get it back, it's not like I'm going to rip pages out or anything but luckily I was at the end of the book and had this one prepared which is where he's going to get the most insight from. All he as to do is ask and he can see it or I might just bring it down anyway.

Why am I so truthful? Come to realize there's no point in keeping secrets from the nurses even if it does get me into more trouble like Friday night when I told the Dr I wouldn't stay and I'd kill myself! He didn't really have any choice but to section me did he? Even though it might have made things worse, depends on my consultant. Well its 10:30pm think I'll leave it there, talk to you tomorrow.

Monday 23rd December 2002.

Dear Sky. I really struggled to sleep last night; I had 7.5mg of Zopiclone and 15mg of Diazepam. Half an hour later I couldn't stop going over what happened with the taxi driver, I could feel myself getting wound up the same way as Friday night so I went back down and told the nurse that she had to give me something to knock me out. She gave me 4 tablets of Lorazipam saying that would work.

Tried sleeping on the sofa, didn't work, tried going back upstairs, didn't work, went back down and chatted to another patient. About 12:30am I went back up and after a while fell asleep.

Feel like I've put on a load of weight even though I've been eating less. Although I agreed to work to 7 stone I don't feel safe unless I'm under. I guess the work that needs to be done on my weight is to feel safe being 7 stone. As soon as I reached it I just freaked out and ate less, can't help but notice my huge stomach. People just laugh when I say that but it's what I truly believe, my stomach and bladder is too big and stands out a mile. I've not stopped eating and drinking completely, just getting less and less.

12:30pm; just had a meeting with my consultant, he accused me of starting the fire and killing animals. Apparently the farm had 6 rabbits die whilst and just after I was there, then my 2 rats died and a nurse was concerned about my lack of emotion about the rats, not all my emotions have to be public!

I couldn't believe it when my consultant accused me of killing animals, I love animals, I could never kill one, I struggle killing wasps let alone anything else.

No one understands how hard it is for me, I wish I was never born. Accusing me of not being honest with the nurses; This past year I've talked and been honest more than I ever have done, that's why I've been here so long, because I've been honest. There's been nothing stopping me leaving but I've been honest about my feelings and past and tried working at it. On the whole things have been getting better, I just go through phases when they get bad, doesn't everyone? Obviously I'm not allowed.

10:00pm; this afternoon's been really hard. 4:00pm had to talk to some psychologists about my past; that was really hard, struggled not to cry. I'll probably be back to a voluntary patient tomorrow, let's hope so.

Still can't believe my consultant accused me of killing animals, "animals seem to die when I'm around." If anything I think that's affected me the most today. I'm going to go to bed late tonight and asked to be knocked out again.

Tuesday 24th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Don't know how I feel today, at the moment I feel quite low, don't know why, I've been quite busy today. My section was lifted so I've been out again. Popped in to see some at staff at JJB then went into town. Delivered presents to my extended family and dropped some more off home. So I don't know why I feel so bad.

Really struggling with my thoughts of eating and how fat I am. Maybe that's why I feel so bad because I've just eaten for the first time today. It doesn't feel like Christmas atoll, I have to keep reminding myself that it's Christmas Eve. Goodness knows what time I'll be woken in the morning, I'm expecting between 5:00 and 6:00am.

Wednesday 25th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Well believe it or not it's Christmas! Woke up just before 5:00am about 4:50am Mum phoned saying they were up. As soon as I opened the door Hannah jumped into my arms, they were so pleased to see me, by 7:00am all the presents were opened. I helped Hannah put together a chair.

By 9:00am I started to feel a bit uncomfortable, so I left around 9:15am. It was nice to be there and I enjoyed it but 4hrs was long enough. Came back went into my room just before dinner to avoid it.

Around 1:00pm I took some Diazepam and fell asleep until about 3:30pm because I wanted to watch Jaws again like last year and it's not on until 10:50pm. When I woke I felt really ill, headache, sickly, heart pains, chest pains, upper stomach pains, the nurses thought I'd taken an overdose, told them I hadn't, my breathing started getting dodgy and I was drowsy. They weren't convinced that I'd not overdosed so they called an ambulance. They wouldn't let me wear trainers; idea being it would stop me running off.

8:30pm the Dr saw me, the sickness had gone a bit but everything else was there so they were going to do the usual and keep me in, I ran out and caught the hospital bus back.

Still got all my pains, a bit worse and feel a bit sick again. I'm angry they didn't believe me, I always tell them the truth when I o.d, there has not been one occasion where I haven't. I was planning on spending the next 3 days shopping; they're probably not going to let me now. So I am really pissed off because I haven't done anything wrong, just feel ill, fucking bastards.

Thursday 26th December 2002.

Dear Sky. They let me go out today but I was soon back cause only Avonmeads and Brislington were open. Whilst I was driving back my chest started getting tight and a stabbing pain just under my breast. Since then I have been in real pain from the stabbing, the doctors been out twice, all my obs and bloods are OK but at times I have been crying through pain, medication doesn't work. The only thing that makes the pain go away is sleeping which I did early afternoon but it's still there when I wake. I don't understand why it hurts so much when everything else is OK.

My Uncle and cousins came mid afternoon which was nice to see them. I've felt like crying all afternoon but been holding it in.

Think I'm going to go for an early night, get rid of this pain and I've got to pick up Jane and Hannah at 9:00am tomorrow. If I'm still in pain I'm just going to have to grin and bare it.

Friday 27th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Went shopping with the girls this morning, came back earlier than planned though because I just wasn't in the mood. Came back in tears, whilst I was out I very nearly brought some tablets. I think the only thing that stopped me is that I'm doing serous shopping with Katherine tomorrow. I don't know why I feel so low, I just feel like crying and crying, the stabbing pains still there.

Saturday 28th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Met Katherine in town this morning at 8:30am, spent the morning shopping, it wasn't that busy. Had a good time although come 12:00pm I'd had enough. Spent the whole morning feeling fat and holding my stomach in, it's hard to feel confident around Katherine cause she always looks good without trying, whereas I'm just a mess.

Katherine was parked at the opposite end of the Galleries to me so I walked past a drug store on my own and without thinking went in. Looked for dissolvable Paracetamol but they didn't have any so I brought Nurofen plus = 16 tablets. I wanted to be ill so I wouldn't eat and loose weight as last time I weighted myself I was 7.2 stone.

Came back and a nurse wanted to see what I brought, she looked in the first bag then I remembered I'd just chucked the tablets in a bag, I though shit, then she got called away so I quickly found them and held them under my coat, she came back and looked at the rest.

Went upstairs so relieved. Had 1 ½ bottles of the peach drink in my room from yesterday so I emptied all the tablets into a bottle and went downstairs with a bar of chocolate to get rid of the taste and drank at least ¾ of the drink, this was about 3:00pm.

A little while later I started to feel the effects, the nurses found the drink and empty packet and sent me to the BRI.

Apart from taking 4 lots of bloods I spent the whole time in the waiting area hugging Frostie and my knees with my eyes shut to stop myself from being sick. Whilst waiting at the BRI I physically felt awful but what did I expect?

The thought came into my head that I wanted to go to sleep tonight and not wake up, die in my sleep. I started to believe that I would because I physically felt so bad. I struggled to stop myself from crying because I hated myself so much for overdosing again and not talking to anyone.

I have all the help and support that I could possibly want and I don't use it. I can honestly turn round and say that I'll never drive off like I did again, never strangle myself again and never go to the bridge again although doing those things do cross my mind but as far as self harm, not eating and overdosing go I can't say I wont do it again. Although overdoses are getting less the last time was over a week ago when I drove off, there was a time when I overdosed 2 or 3 times a week.

All this was going on in my head whilst waiting as well as dreading what my consultant will say. Come 8:15pm I walked out and caught the bus back.

Sunday 29th December 2002.

Dear Sky. 9:30pm last night I was sick, luckily I managed to get to the toilet, had a sleep on the sofa, started to feel less sick.

11:00pm talked to a nurse about what I'd been thinking about at the BRI, felt better after talking, went to bed but couldn't sleep because I felt so sick. Came down around midnight, had some grapes and felt a lot better after, led on the sofa, got dragged up at 1:00am.

It's now 8:30am again had a bad night sleep, and was awake at the 4:00am and the 6:00am checks and got up at 7:30am so I was also awake for the morning checks. Had the stabbing pain slightly yesterday whilst shopping but now it's 10xs worse but what do I expect? Apart from that physically I'm OK, just starving!

I HAVE TO TALK TO THE NURSES!!!! STOP MY BAD HABBITS AND TALK. I say this every time after an o.d but every time I mean it. I've got to start believing the nurses, that I'm not a bad person, that my past isn't my fault. I've got to start believing in myself.

Everyone thinks that hospital is making me worse but I know if I was to be discharged in a week or two, I would go down hill so quick. I'm not saying I want to spend the rest of my life in hospital, of course I don't but I don't have the confidence or strength or will power at the moment to live outside of Barrow.

I'm not going to spend another year in here, apart from my consultant not letting that happen, I don't want to. It's so hard to be positive, writing this is making me cry but there is a little light still inside me and everyday I don't o.d or self harm is a success, an achievement. Today is going to be one of those days!

2:30pm; well so far today I think my actions have been sensible even though my moods been quite low. Spoke to a nurse after writing earlier, I've been in so much physical pain today, all over my chest but just put up with it, got a telling off from my key nurse, she'd be quite happy if I discharged myself today, she can't see the logic behind my overdoses and thinks I choose to be like this.

I tried explaining but couldn't, at the time overdosing to me is perfectly logical, after an o.d I can see how stupid I am. It's so confusing. My key nurse was saying how I am more than able to think logically, which I totally agree with but I couldn't explain that at the very time of shoving a load of pills in my mouth, since the age of 16 I have trained myself to ignore, shut out my actions and think about absolutely anything else.

When I was 16 and overdosing on Paracetamol, sat on my bedroom floor each morning I used to tell myself "don't think about it, think about it after, and then it's too late." For 5yrs I've been overdosing.

Yesterday I concentrated on the TV whilst overdosing like it was the most natural thing to be doing.

Just paused in writing, had a real good cry, torn up 9 books and talked to a nurse over the realization of what I'm about to write and I feel so much better now I could actually laugh!

The past ½ hour I hope I've changed, sorry, I HAVE changed the rest of my life. When I was last sectioned and had to talk to the other Dr he asked a question which I answered no to without thinking. He asked me if I see things on TV or read things does it affect me. I've just realized that I gave him the wrong answer.

As usual I watched the Hollyoaks omnibus midday and I remembered that I'd seen it already sometime during the week. One of the girls tried killing herself and another by some sort of drink. That's where I must have got the idea from, but for my own reasons, realizing it came as a bit of a shock.

That's why I just ripped up 9 books I've brought over 5yrs because that's where I get my ideas from but do it for different reasons and some books, at times, wanting to be the people in the book. I tore each one in half, a few pages at a time whilst crying. The

idea behind it is that I'm not going to be like those people anymore. I DON'T WANT TO.

Ripped them up to let go of my past, a kind of symbolization, they are no longer around, just a memory, so are my actions. I'm not saying that the TV and these books are to blame, of course not; I'm just being 100% honest and trying to come to terms with me. My two index fingers are sore from all the tearing!

I guess now I'm not talking to you Sky but to my key nurse and consultant for tomorrow as I know I'm not going to be able to say everything I now write.

If I had my way! I would like to stay here without pressure of discharge until my holiday, and then I feel I would be ready to leave. I feel if I was to be discharged in the very near future I feel this past year would have been a waste, I would go down hill very quickly and leave on bad terms with the nurses.

There's something about feeling that I need to still be here, during my holiday to feel more confident about it but if I o.d before then I will accept that I need to be discharged, I guess I'm asking for one last chance, well, more like begging!

Monday 30th December 2002.

Dear Sky. Been in so much chest pain today, all day even walking hurts. It got really bad though after dinner when I got up; doctor did my obs and took bloods, that's all they seem to be able to do. Either that or they don't care or don't believe how much pain I'm in because I'm still moving around. This morning walking from the lounge to my bedroom was enough to make me want to collapse, the stairs killed me.

Spent all day wanting and waiting to see my consultant as my key nurse told me yesterday that I would but it never happened so it was a day wasted.

If I'd have known this morning that I wouldn't have spent time with anyone, I would have gone shopping even with this pain, just not for as long as what I used to. Its 10:30pm going to go to bed in a minute as I just want today to be over, had enough of today.

Wednesday 1st January 2003.

Dear Sky. 1:30pm; horary another year!!! Don't see why people make such a big deal out of it. Ended up going to a pub last night with Leanne and her friends, it was really nice to see her, she's getting her life sorted out, she said she was really glad I came out, that it made her night a lot better.

I'm glad I went, even if it was just to realize again that I don't fit in with people my own age, I'm not the same as them, I spent the whole night forcing a smile on my face, quite literally, at times more than aware I was faking this smile. It wasn't the fact that they were all drinking and smoking, I don't have a problem with that, I just don't fit in, never have.

By midnight I was back to thinking of doing my wrists again. The past two or three days I've been thinking about setting fire to myself, I thought of it one night whilst trying to get to sleep, the want to self harm is getting stronger and stronger.

Being on the ward is a bit hard at the moment, there's a new girl called Nicole whose 18 with eating problems, these past two morning I've woken with her trying to be

sick. She's even asked me if I've got any tips on ways to loose weight without being sick, I told her the truth, that I do but I didn't want to tell her. It's hard not to but I don't want to get involved or too friendly with her, I've been there with Gaby.

It's also reminded me how a specialist eating disorder unit is not the place for me. Sharing "secrets" being competitive and being around people my own age, I find it really hard to be around other people with eating problems, and I fell like I should be the only one. People with eating problems are so sneaky and manipulative without others realizing, anything to loose weight, that's all they care about. Had to remind myself of that when talking to Nicole cause without realizing it I could quite easily give tips away.

11:00pm; totally exhausted from today, went to see "Lord of the rings" with Dad, Jane and a cousin this afternoon. I'm really struggling to stay on top of myself, wanting to self harm is getting stronger and stronger, I don't know how much longer I can hold it off for. Why do I have these thoughts? Why do I have to keep punishing myself? I've been quite busy today, out for most of it yet I still have time to think like this. Think about what I'm going to do for the rest of my life, what my life holds for me. Trying to find the strength from somewhere inside to carry on, to do the best, hold on to whatever strength I have inside.

Thursday 2nd January 2003.

Dear Sky. Went shopping today, didn't spend much though, and decided I was spending just for the sake of it. The thought of buying Laxatives crossed my mind. When I got back at 3:00pm I weight myself, 7.1 stone, now I really want to buy laxatives even though I really hate taking them. I need to loose weight.

Brought some knickers today for 9-10yrs! Fit nicely but I still feel fat, my stomach and bladder are too big. It doesn't matter what people say, I know the truth, I see me naked, and I see the fat that others don't.

Need to be 6 ½ stone for America without the nurses knowing that I'm trying to loose weight. I need to make it look like I'm just loosing it, I mean I've got to look good for America haven't I? Got to have a flat stomach, no bulge.

Friday 3rd January 2003.

Dear Sky. Sometimes I wonder why I bother to keep a journal, why am I doing it apart from to remember? Fought really hard today not to buy laxatives, eaten a lot less today. Told the nurses I was really struggling but they didn't know what to say.

Come 7:00pm I'd lost all my strength to keep myself safe. Borrowed a lighter from a patient went into the grounds and set light to my jumper. Went through to my stomach very quickly, hurts like hell, quite a big burn mark, couldn't put my jumper out whilst it was on so I had to whip it off and stamp the fire out.

Although my stomach stings like hell it's as if I've got rid of the pain of struggling. People don't understand how hard it is to keep safe. I told the nurses I was struggling as a way of stopping myself but I felt I got little support, have to cope on my own. Good practice though for when I'm discharged, having to cope by myself.

Supposed to see someone about eating but she never turned up so if they can't keep appointments whilst I'm in hospital they're not going to when I'm discharged either.

So my consultant saying I'll get more support out of hospital looks like rubbish. Get used to it, me being alone is going to be how the rest of my life is spent so I've got to get used to it.

I tried distracting myself from my thoughts but that didn't work. Doing a puzzle whilst listening to music and watched 'Cats and Dogs' but still my head was racing with thoughts of loosing weight and self harm.

I must have weighed myself half a dozen times today, managed to loose 2 pounds by not drinking and only having one lot of fruit and ice cream. I'm not comfortable being 7 stone and I doubt if I ever will be.

Saturday 4th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent most of today in my room, around 4:00pm I went out, finally got rid of my wedding dress, gave it to a charity shop, also went to Avonmeads for Boots, had to buy a load of toiletries also brought a box of extra strength Senokot, new out. Got back at 5:30pm and the first thing I did was take 6 of those.

It's 9:00pm, just been downstairs and had my super which I've cut down to grapes, a slice of meat and today I had a yogurt, one of the other patients commented "you love your food don't you? You're always eating." Seems like I can't get away from these comments, that's why I can't eat at meat times with everyone else.

It takes me back to the comments I used to get from school. Been weighing myself constantly again today on my scales, 7.2 stone, by weight is going down, hopefully by the end of tomorrow I'll be 7 stone. I wish I hadn't promised to eat at meal times, I guess I'll have to start eating only half.

WHAT OTHERS DON'T SEE

"I love my food",
What a thing to say.
"I'm always eating",
Is a phrase I can't obey.

That's the talk,
That really gets to me.
Makes me want to hide,
Leave food alone and let it be.

It makes me feel,
So very ashamed.
To be eating,
My ugly figure then gets blamed.

People making a fuss,
When I fight myself to eat.
Makes me hate myself,
And want to loose more weight.

Others make less fuss,
When I starve myself.
It's what they expect,
Not realising my low self worth.

When I eat,
And my "friends" comment.
It makes me feel so guilty,
And wish that eating I hadn't.



Sunday 5th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Well last night was hell, so much stomach pain at around 2:00am when the effects kicked in. I started cursing myself, wishing I hadn't brought them but I still had 18 left, what was I going to do with them? The stomach pain was agony and before I changed my mind I grabbed the tablets and gave them to my key nurse, felt better after.

Today's been horrid again, constantly weighed myself and my weight did not shift. Spent most of the day doing my puzzle whilst listening to music which I quite enjoy and find relaxing.

Had to go to my Uncles for a holiday meeting at 6:00pm, got my keys from the clinic, my laxatives were out on the side. The meeting went OK; problems with accommodation though. Katherine keeps being sick, she had blood tests which have shown something so she has to see the Dr again, just like Katherine, always got something wrong with her.

Came back and handed my keys in. Saw the laxatives again, had a general chat with a nurse. Came upstairs and changed into my PJ's and weighed myself 7.1 stone, I'd lost 1 pound thanks to the laxatives, although I'm still feeling the effects something took over.

I had to take more, they were working, told a nurse I needed something from the clinic, grabbed the box of laxatives and ran upstairs, he stopped me on the stairs and asked for them back, which I wouldn't do, he pressed his alarm and I was C&R'd with five nurses, held on the floor then taken into he HDU restraint room.

Calmed down, sat in the TV room with two nurses, biting my arms, self harming right in front of them.

Just been let back on the ward after promising to behave, why did I suddenly flip? Weight has become a major issue, I think I've got the Nytol under control but the eating and self harm are getting more of an issue. I've been trying so hard this week and I feel that I let myself down yesterday, well and Friday. I've tried to be positive but story of my life, I've let myself down. When will things get better for me? I am trying.

Whilst in the HDU I decided I was going to start my mornings by a jog round the hospital starting from tomorrow, help loose weight. Although I've ate little I've had nil to drink for 4-5 days, fluids are worse than food.

Monday 6th January 2003.

Dear Sky. I've had a good day really but it's 11:00pm and for the past hour I feel something is really getting to me but I don't know what, no one was available to talk to and I could feel myself getting more and more wound up so I've just been for a walk round the grounds.

Went shopping today, brought a mobile phone and had my hair cut, layered, feathered and I'm growing my fringe out. I was going to buy 100 Senokot whist I was out, shut my mind off, go on automatic, just do it and not tell anyone but my key nurse asked me if I was going to buy any tablets whilst I was out, I couldn't give her a answer so she left it. Whilst driving into town laxatives were on my mind because she'd approached the subject, by the time I got into town I'd decided I wasn't going to buy any.

I phoned the ward to let her know so it would be more set into my mind not to buy them because I said I wouldn't and I didn't want her leaving thinking I was buying them and thinking badly of me.

Had a good chat with a nurse when I got back, she's really nice and I can really talk to her, we talked about the whole eating stuff and how it's replacing the tablets. All I've had to eat today is a bit of fruit and ice-cream at tea. I don't know why I feel so bad when today really I've done quite well. Maybe that's it, I'm not used to that feeling and it's scaring me.

I'm still finding myself missing and thinking of Gaby, thinking of everything we did and what a great girl she was. I'm sat here crying with no particular reason.

Tuesday 7th January 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 11:00pm and the whole of today has been good! Come midday did a bit of shopping with Nicole which we both really enjoyed, got back at 4:30pm. I set the same rules with Nicole as I did with Gaby. "You buy anything and I will tell the nurses." I didn't want my car being abused and the nurses were trusting us. Now we've proved we can be trusted they will let us out more often.

Woke up this morning and weighed myself on my scales which weigh me 2 or 3 pounds heavier than the clinic ones and I was 6.13 stone, made me so happy.

I was told by a nurse that if they had been treated the same way as what I had been Sunday night they would sue. I must admit I've never had my head physically treated the way it was but I hadn't thought about it that way and I wouldn't sue.

The nurses did what they thought was best at the time and I hold no grudges against any of them for reacting the way they did.

Had a brilliant chat with my key nurse this evening, best one in about a month, talked about everything and I was honest with her about my weight and self harm getting worse and how my general attitude has been brighter, just the odd downfall.

Just watched a film with Nicole which was good and went quick. I have become "friends" with her now and get on well with her. Spending today with her has been great, so I'm going to finish now on the note that today has been good!

Wednesday 8th January 2003.

Dear Sky. What is wrong with my fucking head? It's 9:00pm and for the pat 3hrs I've suddenly felt very low again for absolutely no reason, just all of a sudden around 6:00pm I went really down hill, that's twice/three times it's happened this week.

I had a really bad sleep, woke up 4 times before getting up on the 5th the Zopidem is crap. But today has been good, spent the best part of it sorting my room out which I enjoyed.

All I want to do at the moment is o.d but I have no tablets to do it with, so I've resorted to picking at wounds on my arm. I have absolutely no idea why I suddenly felt/feel so low, no thought or action brought it on just one minute it wasn't there, the next it was and there's nothing I can do to stop feeling this way, I tried before, I just wish I had some tablets.

Thursday 9th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent the night and this morning in A&E, I have no idea what happened whilst I was there or why I was sent. I'm assuming they thought I'd taken an o.d but I hadn't. Quite upset about being there. Spent the rest of the day on the sofa in and out of sleep.

Friday 10th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Not done much today spent the morning waiting for a call from the car alarm company which never came. I might ask for a refund tomorrow and go somewhere with better service.

Saw my consultant this morning; he wasn't too pleased with me. I'm finding it hard to convince everyone that I'm telling the truth when I say I never took an o.d. He said A&E was going to complain saying that I haven't been cared for properly.

This afternoon I went to O.T!!! Drop-in and after used the piano. My appetite has started to come back which is scaring me a bit. I'm just continuing to tell myself that I t doesn't matter if I put on weight as long as I can easily fit into size 6 trousers I'm OK which I am now but I'm still worried I'm going to eat too much.

This afternoon and especially this evening it feels like I've taken a load of laxatives, had really bad stomach cramps and diarrhea, again with no explanation as to why. Although it's been painful it's also put my mind at ease slightly about eating today because it's all come shitting out this evening! Like I said, exactly as if I've taken laxatives.

I have 3 accounts of what happened at the BRI, mine, the nurse who came with me and my consultants.

I thought I was in resus and also that I changed beds quite a bit. I remember being cold, the cuff for my B.P not staying on. I remember needing the toilet and having to use one of those chair things but having to try twice because the first time I was too tense about using it. I remember seeing a drip, usually I freak out but I couldn't be bothered! I don't remember my nurse leaving and only seeing another nurse once, then I remember coming together really quick at about 1:30pm. The Dr Coming to check if I was OK, basically just asked how I felt and then I came back, oh and at sometime someone asked me to touch my nose then his finger with my finger, hand eye co ordination stuff.

My consultant said I went unconscious that no one could rouse me and I fitted. Those two things were new to me.

I've just checked with the nurse who came with me and neither of those things happened. I had been in resus, then into a cubical but my B.P went down again so I was back in resus before going on the obs ward.

As far as them making a complaint, as soon as they do I will against them. The nurse who came with me said the nurse who looked after me that night was really nice but that is a first. They are usually really cold and sarcastic towards me, very unfriendly, especially one or two of them. They should leave what they don't understand to the people who do. That's what the Drs here do, if thing get too bad physically then it's A&E. most A&E nurses and Drs don't understand.

I have decided not to o.d anymore. A&E's answer is to lock me up so I become a nobody; just another lost number. OK it's taken over 20 visits to the BRI but I've come to that decision and I see that as being better than being sectioned for at least 6 months and getting worse.

Getting my own flat seems more of a possibility; it doesn't scare me when it's talked about anymore. I can see it happening pretty soon after my holiday.

My consultant wants me to go on leave. HELLO, I have nowhere to go. Disappearing for the day isn't a problem and recently I have spent quite a bit of time off ward.

I've been thinking a lot about Gaby recently; don't know whether that's good or bad. I think of all the good times we had and how I helped her then I remember it was all a waste of time cause she's dead and I don't want people to be thinking the same thing about me. I don't want to be just a memory, at least not yet!

Saturday 11th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Been in physical pain for most of the day, weighed myself this morning, 7 ½ stone. Took a deep breath and kept saying size 6 trousers, size 6 trousers, it hasn't stopped me from eating today. There's also the fact that at least a few pounds of that is from the 3 liters of Saline drip.

Had another good chat with my key nurse, found myself fighting back the tears cause my attitude is so positive at the moment, talking about nothing but positive stuff was really weird.

Also had a letter from the police saying my allegation was being filed as there's nothing further they can do in identifying him. I knew that letter would come sooner or later.

Sunday 12th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a really crap sleep last night thanks to my consultant, didn't go to bed till 1:00am, just wasn't tired. Woke at 5:30am and couldn't get back to sleep. He has reduced my Diazepam right down to 2.5mgs which is nothing, Zopidem doesn't have the full effect on me, never has done, the Diazepam works better.

The only exciting thing I've done today is go to the cinema with Nicole to see 'The Tuxedo' which was excellent; we both had a good laugh.

It's 11:00pm and again I don't feel like sleeping but will try once I've finished writing. I'm so glad I don't have classic anorexia; it can make you such a bitch.

Seeing Nicole with her family, I couldn't believe how she spoke to her Mum, I wouldn't dream of saying anything close to what she said or how she reacted, suppose she has her reasons but all she's worried about is loosing weight.

Realized today that I'm dehydrated again, can't go a piss easily! But who cares about drinking? Not me.

Monday 13th January 2003.

Dear Sky. After saying I had a really crap sleep last night was even worse. Went to bed at midnight, woke at 4:00am and couldn't get back to sleep, I couldn't stop moving. Done a lot today but because I'm so tired I'm not in the mood to write, back on Diazepam at night.

By the time I go on holiday I should be single! Went home for Hannah's birthday which was OK. Feel like I'm not all there through lack of sleep. Give you more detail of thoughts and stuff tomorrow. Hopefully after a good night sleep!

Tuesday 14th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Been a bad day today, didn't wake properly until about 7:30am but I was in and out of sleep all night so I'm still tired.

Took my washing to the launderette, on the way a patient stopped and walked by me, put his arm around me and pulled me towards him. I tried taking it off but he put it back on and asked when are we going for a snog? I said we're not and managed to push him away.

I came back angry and upset and started crying which I haven't done for a long time. Told a nurse and did a report. The only way I could stop crying was to slice my wrist until I'd stopped crying, felt better after. Still wound up so they gave me some Diazepam and slept for about 2hrs. Since then I've wanted to cry but been stopping myself cause there's no one to comfort me.

Had a quick chat with my key nurse this afternoon, told and showed her my wrists and talked about that patient, I could have cried my eyes out but I pushed them back

cause I wasn't sure if she'd be happy with me crying on her shoulder. I felt better after telling her about my wrist, I was feeling guilty about it.

I'm back down to 7 stone, without trying or meaning too. 7 ½ stone must have been the drip but I had a huge smile when the needle stopped at 7. Had a down day today, not felt like putting the effort in to smile.

SHE CAME SO CLOSE

Standing there, looking down,
Seeing the cars on the ground.
Wondering if they can see her there,
Not that it matters, they don't care.

Many cars drive by closer,
Surely they would have noticed her.
Not really caring if they had,
She doesn't care if it makes them sad.

Feeling the wind in her face,
Knowing this is the perfect place.
Imagining being completely free,
As she falls through the rocks and trees.

Taking steps closer and closer,
Her legs shaking underneath her.
She's done it at last,
Only thing left is to jump so fast.

What's going on? All of a sudden,
Arms have grabbed and pulled her from heaven.
Spoiling her perfect, wonderful plan,
Of falling far below to the land.

Looking back she was so close,
Of jumping and being as a ghost.
She's glad now she didn't go over the line,
Because her life would then have been a waste of time.



Wednesday 15th January 2003.

Dear Sky. 9:30pm; arrived at my Uncles in Milton Keynes, staying there and then another Uncle's who lives in Newcastle until the weekend cause it's his 50th birthday. So far things are OK, I was a bit anxious about coming. Woke early again this morning, 5:30am, that's 4 nights now my sleeps been bad; I don't understand why.

Thursday 16th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Been in and out of sleep again since 4:00am, don't understand what's going on with my sleep. Left this morning at 9:00am went to my cousin's work; Mc Donald's, had breakfast, I had a big bun meal. For a long, long time I'm ashamed to say I really wanted to be sick afterwards.

I felt so guilty, been living off grapes and Satsuma's for the rest of the day. Been shopping, didn't buy much, been OK, probably go back midday Saturday. It doesn't feel right being here, I want to go back. I guess it's just hard to fit into normal life!

Friday 17th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Yet again, same sleep pattern as last night, my meds just aren't working anymore.

Left for Newcastle about 9:30am got there around 1:00pm, met my cousin at 3:00pm and went to her house. Haven't been there for 10yrs. From there I started to feel worse and worse, my two cousins get on very well together, I'm nothing like them so I became invisible.

Then my Auntie got home, more uncomfortable, then my Uncle. Just felt like bursting into tears. I didn't belong there. I'm starting to be the next outcast of my family.

Said I was going for a walk and phoned my key nurse, started crying, she said to come back. I did and felt really bad.

I soon had Katherine and Dad texting me asking if everything was OK because everyone was worried because I left so quickly. Had a bad journey back, got lost for about an hour; started crying and thinking about just driving into a car in front.

Got back just after 11:00pm. I was a wreck, a failed mission, how am I going to cope on holiday? I guess I suffered form not having anyone to talk to about my feelings. I hate myself so much and just want to curl away and hide. Feel like I've let myself down. Things just felt so tense and uncomfortable. I knew I shouldn't have gone, that I would have preferred my own company but story of my life, I just fuck things up.

Saturday 18t January 2003.

Dear Sky. Bad night sleep again last night, not done anything today, stayed in my PJ's, feel really down. Wanted to set fire to myself again this morning but just did a little biting and picking instead.

Just after tea I really wanted to buy some tablets and a lighter, decided to see if I could talk to someone, if not then I was going shopping. A nurse sat and talked with me, she's really nice, liked her since she started not like some of the others. She tried to convince me that I had done well, I felt better after talking to her. Started of crying but by the end I felt a bit better. I just got to accept that I'm not the same as the rest of my family and like she said, that's not bad, if anything it makes me stronger, having my own opinions and not being a sheep.

I think that my last experience of being at my Uncles probably didn't help. The fact that it was 10yrs ago on the way up that I heard my Dad threaten to kill my Mum.

I think I stepped into my own world and couldn't cope with everyone around with no one to talk to. It was like as soon I stepped into that house I became the old me, quiet, shy nervous and only spoke when spoken to, a little girl again. It feels like all this leave has done is set me back. I'm not the same as before I left, not as happy or positive. I feel like being quiet and away from the rest of the patients.

Really fighting with eating, it's getting less and less; feel like I've taken 50 steps back.

Sunday 19th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Woke at 4:00am again but took the Diazepam for today so went back to sleep dreading tonight. Today has been about the same as yesterday, kept myself to myself for most of the day. Don't feel like company, been in my PJ's again. I'm really struggling at the moment with everything.

My mood is very low and not having the will power to pick it up, wanting to self harm and o.d and really struggling with eating and drinking, meaning having virtually nothing. I want/need some comfort, some arms to cry into. To shake myself out of this state of mind but it's so hard.

There are only 4 women patients including myself on the ward at the moment, 3 of us upstairs. Nicole is on the lock up ward which without sounding nasty, I'm glad, she needs to be somewhere she doesn't like so hopefully she'll want to get out, she was starting to get too comfortable here.

It's intimidating having so many male patients on the ward. It feels like I've given up on trying unlike before my leave. I prefer to spend time alone in my room with music; I tend not to think as much, doing my puzzle as well, it's like taking time out, a break.

Both yesterday and today I've had my family wanting to see me. Had the courage to say I was tired and not feeling up to it and leave it for another time which they agreed to without asking questions which was nice. I keep thinking, do I really want to pick myself up and make an effort and I can't come up with an answer.

Monday 20th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Actually had a decent nights sleep! Spent over an hour today not being able to stop myself from crying, day 3 in my PJ's, I wish I never went on this leave, since I've come back I've done nothing except beat myself up.

Really struggling with eating and drinking and hate myself for it, why does it have to be such an issue? Why can't I eat and drink like a normal person instead of

having this constant battle? Why do I have to justify everything I eat? I can't kick myself out of this low mood and its horrible feeling this way but at the moment it feels like there's nothing I can do about it, I'm just spiraling further and further down.

I've got it in my head that the only way to kick myself back up is to o.d. it's happened before, felt really low, taken an o.d and within 2-3 days my mood really picks up. I hate myself so much at the moment, such a change to how I was feeling last week.

8:00pm; can't stop crying again, been asleep for a few hours, it's the only time when I don't cry. Missed tea, really hungry, want to go and buy stuff I like, ice cream, grapes, chocolate, sweets, went to just now, went to put my shoes on to go and I thought about buying tablets and knew I would. Quickly took my coat off and put my money back. I'm so upset, why am I feeling like this again?

Sat here crying, I wish I had a pair of motherly arms holding me, reassuring me until I'm calm. I really miss that, as far back as I can remember I can never remember that happening and I mean never, not even pre school, crying in my Mums arms that's because I've always been defensive of my feelings.

Whenever we cried when we were young Dad always told us off cause we were very tearful, he'd get angry and shout, not once can I remember crying in their arms. I can remember crying in bed scared they'd come in and find me, I remember holding a teddy as tightly as possible whilst silent tears ran down my face before falling to sleep, countless times that happened, all alone with no one to turn to. Although I say I miss motherly arms I wouldn't want it to happen with my Mum, I guess I'm still protective of my feelings, don't know when I'll be able to go out again, be strong enough not to buy tablets.

Although my key nurse said she'd see me today she didn't, too busy. It doesn't matter, it's not like I'm always glad when she's in and always look forward to talking to her! She had too many other things to do.

Tuesday 21st January 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a disturbed sleep AGAIN last night, first woke at 2:00am then it was in and out of sleep till 8:00am. Not done anything today except finish my puzzle at last.

Again my key nurse said she would see me today straight away under my breath; yeah whatever! And I was right. I wish she wouldn't say it unless she meant it, at least then I'd know where I stand.

Again all day in my PJ's but my mood has started to improve. Not much else today, think I said it all yesterday!

Wednesday 22nd January 2003.

Dear Sky. Life is shit, life is totally crap, life is a waste of time, and life is fucking hell. No need to tell you what mood I'm in, had disturbed sleep again.

Actually got to see my key nurse and the dietician didn't cancel any of my stuff; I wanted her to cancel everything except the grapes. I weigh too much and I am a fucking fat bitch, 7 stone. Can't cope with my mood swings that come on all of a sudden, half the time for no reason.

Thursday 23rd January 2003.

Dear Sky. 10:00am; I can't cope with these mood swings, I don't know what happened yesterday. Around 4:00pm my mood went down a bit, talked to a nurse, had a little cry, mood stabilized a bit again.

Around 9:00pm my mood shot right down, I spent nearly a hour banging my heal against the wooden leg of a chair then went upstairs and slashed my arm to pieces, they steriostripped a few and bandaged my arm up then gave me the lecture about effecting other patients.

Didn't get to sleep until 1:00am then woke at 2:00am, 4:00am, and 6:00am then finally at 9:00am.

I want to be in a positive mood today but I can't, I got dressed instead of staying in my PJ's like I was going to, everything seems too much to cope with.

7:30pm; today has been nothing but shit. As I walked past my key nurse this morning I told her I couldn't cope, she said that I could because I was strong.

Just after lunch I asked if someone could redo my bandages, they were too busy. I asked again at 2:00pm, said they'd get someone, come 3:00pm I was told they were having a meeting and I'd have to wait till after. This really pissed me off cause I'd just cut my wrist again.

So I went upstairs took all the bandages and stereostiops off and cut myself some more and went downstairs with blood dripping from old and new ones, now they could see it needed seeing to, I thought they might listen to me but no, my key nurse just strapped a bandage over it.

Come 5:00pm I was wound up again, went into the office and asked a nurse when I was going to stop being ignored, she said I wasn't, we argued, she told me to stop behaving like a spoilt brat, I slammed the door and shouted at her to fuck off.

Just before tea it was finally seen to. Going to crawl into a corner now and disappear.

Friday 24th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Went to bed yesterday at 11:00pm only to wake at 1:30am, if the nurse hadn't given me more Diazepam I would have stayed up, come 3:00am I was back asleep and woken at 8:30am.

Spent most of today shopping, just brought a few bits and pieces, thoughts of buying tablets and even stronger thoughts of buying a really sharp blade but didn't buy either.

Talked to my Dr about my meds and also talked to my associate key nurse; she's wonderful to talk to, love her to bits, asked her why everyone sees me as being thin, why can't I see it myself? Why do I still try to stop myself from eating? Really starting to feel the effects of dehydration, headaches and blurred vision but it doesn't kick me into action.

Saturday 25th January 2003.

Dear Sky. I actually slept through the night! Spent most of the day doing a cross stitch; Julie got me back into it. My mood has lifted slightly although I'm still having negative thoughts. I handed my stash of blades to my associate key nurse this morning, she said she was so proud and gave me a big hug which made me feel good. It won't stop me from cutting again but because I don't have blades ready it will take longer to cut some out so hopefully by the time I've done that I would have thought about what I'm doing and stop myself.

Still feel fat and over weight, in my eyes it hasn't stopped me from eating but I guess in everyone else's eyes it has. All I've had is fruit and ice cream. To me that's eating and it's enough.

I love it when my associate key nurse is in; she will always spend time with me even like yesterday when I wasn't allocated to her. She really cares, like I mentioned, when I gave over the blades she said it meant a lot, I didn't realize how much it meant to her, I swear she was fighting back the tears. I've had those blades for months, always there, ready, incase I needed them, now they're gone!

I wonder how long until I go to harm myself again? Picking at the marks doesn't always class, only when I pick at it really bad. Just taking the top layer off doesn't count. Just taken the bandage off to have a bath, for the first time none of them started bleeding again, so I'm going to leave them open to let the air get to them so they'll heal quicker. Just counted them; 41cuts from right wrist to just past my elbow, it was a serious attack. Wanted to prove to my arm that I could hurt it, damage it and there was nothing it could do to stop me, like proving who was in charge.

Monday 27th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Had an awful night sleep last night, today hasn't been too good either, I'm sat here crying. Who am I trying to kid? I'll never change, I'll never be normal, I'm going to die young and that's all there is to it, I'm finding it so hard not to take laxatives, I'm just going round in this constant circle, I can't remember the last time I had a drink, it was before my leave, that's for sure, I don't want to drink.

I've had enough of trying, it's so hard, and some things like eating and drinking at the moment I don't want to fight. I don't think anyone knows how dehydrated I am, I can't go to the toilet properly, I feel absolutely desperate to go but hardly anything comes out, my throat is so dry but I don't want to do anything about it so yet again I'm failing cause I'm not trying. I'm not trying like I should be so I'm letting everyone down, proving again that I'm a complete waste of time.

I want to believe what people say,
But my head tells me it's not true.
My heart wants to enjoy each day,
But most days turn out blue.

People say I'm doing so well,
That I'm starting to have some strength.
Unfortunately people can't tell,
That I believe I'm a waste.

I try so hard to be a success,
For everyone to be so proud.
But everyday I fight this mess,
Slowly I'm burrowing my head underground.

Putting on a brave happy face,
No one sees the hurt inside.
My dreams and hopes get put back in place,
In my head where they hide.

I try everyday to be so good,
To fight each weakness I have.
But unable to do so, wishing I could,
My weakness can turn and laugh.

Because no one can fight them,
They've been around for so long.
My weaknesses are my hidden strengths,
That will always go on and on.



Tuesday 28th January 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate myself, had a bad nights sleep last night, kept trying to wake myself up but because I had enough medication I couldn't stay awake, I finally woke up near enough midday. Came down for dinner, no one approached me; don't know how I feel about that so it's been two days without eating.

Around 1:00pm I went into town, brought I box of Sena and another of 24 double strength and took the 24 before returning to the ward. Wanting to buy laxatives has been on my mind for days cause I'm so fat and not loosing any weight. My positive attitude

about my weight has gone. I didn't think about the consequences of taking the Sena, I was going to start with the 24 then take 40 a day again and not tell anyone, that was the plan, not to tell.

I came back with a bad backache, stomach pains, headache, heaving and my urine being nearly blood colour which scared me, the colour and being sick.

Told a nurse the above feelings and how long I hadn't ate or drank. They got the DMO because they were really worried about dehydration. At first I didn't tell them about the Sena, they asked and I lied but the truth soon came out, first that I had 100 upstairs, then that I'd taken the equivalent of 48, DMO said I either drink or BRI with a drip.

I had to drink two cups in front of her, which was 3hrs ago and so far I've got away with just that, no way am I going to he BRI and drinking is a nasty thing to do. So I've taken laxatives, but handed in my stash, at least that's one positive action. I don't understand why everything is going so bad again, what happened?

Why am I punishing myself? Why the sudden change in my attitude? Before leave I was so happy and positive, since then I've been the complete opposite, why? Why did I buy the laxatives then tell the nurse?

I hate taking laxatives, come midnight I am going to be in so much pain, it's going to be agony. I just grabbed my keys and went, planning as I drove. I should have known I couldn't keep it from them.

There's one change! Before I was admitted everything I did was a secret, now I tell the nurses everything I've done, I can't keep it from them. Maybe if I thought about that them I wouldn't have done it but my plan was to keep it a secret, I had to get my weight down some how but now I've got to pay the consequences, maybe I'll learn from this, think about what I'll tell them cause I can't keep anything from them, I am completely honest with them.

Wednesday 29th January 2003.

Dear Sky. 2:00pm; I feel so awful, both physically and mentally but I've only myself to blame for that. Although I woke every 20-30mins last night and had stabs of stomach pains, was sick and I think I passed out the laxatives did the job. I lost about 6 pounds over the night and this morning my stomach was flat, just how I like it but physically I feel week and fragile, yet again I've taken another step back and hate myself for it.

Come lunch time I had one of my pies, cheese cake and orange juice off my own back, I hate feeling physically unwell but after I was in tears. My stomach has ballooned again and if I hadn't handed the Sena in I would have taken 40.

I needed to talk to my key nurse for reassurance that eating was OK, I was crying my eyes out, and she wasn't around so I had to talk to another nurse who I've never talked to before. I guess I needed to hear some reassurance that eating was OK, for someone to recognize that I had made the effort to correct yesterday.

The poem I wrote Monday is true. "My weaknesses are my hidden strengths." Without my weaknesses I'd be lost, I need them to keep me going. I guess I've got to learn not to do everything to such an extreme.

At the moment I'm hoping that the Sena are still in my system so what I've just ate will go straight through. I need help to get through this, I can't do it alone but I still find it hard to approach the nurses, I feel like they've got better things to do or are purely too busy. When will I get out of this trap? When will I start liking myself or accepting myself for who I am?

9:00pm; feeling a bit better, had a good chat with my key nurse this afternoon, she's going to get me some voluntary work in an elderly home, get me started and give me something to do, give me a reason to live.

The laxatives are still working a bit so my stomach has gone back to near enough flat which is good.

Thursday 30th January 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been better but still tough, don't know how well I slept, I know I woke at least once. Been doing my cross stitch all day apart from meetings and played a few silly games with my key nurse which was really nice, just to spend the time with her.

These past few hours my mood has dropped though, don't know why, like I said, today's been OK. Maybe it's because I'm tired but it's only 8:30pm, if I go to bed now I'll have such a crap sleep. Or maybe it was seeing Mark take an o.d on Eastenders. My mood just lowered.

A LITTLE GIRL

Hello there little girl,
What's your name?
I've known you my whole life,
Oh, I've just noticed, we are the same.

You are me and I am you,
But you're a little one.
You must be in my mind,
Because I can see we both can't belong.

But I feel much pain inside your heart,
Hurt and sorrow too.
I can not turn my back,
On what life has done to you.

I can help change that,
Help you feel safe.
Let you see your world,

Could be a safe place.

I know we've lived together,
Feeling unsafe all the time.
Seeing the world that is so cruel,
We've sat together to hide from it all.

Now I'm emerging from my place,
You're still scared life is bad.
Seeing your pain has made me stronger,
I'll take your hand and face life together.



Saturday 1st February 2003.

Dear Sky. Slept OK, today has certainly been different. This morning I sat in my chair and all I wanted to do was go back to sleep. I started thinking of buying Nytol or getting some Zopiclone. It was a serious option I felt like I couldn't face the day, constantly thinking about it obviously made my mood drop as well. Self harm also came a bit of an option but not as much as Nytol.

Then I was up and out, decided that I was going to get that tattoo I've been wanting, that way I would finally get it done and it would hurt so there was the pain! So I did. Didn't hurt as much as I thought it would but there was a bit of pain, got a Cheetah's head on the bottom outside of my right leg, £80 but it was worth it, it's great, the tattooist even took a photo of it cause it was so good which made it that much better.

Mum and Dad will have a fit when they see it but it's my leg, if they don't like it they don't have to look at it. It's bigger than I planned but I really do like it, I had it on my ankle so it wouldn't always be on show, only summer and swimming which is what I wanted and also you either see all of it or none, not half like on your arm or back or stomach so I don't have to constantly worry about what I'm wearing.

So yeah, today's been different. My mood isn't still that great but at least my actions have been positive.

Sunday 2nd February 2003.

Dear Sky. Well most of today has literally gone by in a blur. I was in and out of sleep all night and again woke early. Feeling low I went down at 9:00am, got up from the sofa at some time and like I used to on my old ward I had to steady myself whilst my

vision blurred then refocused, it's a horrible sensation, it gets/ got as bad as having to lean against something or falling.

Went to go downstairs and next thing I know a nurse is sat beside me whilst I was led on the floor, the left side of my head and face killed whilst the other side hurt, I couldn't even open my left eye. I must have passed out, they got the Dr, he was convinced that I'd overdosed but I hadn't I don't know why I passed out, I can't even remember doing so. Spent the rest of the day with a headache on the sofa going dizzy every time I got up.

The family came in around 5:00pm, showed them the tattoo straight away, as I went to tell them Katherine said she'd already told them. I could tell Mum and Dad weren't impressed but held their disappointment back, Katherine shuddered when told how it was done and the girls loved it saying they wanted one.

Yesterday one of the nurses suggested saying it was fake when they saw it but I came to the conclusion that they've had to come to terms with so much this past year that they should know how to deal with this and they did, Dad just asked why.

Also talked about holiday, getting a flat and a load of other stuff. I am absolutely starving and thirsty but the hospital won't provide for me. So basically they're letting me starve. I can't even wash because there's no hot water so soon I'm going to stink.

I also asked about Granddad, he's still in the BRI, been there since Christmas, he's caught a hospital virus, apparently there's little chance of him recovering, I asked if it was long term or short, Dad didn't know but Grandmas not been told. That's my family, all secrets, about everything, never open but then neither was I until I was admitted.

Monday 3rd February 2003.

Dear Sky. 1:00pm; I was never allowed to be a teenager, I was kept as an 11yr old child then forced to be an adult when I was married, barely 19yrs old. Never experienced the outward emotions and personalities that a teenage does. Always kept as a little girl, unable to make her own decisions or voice her opinion.

I've never been normal, always been different and that's why, never had a teenagers life. Never rebelled against my parents, never spoke out of turn, never got angry, too scared of an argument. Cried at night like a child, hid in the shadows of my sister's limelight, a quiet, shy, scared little girl. Now I've got to face all those emotions as an adult and it's hard, so hard.

I just want to take a load of sleeping tablets and forget about everything. It doesn't matter what I do I can't distract the thoughts and feelings.

Still my parents are fighting to keep me as a child and not grow up. They never prepared me for adult life, I was just suddenly one day thrown into it, the day I was married. Did they really expect me to cope? I had no idea how to be me or who me was. I'm trying not to hold it against them because they were only going by their own experiences and I am their oldest so "I'm the experiment." Everything isn't in the past, it's all still there.

An 11yr old little girl hated and being made to change cause friends didn't like her, being told she wasn't nice and having no one to turn to. That was the first of many a

time I was told I wasn't nice, that I'd have no friends, the first time I was told I wasn't good enough being me.

Tuesday 4th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Today has been mostly OK, had a crap night's sleep, woke at 4:00am, and woke in a low mood. Went downstairs and asked my key nurse if we cold talk, she told me to have a shower first, I said no and explained why so she phoned another ward and asked if I could go over there, it's surprising what a difference a nice hot shower can have on your mood.

Just been lounging around most of the day, plan to go out tomorrow. Its 7:00pm and the past few hours my mood has dropped for no reason, story of my life! Dreading going to bed as usual, don't know why I struggle to sleep so much, I'm probably on the highest dose of sleepers out of the patients and I still can't sleep.

Wednesday 5th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Apart from the worse sleep ever I had an OK day. Funny though cause I didn't really do anything but my moods been a lot better. I quite enjoyed being with an elderly patient this afternoon, getting her into her wheelchair and going to OT then after we somehow got to the topic of nail varnish and she said how she'd like to have some. Told her I had a few and I did her nails when we got back, she's one of a kind.

Thursday 6th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I don't know what to say about today but last night was the worst it's been, if I slept it must have been for 2hrs max, twice I went downstairs, second time had extra Diazepam which didn't work. Finally led on the sofa at 6:0am, next thing I know I wake up to 10:00am, as soon as my head hit that pillow I was gone. I was scared of my dreams and could not stop them even until this afternoon I'm still struggling to know what was real and what I dreamt.

Today was the day I told my consultant I was ready for discharge! We talked about it and I was quite firm with what I wanted. It's just gone midnight and my associate key nurse asked me what I'd done today and apart from the meeting I couldn't think! I don't think I did anything.

Friday 7th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Had an excellent sleep last night! Woke in a good mood and spent most of the day in my room doing a puzzle whilst listening to a tape, quite content. Then same as always around 7-8:00pm bang goes my good mood, been feeling crap ever since.

Tea time my key nurse asked what I wanted to eat, my food that I get sent up has changed, I told her it depended on what was out there, she came back saying that the only things with my name on were apples and sandwiches, told her I would have them for supper, which I was actually looking forward to.

8:30pm, sandwiches had disappeared which means a nurse either had them or gave them to someone. Since then I've been pissed off. Went into the office no one was there, if there was it wouldn't have mattered.

Got my diet sheet and put it through the shredder! Whoever did it must have thought that I wouldn't want it, she never has her stuff, and she wouldn't miss it. So I shouldn't disappoint them should I? If that's what they think then so be it.

Saturday 8th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I've finally gone 2 nights on a row sleeping well, so tonight I'm going to only take 1 ½ instead of 2 Zopiclone. Not done much today except be bored. My mood hasn't been all that great.

10:00pm; why does my mood drop every evening? Between 7-8:00pm you can guarantee every evening, no matter if it's been a good or bad day, my mood will drop. I can't stop it, I try to keep myself occupied but it still goes down, the nurses are going to start thinking that I'm doing it on purpose. Having my anti depressants at midday doesn't help like I thought, didn't help today.

Is life always going to be crap for me? I'm still struggling not to take Nytol, I keep thinking, just one more time, one more time. It sounds weird but part of me wants to go through that experience again.

Sunday 9th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Today has been shit, had a crap night's sleep and just got worse from there. I was planning on doing some shopping but whilst thinking about it I also started planning on buying Nytol. I felt so unsafe, if I went out I'd o.d, if I stayed I'd self harm. Went downstairs and cried my eyes out, had some Diazepam and by midday I was a bit better.

Around 2:00pm I had a text saying that everyone was meeting round my Uncles at 6:00pm. Straight away my mind went again thinking of tablets but this time I acted. Went early in search of a supermarket that would be open, they were all closed so I got Paracetamol and Pardin from petrol stations. Emptied the packets in to pocket then went to my Uncles.

Came back and started taking them, took a few then my head kicked in and I stopped myself, quickly went downstairs and gave them all to my key nurse. Mentally feeling OK but physically not feeling too good, headache, chest pains, drained of energy, all the usual stuff. Apparently I took nine and apparently the doctors going to come back and take bloods but its 11:00pm already.

Not excited about holiday, looking forward to it but not excited. Going to be under my parent's thumbs again, I left early from my Uncles because I'd lost interest and couldn't be bothered. Just wait till it comes; it's just over a month away so it'll soon be here.

Starting to feel fat again, drinking too much but I've been so thirsty but now I've noticed it I'll automatically cut down. Have done today; just the one drink instead of 2-4. Wonder if I'll sleep well tonight.

Tuesday 11th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Didn't sleep well last night, I'm constantly yawning and it's physically draining me, I don't know what to do about it, or if anything can be done? Again done nothing today, spent the morning with the elderly patient taking her to the café then doing her nails again. I love spending time with her but only so much before I've had enough.

It's strange how suddenly I realized I was ready to move on, I think it's when I realized and became bored. That's when I started thinking of discharge. Now, in a way, I can't wait, to have my own place, my own. The way I want it, do what I want to do, have what I want to have.

Wednesday 12th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Today and last night have been completely crap, didn't sleep well and ended up cutting my arm this afternoon. Was planning on going out this afternoon but again I started planning an o.d, started crying and told my key nurse.

So far I've had 20mg of Diazepam but for the first time it hasn't worked. My wrist and arm are sliced to pieces, if I don't do one it's the other. Obviously my moods been really low! It feels like the end of the world and I can't stop crying.

Thursday 13th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Today? After a not too good sleep I finally woke at 10:30am, I like waking up late. Last night I burst into tears in front of a nurse, she got me to do a chart to try and link my periods, sleep and mood, finished it today, and went as far back as the start of Oct. I was quite surprised and in a way proud of how different things are, how much I've improved.

Friday 14th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Every night, why do I feel so bad, every night? I'm writing here crying my eyes out and wanting to self harm. I've had a good day though, spent most of it with the elderly patient, been busy with her and enjoyed it, had the final decree from the solicitor.

8:30pm I thought, wow I'm still happy, and then bang! Next thought is self harm. I told one of the nurses, not that it helped, just asked me to write how I feel but I don't know where the thought comes from. It's like it slowly creeps up then it's there, I realize and it then just gets worse.

Right now I need a pair of arms to cry my heart out in, kept it back from the nurse. I don't understand it, I've had a good day, didn't sleep too bad, took some time getting off. I hate myself, I hate myself so much. How much longer must my life be this way?

Saturday 15th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Didn't' sleep that well but I did go to bed earlier, 11:00pm. Woke up dreading the day ahead, how bored I'd be. Decided to phone home, see what the family were up to, they weren't doing anything so I went and spent most of the day with them.

Went and played golf at Bath which was quite fun, something I'd been thinking I'd like to do recently. Had dinner and tea there, which is a huge step. Something I'd been saying I didn't want to do but it was fine. So again today's been good, kept busy again, I'm trying to do all the right stuff.

Sunday 16th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Apart from going to bed late and waking early I didn't sleep too badly. Today's been boring as usual, went to go shopping but only lasted an hour cause I didn't feel up to it.

Finding it hard not to cut myself, I'm going to have to hide my right arm now for the rest of my life. The days go by so slowly, it's enough to make you go crazy! Sat here looking at my arm and it makes me want to cut it even more, just by looking at it. Even thought about doing my back cause it's where no one will see, wanting to strangle myself is becoming more of a thought again as well as o.d, I weigh 7 ½ stone and I can't stop thinking about ways to hurt myself.

12:45am; I hate myself so much, I don't care about myself anymore. I don't care if I cut myself, which I have done today, I don't care if I don't eat, I hate being different and eating in the TV room. I don't care if I don't talk to the nurses; maybe I'm better off keeping my feelings between us.

I upturned a dinning table then later set the fire alarm off because I was pissed off. Pissed off with the fact that I'd asked to spend time but after being told to "give me 10mins" the nurses were too busy messing around on the internet and laughing with each other.

I was also annoyed at tea time cause yet again I would have ate a meal but wasn't approached. If the nurses don't feel meal times are important enough to make the effort then it obviously isn't a problem. I'm not going to make the effort to go down anymore.

The nurses here don't have enough time for me so I'm best to keep myself to myself until I'm discharged.

Monday 17th February 2003.

Dear Sky. It's when you build a good relationship with people like my associate key nurse that you realize how lucky you are and that there are at least some good people in this world, I don't know what I would have done today if she wasn't here.

Last night I was asked if I set the fire alarm off, talked more about it to my associate key nurse this morning and was completely honest with her to the points of how I was ignored at tea, struggling with self harm and how I was angry when the nurses were more interested in the computer than me and told her that I set it off to give the nurses something to do!

This afternoon I went shopping and purely on instinct and because I saw them I brought a pack of Nytol. I came back and grabbed a nurse chucked the packet on the

chair and cried. She told me how proud she was that I hadn't taken them, saying how two months ago I would have taken them without a second thought and ended up in the BRI.

I could only see that I had let myself down cause I brought them; I didn't want to but couldn't help myself. She just kept saying that I hadn't let myself down and I had made a big achievement.

Last night I was so upset, I was going to start rebelling in everyway possible, not eat, not drink, not talk, not take medication but being with the nurse today made me realize that it's only cause of certain nurses that I feel that way, having support today made all the difference. Been feeling a lot recently that now they've got me to accept my problems and recognize them, either the nurses can't or won't support me through dealing with it.

Unlike a year ago, I feel now like I kinda need to talk about my whole life in detail, everything I can remember. For that you need someone who is 100% dedicated to you, if I need to talk for 10mins to talk for 10mins, if I need to talk for 10hrs, to talk for 10hrs. That takes a lot of dedication which isn't available but I could see myself giving that support.

I'm starting to sleep better, taking a while to get off but once asleep I'm tending to stay asleep until about 6:00am and then I go back to sleep until at least after 9:00am. I'm also having a sleep/ half sleep for about 2hrs during the day. I think that's helping because it's keeping me awake until late. Like last night, I didn't have my meds till 1:00am but slept well. Had a bit of a sleep this afternoon, wonder how well I'll sleep tonight!

Tuesday 18th February 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 5:00pm and I'm sat in my car at the top of Dundry looking down over the whole of Bristol knowing that all I have to do is release my handbrake and I would never see a soul again.

Spent all day in my room not wanting to talk to anyone because I'd cry. Midday I sliced my arm to pieces, didn't make me feel any better or any worse, just the same. I look at my arm and hate myself then start knowing that the scars won't go away before holiday and my arm is an ugly sight. So I mess it up even more with the thought that one or two more cuts won't make a difference, my arms fucked so why not fuck it up even more?

I'm fed up of trying, I've spent the past 14 ½ months trying and I'm tired, I think to myself why? Why bother? Why make all this effort? I've been a bitch, a real fucking bitch always have been always will be, that's the fact of life.

It's so quiet up here looking down as the sun goes. I didn't tell anyone I was going, I just went, even without shoes, thoughtless bitch again.

11:30pm; I came back just before 7:00pm, my key nurse said she'd searched my room for my journals because she couldn't find me but wasn't too worried cause she knew I'd come back. I knew too that I'd come back safely.

We talked about stuff, about the past few days saying she was proud of me and today was just another little blip. She then spent about an hour playing cards with me which was really nice of her. Considering all the shit I'd put the nurses through and they were short staffed.

I wrote a poem whilst out, she said it was her favorite one so far. I was with her until 9:00pm, over the next ½ hour my mood lowered down and down, took me a while to realize why, I hadn't had my meds. Soon as I realized I knew I was in for a shit night. Felt worse and worse. Decided to do the right thing before it got too bad and told a nurse. Either I didn't explain myself properly or she wasn't listening but she wasn't interested.

I went upstairs led on my bed staring at my wardrobe getting more and more wound up. I was going to hurt myself then decided no, why should I? I stormed out ready to go down and start shouting at the nurse. Luckily I met a patient on the stairs and we sat and talked, I say luckily because I really didn't want to shout at the nurse.

About ½ hour later a nurse came up and asked if I wanted to talk about my meds. It took some talking and I still think she doesn't believe me, that it was the fact that I hadn't taken them and not just my mood. Eventually she asked what she could do and the only thing that works is talking to people so thankfully there was 5 nurses on so she was able to chat with me.

It was strange at first cause for some reason I've never felt comfortable talking to her, we mainly talked about Florida. That takes me to now, 12:00am because I've been talking I'm OK, after I've finished I'll be going to bed and that's the night done with. So, Lucy got me through it.

SELF HATE

Sitting and watching the world below,
Seeing bright lights give out their glow.
Looking down upon this place,
The city that's brought pain to my face.

Not able to see people around,
But knowing they're living there on the ground.
Wondering if life's treating them kind,
To our feelings we are mostly blind.

Taking time out and standing still,
I think of my life whilst on this hill.
Thinking of time that has passed,
Wondering when I will breathe my last.

I know I'm a mean, selfish person,
Who doesn't deserve what I've been given.
I think of the people in my life,
And feel sorry they know about my strife.

I don't deserve to know caring people,
They don't deserve all my trouble.
Trying everyday to bring me less pain,
I only sit and throw it away.

Thinking of me all the time,
Makes me think I, me, mine.
What a selfish disrespectful pain,
You deserve this life of shame.



Wednesday 19th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Well today has been OK, had a really weird dream last night! Sleep pattern seems to be settling down, hard to get off and not fully asleep but it is way better than 3 weeks ago.

Spent the morning playing cards with my key nurse again, she must be making up for lost time! Not really done anything else, been one of those days where my mood has remained stable even though my activities have been severely limited.

Seen the plans for the new hospital, it's not as big as what I thought it would be, almost the same as what's here. Cause it's been an uneventful day not got much else to write except I had a water fight with a nurse in the staff room!

Thursday 20th February 203.

Dear Sky. Had a good day today, had another tattoo done on my other leg this morning, hurt more than the first.

This afternoon played cards again with my key nurse. Struggling with the thought of an o.d also started to get fat so I'm starting to eat less. Still struggling to fall asleep so I plan to watch a film till 1:10am, hopefully I'll then be really tired.

Saturday 22nd February 2003.

Dear Sky. Went to the cinema this morning with a patient and watched 'Catch me if you can.' Went out in a good mood, came back feeling very uptight, come 4:00pm I had Diazepam and fell asleep on the sofa till tea. I don't know why I feel so low, is it just pure exhaustion from tiredness?

Whilst at the cinema in the toilets I heard this little voice excitedly tell someone that she
"Sometimes dreams of popcorn,"

The woman told her she was weird, the little girl asked why? She was told that it wasn't normal, stupid and weird.

I came out of the toilet and saw this little girt not older than 5yrs holding a bag of popcorn. I felt so angry with the woman; didn't she realize what she was saying? Those words could affect that innocent little girl for the rest of her life, always thinking that she was weird. Or was I judging her life through my own? The way it might affect her through my own experiences, not everyone gets affected the same way as me, I didn't know this girl.

I'm getting so scared Sky. I don't know why, I feel unstable, and that my life is falling to pieces. I'm scared of everything, myself, my past, my present and future. Why do I feel like this? I feel lost and out of control and I still hate my life and the person I am.

11:00pm; I hate myself, I hate myself so much, just because I keep my feelings inside and my tears where no one sees them it doesn't mean I don't suffer. Just had a go at one of the patients for being a pig and just cleaned and moped the dinning area, didn't think it was fair for the cleaners to come into that mess. Because I was angry and showed it I feel bad, just before I was close to tears like I am now but I'm pushing them back.

I wish my key nurse was here because I need someone to talk to who understands me, not just anyone. I got all these tears building up inside and I feel like bursting but I can't, they've got to stay inside.

Not hiding my arm anymore, I've got to learn to live with and accept it before I can expect anyone else to do the same, I've been hiding it because I've been ashamed.

These past few days I've come to realize the true meaning behind a word I often use in a phrase. Whenever I'm angry, upset, feel alone, neglected, all those feeling I use the word "they." They don't care. They don't care if I starve, they don't care if I self harm, they don't care if I die, they don't care how I feel, etc. when the true word is "I", I don't care. I've just been disguising it, blaming other people when it's me who really feels that way. Maybe I shouldn't have gone out today.

I want to feel love, whether that be receiving or giving. That must be the one thing I envy of others, feeling love. I know my family love me but I don't feel it, that's why I'm so bad with relationships, maybe I'm scared of love, giving or receiving. I know I'm scared of both regarding my parents.

People say I've got such a bright future and a lot to give; I'm just trying to hold on to that.

Sunday 23rd February 2003.

Dear Sky. Today has been completely shit; somewhere between last night and this morning things went completely wrong. Watched a film late last night, came up only for another patient to then come into my room and start talking, tried to sleep but couldn't. So I went downstairs and settled on the sofa, I wasn't myself.

The rules are that you're not allowed to sleep downstairs, the nurses wanted me up but I physically fought two of them off and they gave up and left me, I went up at 6:00am. At some point last night my thoughts turned into plans for today I was going to mess the rest of my life up, go to Cardiff, take an o.d and strangle myself.

I woke this morning with that plan in mind; I went downstairs praying there was someone there who would understand me. I was greeted by a nurse who tried giving me my meds, I put them down, said I couldn't cope and walked upstairs, she called behind me "if you can't cope go out." That would have been the worst outcome, a few minutes later I had two nurses come up, I'd hid under the blanket and didn't say anything. They said that if the fire alarm was to go off and they could prove it was me I would be billed for it that it cost about £30 per fire engine and we usually get 2. I stayed under my bed and cried. Thanks for the support guys!

I went down and asked who was on this afternoon thinking if it was worth holding on, it wasn't, I burst into tears and a nurse ended up spending ½ hour with me before giving me Diazepam to fall back asleep. I cried my heart out to her and she didn't know what to do.

A nurse came up just before dinner saying my cousin was here and I feel bad to say but it was the last thing I wanted but I went down. She said she would have been here around 10:00am but her car broke down and she then got lost, thank fuck for that, we casually chatted. She said how I caused hell at my Uncles when I left. Hey, I ruined his birthday! Apparently he was very angry with me and my cousin was angry with him for calling my Dad. Just to prove I really don't fit in with my family, black sheep.

As it happened around 2:00pm the fire alarm was set off! Was not me, my cousin didn't go till around 3:00pm. I took more Diazepam and went back to sleep, I couldn't handle today. It's 7:00pm and I've just woken.

Monday 24th February 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 2:00am and already today has been shit, what's the point in trying? This morning I complained to the ward manager about the nurses' attitude yesterday, this set me off and I told a nurse I couldn't cope. She told me to get washed and dressed which I did and felt slightly better after.

Just after dinner I went upstairs to find a male patient sat in my room. That sent me over the edge, my room is now locked.

I wonder why I keep fighting, why I keep trying when each day brings more pain, what did I do to deserve this life? What did I do so wrong to go through this hell. The nurse doesn't realize how much she affected me yesterday, I guess I want an apology and for her to realize how belittled I felt by her words, the manager said he would talk to her and then the three of us sit down.

I guess what I want from life is for people to appreciate me and to be valued but all this has got to come from me first. To value and love myself only then can people feel the same to me. I'm really trying to move on but the nurses don't see my efforts, they also don't see my hurt and pain.

Today I've felt like dying, taking the easy option out. Like one nurse said yesterday, at times I expect too much from them, do I? I guess they think that because they think I'm not putting in the effort but I am, I'm trying so hard.

2:45pm; just been in with the manager and the nurse, she argued her case, we went round in circles so she left leaving me and the manager talking about my care in more detail. Part of me feels bad for complaining, making a fuss, it's not like me and I've offended her. A small part of me feels like maybe I was looking for a scape goat to

express my feelings about all the nurses. It's so hard because like I said to the manager I see both sides of the situation, I see the nurses' point of view as well as mine.

11:30pm; the fire alarm went off just after tea, this male patient who was in my room admitted to it, I caused havoc by trying to go in, I was pissed of, I fought several members of nurses whilst swearing, in the end I went round the back and in through a fire exit.

Tammy locked my room this morning but this afternoon I've kept it open cause it's such a pain, at first I thought I'd just listened to my tape without realizing cause it was in the wrong place but I just notched the volume was louder than I left it and hardly ever had it. That convinced me that he had been up again and so now I will be keeping my room locked, I thought it might be a one off, obviously not.

Wednesday 26th February 2003.

Dear Sky. These past two days I've felt like completely giving up, to write to you now is hard, my life has been turned upside down because of one silly mistake.

As far as I can remember yesterday morning was OK, I even went to OT. By the afternoon I was struggling again not to o.d or self harm, the only way I could think to keep myself safe was to have Diazepam and sleep it off.

In the evening the fire alarm went off again, again I refused to leave the building, I spent several minutes physically fighting, and trying to get past a nurse before I was C&R'd.

Once they let me go I went into the dinning area and chucked all the tables, the nurse in charge then said I was discharged and they'd called the police, as I was thrown to the stairs I set the fire alarm off, they threw me out again and I walked off with no coat or shoes. I was told to come back tomorrow morning and to go home. Home was the last place I was going. At first I sat behind the old buildings until I thought it was safe.

It must have only been 9:20pm because as I walked out the day nurses were leaving and the bus was still there. At first I was aiming for the small bridge down to the dual carriage way to get ran over like before but the way down had been fenced. I then thought of the railway line and waked down Wild Country lane.

Nurses from other wards stopped me, I didn't try fighting them, they seemed too nice. They got hold of my nurses who obviously said it was OK to let me go.

I went and hid for a bit more, make sure all the nurses had passed then went to the railway, which was blocked too. So I started walking along Long Ashton.

I was walking when someone hit me on the head, I turned around whilst everything went blurry and saw a young bloke. Next thing I remember is being led on the pavement completely naked with a police coat over me. Ambulance came and took me to the BRI where I spent 2hrs under a sheet warming up, I tried telling them, they asked about my clothes but nothing came out. I was told I was physically fine, dressed in a gown and a blanket and told my Dad was coming to get me.

I couldn't get out of the hospital quick enough, I ran and hid behind a fire exit of a building until I thought my Dad would be gone. I started heading back to Barrow when 5mins later my Dad pulled up beside me. He tried to get me home where he would have control over me, he said he'd chuck me in the car again, as soon as he came near me I moved back, I wasn't going to let him touch me.

Thankfully he called the police; as soon as they came I went straight to the female officer. I wanted sanctuary. They took me to the station and police sectioned me and I spent the night in a cell, I managed to tell the female officer more about the night and what I feared had happened. They found my clothes on a wall but I had no cuts or bruises, even though the back of my head still hurts.

9:30am this morning I was back on the ward being told to pack my stuff and go on leave till Tuesday, I didn't move, in the end it was agreed that I could stay.

I spent the morning sleeping, early afternoon I spotted white stains on my trousers, I was really scared and no one believed me, I was told that the police had found me walking the streets naked, if I know one thing, I know I was found on the pavement.

However a nurse did a pregnancy test and I've taken the pill. Having everyone not believe me is hell, I've passed a lot of discharge today as well but I'm going through this alone and I'll never know.

With regards to my parents, I've felt like disowning them, I couldn't go "home" cause I was scared of my Dad and everything me and my key nurse have been working on about "the little girl" would have been wasted. I've been very distressed as what to do about my parents, mostly my Dad, I felt like I'd gone back to phase one again.

I spoke to a nurse again this evening and I did the adult thing and phoned home. Hannah picked up, it was so nice to hear her cheerful voice then I spoke to Dad. I started off by saying that I was sorry about last night and I was phoning because I didn't want our relationship to go back to phase one.

Then my Dad said his piece and I struggled with "the little girl." In what order things were said I don't know, I was concentrating on staying strong.

He said how he wasn't prepared to take me to America but Mum didn't want to rule it out completely, he said he wasn't prepared to risk it and couldn't understand how I couldn't/ didn't want to spend one night with them

"So why was I going on holiday with them?"

I said well maybe I didn't want to. He said how he didn't know how to deal with me because I don't talk to them so they only get pieces. I said then

"Why didn't you go to the psychology meetings, that's what they were for."

He said because no one would tell them anything so it was a waste of time. I said so you want to know what's wrong with me but not how to deal with me. He argued this point, saying how they'll never be able to deal with me because I don't talk to them. I asked him if he'd ever thought why, he said

"Well none of you ever did."

I asked again why do you think that is, I said it was pointless telling him if he hadn't figured it out. He said

"Because I loose my temper."

I said yes. He also said how they still wanted me and Carl back together! He knows exactly where the divorce is at, what do I have to do to get through to them over the matter! I got no apology or understanding about yesterday but what did I expect, I kept saying by past experience I didn't talk to him he said it would have been better to have an argument with me yesterday than block him out.

That's his answer to everything, arguing doesn't get anywhere, why should I sink down to his level? The conversation was getting nowhere and stressful, he probably felt

the same. So I told him I was putting the phone down, he said say you love us. I said again I was putting the phone down and did. And cried.

The nurse asked me not to act irrationally because I usually make things worse so I agreed to give it a few days. That was the first time I ever, ever questioned him over anything. After talking I went into the lounge and chatted and laughed with the other patients. My initial reaction is that I have lost my parents, them being called was the worse thing that could have possibly happened.

The nurse kept saying think of your Dad, I've spent my whole life thinking of him. He has no control over me anymore. Something's I need to do alone, maybe America is a mistake. If yesterday and today hadn't involved him then America would have been hard but it's less than a month away and there are a lot of bridges that now need building but we can't sit and have a conversation. My Dad doesn't work like that. The less they know the better, we were getting on fine before because things weren't said, now all that hard works gone out the window.

Where will I find the strength to keep going on? Or was it just a case that I needed to argue with the nurses and it all got out of hand. So much has happened these past few days; I can't get my head round it all.

Thursday 27th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent most of today reliving the hell I've been through these past two days. I don't really want to go into detail; I feel how I've coped with today has been really odd.

I spoke with my psychologist this morning about the assault; I then went to my key nurse and said everything was too much. She told me to get down the police station straight away and hand the trousers in, this was 11:00am.

The lady at reception was horrible; again she didn't believe what I was saying. Again I was told that I was walking the street, there was no account as to why or how I was in the BRI, it was as if I appeared by magic. She must have found an account because from then on I was dealt with seriously and nicely by several officers.

Officers took me back to Barrow just after 2:00pm where a nurse came with me as an "appropriate adult" to a "suite" done out like a flat where I was video interviewed and examined until 9:00pm.

The scariest part was the examination where they took internal swabs. Whilst at the suite and as soon as I got back it was like any other day, I joked and chatted with other patients. Blocking out I guess but I can't believe I coped as well as I did.

During the day I've had messages which I haven't answered from my parents wanting to talk about holiday. I'm still mixed up about that, I think the main issue is whether my Dad will be on his best behavior, taking yesterday into account I don't think he will be. I think if he was then I might still be able to manage it.

As far as everything else, I haven't had any thoughts of self harm since yesterday morning and in my mind I'm still happy going with accommodation the same as last week. Just finish off with repeating how I can't believe my continued positive attitude.

Friday 28th February 2003.

Dear Sky. Well it's 9:15pm and I'm in a lane in the middle of who knows where writing to you. I don't know how I've got through today! Spent a bit of time talking to the nurse apart from that I can't say what I've done.

I've got a meeting with my psychologist on Monday, my key nurse is going to be there as well cause if my parents still want a daughter then they will be there too which I virtually told Mum.

I don't care if they're working, they can phone in sick; it's either work or their daughter. At the moment I don't know how I feel about my parents, I don't think love comes into it.

At the moment I hate my Dad and feel sorry for my Mum. It feels weird to acknowledge that I hate Dad, I feel so angry towards him and I do feel like shouting at him but all these feelings make me cry. I feel sorry for Mum, she's stuck in the middle but I think Monday is going to be crunch day. I feel like I'm going to tell my Dad a few home truths which will hurt everyone but he wanted to know what's going on, I'm not scared of him anymore and I will tell him what I want. Swap roles; let him be the terrified kid and me the dominant adult.

Saturday 1st March 2003.

Dear Sky. Slept through most of today, felt down but not up to talking to anyone so I took Diazepam in the afternoon and slept it off. I've been on this odd high but the lows have started to kick in.

Constantly thinking about this last week, can't distract my self. Scared shitless about this attack, worried about Monday, concerned about my attitude this week but through it all I've continued to eat, drink, not self harm, not o.d and these past few days no suicide thoughts.

Something my Dad said on the phone, I don't understand why you want to go on holiday with us when you can't even bare to spend one night at home. My response to that now would be when was the last time you slept at Grandmas?

The nurses keep saying that my dads' reactions were perfectly normal for a loving parent, that I'll understand when I have my own kids. Are my reactions normal for the child. Do they remember what it was like to be 20? Did they want their parents involved in EVERYTHING they did? Probably NO, so am I really so bad and un thoughtful?

Sunday 2nd March 2003.

Dear Sky. What a day! But I'm so thankful for it. Last night wasn't good, watched a film till 1:20am then tried sleeping till 2:00am, couldn't went downstairs on the sofa for a bit but didn't want to get told off again, I really needed to talk but there was no one to talk to.

One of the doors weren't shut and I went outside it and sat round the front till they found me then managed to sleep. I don't know what it is about nights, if I don't sleep relatively quickly I start getting agitated but during the day I can lay for ages till I sleep.

Well I planned on sleeping today through so Monday would come quicker. Fire alarm went off before 8:00am, I was good! Then 9:30am I was woken for meds then 11:20am I dressed and came down for dinner, planning to have Diazepam and go back up

but instead I decided to do a bit of food shopping; I had a t shirt on and had a reality check.

Went to go out but couldn't, I had to put a jacket on to cover my arm. If I can't cope with my arm then what right do I have to expect others to do the same?

Well I went to Sainsbury's and brought Nytol, came back and emptied them onto my bed. It was the best I could do to stop myself from being sick when just touching them so I handed them to a nurse and had a chat and felt a lot better after.

After tea I came upstairs, sang along to music and was quite happy. A nurse came up and said well done and asked if I was proud of myself? YES I was for the first time and although I'm crying whilst writing I've stayed happy for the rest of the day.

I got the photos out from the last trip to America. I/we had such a good time and I smile at every photo, that's why I DO want to go to America. I'm crying my eyes out because I can recognize how well I'm doing with everything going on I've struggled through.

One day last week I pretended to take my anti depressant but kept it cause I was going to stock up for an o.d, within the hour I'd taken it because I couldn't stop telling myself that I'm past that, that I'm better than that.

At times I weigh over 7 ½ stone and I'm still eating. I've not overdosed for months now, I'm ashamed of my arm so that must be good in a way because it might stop me from dong it again and I'm trying so hard to keep a positive outlook on life.

It's nearly 2:00am, just been watching the Green mile. There's a line in that film that my religion and me truly believe in. That when you die you go back to the happiest/ most perfect part of you life. I'm forever thinking what part of my life would I go back to? But isn't it time to look forward? To make the rest of my life happy? I've been through the bad, isn't it time to have some good?

Monday 3rd March 2003.

Dear Sky. It's now official, I'm not going on holiday, I had the meeting with Mum and Dad, and I think they'd already decided because there was nothing I could say to reassure them that it would be OK. I stood up to my Dad, showed no emotion and a matter of fact tone of voice. As soon as I let emotions show I become vulnerable, it was hard to keep the tears back when Mum started getting emotional.

Its 8:30pm, I've managed to remain positive but I'm beginning to struggle.

Tuesday 4th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Slept quite well last night, not done much today, my moods been OK. My consultant's put me on mood stabilizers as well. Also been decided that I will move to Molitor house when it opens next month. It's on the hospital grounds but not part of the hospital, its run by Second Step, staffed 24hrs, the support is focused on accommodation and max stay is 6 months. It's got 7 rooms and I will receive full income support. It will make moving back to the community less of a big step.

Wednesday 5th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a crap sleep and a crap day. Went shopping after lunch, nearly brought tablets, came back feeling really low. Wasn't given my new meds at tea which pissed me off, I'd just had Diazepam cause I was getting worked up.

With no physical feeling I went up and slashed my wrist, wide cuts. I didn't want the nurses to know and an hour later it was still bleeding so I went to the BRI, said I was on leave at a friends but it was busy so I left before I was seen by the Dr.

Thursday 6th March 2003.

Dear Sky. I ended up telling a nurse last night and nearly had stitches. Woke up this morning and cut myself again so I have about 8 steriostrips. Decided last night that I was going to spend today in bed which for the most part I have.

Came very close to buying tablets, the thought was going round and round my head so instead of grabbing my keys and going I grabbed them and handed them in. I'm really struggling with my emotions at the moment, anger, hate, frustration and I don't know how to deal with them.

10:00pm; just had my first physical fight ever, the same patient has set the fire alarm off 3 times within the hour so I shoved her off her chair, she banged her head on the wall then came at me. We're talking fists from the both of us, she caught me on the cheek, 2 make patients had to separate us, and I think that's got rid of my anger!

Friday 7th March 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate myself so much; I hate the person I'm turning into. Spent most of the day in bed, cut myself for the third time, this time with five stitches. I'm finding my tolerance levels very low; I want to hide from everyone because I'm scared of people's attitude toward me. I think my feelings from the past few weeks have caught up with me. I guess I feel I need to isolate myself for chilling out time, time out.

Saturday 8th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Had to have another five stitches but they had re opened this morning. From 10:00am-4:00pm I spent the day at the farm, got there at last. It was good apart form the fact that Grace the huge Shire horse decided to rest on my foot and has busted it.

Been feeling low this afternoon, sounds stupid but it could be the new mood stabilizers but they're supposed to improve your mood! What's the answer? I've got a really strong urge to o.d, not on Nytol, something new. It's been building up for days, it's got to the stage now where if I just pass Boots I'll go in, even if it isn't planned but I think the plans already firmly there. Don't know what I'll o.d on, it'll be a case of the same as Nytol, try different stuff till I find the right one, or even strangle myself again.

Sunday 8th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Feeling worse and worse physically and mentally, got through today by sleeping/resting most of the day. All I want to do is sleep. When I started on the mood

stabilizers I was a bit worried. My key nurse said she'd catch me if I fell, well I feel like I'm falling, hanging on by my fingertips, I really don't know how much longer I can last.

Monday 10th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I don't know how I got through today, it's going to be any day soon. I have the tablets, 16 Nytol, 16 Propane, both one of the strongest, if not the strongest you can buy over the counter. Haven't told anyone I've got them, they'll probably be gone by the end of the week. It's been a gradual build up; I feel so week and no fight left in me.

Keep thinking its Sunday, I can't remember yesterday at all. Still constantly tired, headache and feel slightly sick, I just feel so drained.

Tuesday 11th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Handed the tablets into my key nurse this morning, she was proud of me but I was upset about failing, had some Diazepam and went back to bed. Woke in a better mood, had the meeting with Second Step, just an informal chat, if I'm accepted I will be in there by the end of the month. Out of hospital before everyone gets back from holiday which secretly is what I wanted, it's like getting one up on them. My moods been a lot lower this evening.

Just spoken to a nurse, I could feel myself getting more and more agitated, I was about to get a razor out or take it out on some furniture. I could feel rage building up inside me getting worse and worse, chatted to the nurse and feel a lot better.

Wednesday 12th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Crap day and bad nights sleep, cut my arm again, it was like a craving, and it wasn't going to go away until I did it. I'm scared of moving on, going to Molitor house, I know I'm going to stop eating or eat less, it's OK at the moment cause I'm allowing the nurses to help me but by the end of the month I'll be alone and not eating will be my way of coping.

I don't care about my arm anymore, it's like fuck it, and I'll just keep it covered which in this country is easy. I did stop for a few weeks because I knew I couldn't hide it on holiday but that's not happening anymore which has brought on the I don't care attitude. I'm also worried about meds when I leave, stacking up.

Thursday 13th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Today has been crap apart from a few hours this evening bowling with my sisters, although it was good I've come back pissed off and worked up because I cut again this morning. The wounds have been left open so especially tonight they've been tearing and bleeding even more so I'm waiting for the Dr. Didn't cut as bad this morning, couldn't which I think has made the drive to cut go away a bit.

Had a chat with my key nurse before I left, told her about being worried about my eating, also said how I look up to her as the big sister I never had. She's probably heard

that loads of times before but she's so great, I feel that I don't deserve her kindness and caring, she's supporting me when I leave and I asked her why she was doing all this for me. She said because I deserve it and can get through it and one day I'll be saying the same as her to someone else.

At the moment I just want the days to go by; I guess it's waiting for Molitor house, like I want to move in tomorrow.

Friday 14th March 2003.

Dear Sky. My eyes have been opened today; a patient asked me if I was pregnant, I then weighed myself, 8 stone, FAT BITCH. I'm glad someone had the decency to be honest with me, I've got rid of sweets and crisps so I won't be tempted and the last meal I had was at lunch time. I'll still drink, it'll ease the cravings for food, and I'm starving right now so I'll have a hot chocolate in a minute.

Stayed in my PJ's today, just wanted today to pass by. The nurse gave me an o.d today without knowing, double my anti depressants, I wasn't going to tell them was I?

Saturday 15th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Dare I say today's been good? I'm exhausted though, spent ALL DAY at the farm. Been awake since 3:00am though, took Jane along with me to work and she loved it and I loved it too.

Before I went I realized that I must show more commitment to that place instead of not turning up because I don't feel like it. I'm planning on working again but how do I expect myself to be motivated when I can't even turn up for 2 days a week at the farm? I need to use the farm as a stepping stone. From now on no excuses, Wednesday and Saturday I will be at the farm.

Another thing today, catching the cow, having to chase others away and after we closed, messing on the trampoline, after 5mins my heart was stabbing, as soon as I came back I was straight for the Buscapan, what have I done to my insides? I don't let things like that stop me though, after all, today I've burned off loads of calories.

The patient who asked if I was pregnant is now on the main ward, she came and sat in the lounge whilst Casualty was on, I had to leave, I have to get through this weekend without any trouble, just being in the same room as her winds me up, I just want to shout at her. So as soon as she sat down I left quite upset cause to relax watching Casualty then Jonathon Creek seemed perfect.

Sunday 16th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Please help me, I've got no one to turn to, I've not had anything to eat since Friday and I'm starving but I need to loose weight. This time next week I should be in America having a wonderful time.

I've been having such bad dreams and thoughts about my parents. Dreams where Dad has been beating us and kidnapping me. Thoughts about how much I hate them and don't want them to be a part of my life. Thoughts of being in A&E some place after taking an o.d on my meds and walking in front of a car.

Monday 17th March 2003.

Dear Sky. HELP!!!! I do not like the person I'm turning into. I screwed up again last night, throughout the early hours I kept slamming a fire door between my right foot, I was out of control. This morning I had the worse bruise you couldn't imagine so I was written for an x-ray at the BRI and expected to make my own way there, with a query fractured foot. I couldn't even get a shoe on it, I was disgusted that the nurses wouldn't book a taxi for me, they have done in the past and they would have done with any other patient.

I was told to drive or get the bus, the bus comes so very few times a day, at first I said I wasn't going, it was too much hassle, then I got agro, "what if it's broken?" so I stormed off swearing at a nurse saying that if they wanted me to crash then I would crash. In the car it was too painful to use the accelerator, I got it into 2nd gear where it stayed, and I was going to drive to the BRI at 10mph without stopping or using any pedals. I got to the shop at Long Ashton and realized how stupid and dangerous I was being, just managed to park my car and got the shop to call for an ambulance.

The paramedics were disgusted with Barrow for telling me to drive. I knew I was in no fit state as well as my foot I was so tired, I easily could have fallen asleep at the wheel. Two lots of paramedics came out, I was mentally in a mess, one paramedic went back to Barrow with my car keys and to complain and demand the £50 that they had cost them.

I had the x-ray, bruising to the tissue, luckily I was out in perfect timing for the last bus back for hours. I didn't talk to the nurses. Second step came about a form and I stressed how important it was for them to get me out of here fast, I was very close to tears and they were so lovely. I feel that the majority of the nurses here hate me and I only have myself to blame.

About 7:30pm I had a sandwich, that girl was in the room and through telling another patient that I hadn't eaten in four day because I didn't want people thinking I was pregnant, she apologized, and I said her apology was accepted. Since then I've had a bit of a chat with her. Her apology is genuinely accepted but I'm far from over it, it will plague me for some time yet.

I've been here too long now for most of the nurses to respect me, the longer you're here the less respect you get. I'm not saying that's the case with all of them, some I feel care about me an awful lot but as I've so often heard,
"There are patients here far worse than you who need our attention."
That is one the most degrading things they could say to you, another is them telling you to sort yourself out and expect it done over night.

It's time to make a fresh start with Second Step, like I said I've at times been looking forward to it for the wrong reasons. I.e. less food, tablets in my control for overdosing but today I decided that like I've been with the nurses here, to be honest with them. Tell them that were my plans so then I would get support to help stop me, at least I hope so. My time at Barrow has come to an end.

Tuesday 18th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a really bad dream last night, woke up cause I was physically kicking I ran downstairs straight into a nurses arms. Today's been good, find out tomorrow if I've been accepted for Molitor house.

This evening my mood has gone down hill, I've not eaten today, my weight is an issue at the moment and it's not falling off as usual. Why has my mood dropped all of a sudden again? Oh, I need someone to talk to! I feel I've had minimal support this weekend, OH HELP!!!!

Wednesday 19th March 2003.

Dear Sky. After writing yesterday I cried for 2hrs and I am completely ashamed to say that I took 16 Nytol and was in the BRI with a pulse rate of 100 that wasn't going down, as usual I discharged myself without their approval and got back here around 3:00am.

This was my first o.d this year and I had promised that I wouldn't do it again but no one can put me down for it or make me upset because I feel so guilty. I struggled but managed to go 3 months without overdosing then one day, BANG. Because I hadn't overdosed for so long I wasn't use to it so it affected me more than 48 would have done ½ a year ago.

I was all over the place, hallucinating, hearing things and I couldn't say what I thought, it came out completely different. This morning I still couldn't focus on words. I'd forgotten how crap I physically feel the next day but today I didn't want to feel that way so it's made me eat again and I still went to the farm.

Thursday 20th March 2003.

Dear Sky. I leave on Monday!!!!

Friday 21st March 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent this morning listening about the war on Baghdad, it started last night but things have got serious today. This afternoon I cleared out half of my stuff for a charity shop, a lot of stuff from my childhood that I hadn't wanted to let go of but decided to today.

Time to let go of the past and hold on to the present and future, looking forward to Molitor house and finally getting out of here but it's going to be strange, I've been here 15 ½ months but it's a positive step in the right direction.

My family goes to fucking America tomorrow. I'm still fucking overdosing, I'm still not fucking eating properly, I'm still fucked up in the head, I still can't handle responsibility, I still fuck everyone's life up and I'm still a fucking spiteful bitch.

Saturday 22nd March 2003.

Dear Sky. Didn't feel like going to the farm this morning but I went and had a good time. I'm now worried about how I'm going to get through the rest of the day, I've hit the low again.

This past week I've constantly worried about my weight, I'm so fat; scared I'm not going to eat when I leave. My family are now in America, I'm really scared about how I'm going to cope with my feelings once I've left, I'm going to be in complete control and I don't know if I can handle that.

Sunday 23rd March 2003.

Dear Sky. Another era has come to an end, the past 15 ½ months have been spent in Barrow hospital and today is my last night. I've been very tearful today, the whole process of it all is very scary and already I've set myself up to fail. By the middle of the week I would have taken another o.d. I'm going to miss ALL the nurses here, they've been my strength, my rock, now it's time to stand alone, fight my own battles and struggle through.

It's like I need to take an o.d to clean myself of the past 15 ½ months, in order to be able to start again. Don't get me wrong, I don't want to stay here and overdosing isn't a way to come back. I guess it's a statement if more than anything, although I'm moving on and becoming more independent, I still need a lot of support.

So another chapter of my life has come to an end, what will the next chapter have in store for me?

Monday 24th March 2003

Dear Sky. Well, I'm here, the first day of a new chapter. I don't really know how I feel, I don't think it's quite hit me yet, I was a bit tearful moving in and I know my key nurse had to fight back the tears. I guess I'm in limbo land at the moment, when things have settled down, that's when it's going to hit me.

It is really nice over here and the staff are lovely, it's strange and different though, more independence which I'm not used to.

Something my key nurse said is sticking, "don't set yourself up to fail before you've even given it a chance."

Tuesday 25t March 2003.

Dear Sky. Slept OK last night, not great, OK. This morning and afternoon flew by.

7:00pm I started to struggle with my thoughts I went downstairs but still alone. I felt lost started worrying about isolating myself which led to thoughts about overdosing but I realized this was happening before I lost control and went to the staff room saying I needed company.

It's 11:30pm and I've been with a member of staff all evening, it's nice to be able to talk with "normal" people, for them to be able and willing to socialize with us, they use downstairs almost as much as we do. She sat on the sofa with no shoes, chatting, you feel more equal.

Saw my key nurse today, she said she hardly slept last night through worry and was still worried this morning. Someone cares about me!

Wednesday 26th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Everything's back to normal now, I occupy myself all day and in the evening my mood drops. I know an o.d is going to happen, I'm just delaying it. I'm eating too much and weigh 8 stone and feel completely awful about that.

Why do I have to go through this? Wanting to o.d and having to fight against it, why don't I just take the fucking things and be done with it?

Friday 28th March 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I did o.d Wednesday night, 7 tablets of everything, went to the BRI, and ran off yesterday. Since then I've been trying to get my strength back. Can't write much, tablets are still in my system so I'm very tired.

Saturday 29th March 2003.

Dear Sky. I have connected with the staff here in a way I never thought possible, I get on great with them all and I talk to all of them in depth. At the moment I am feeling really positive about my future.

As I know would happen, the o.d is behind me and I'm not looking back on it. It's like I've proved the point that I can still do that damage to myself, like I've passed the test but I'm also thinking that the next test would be to o.d again but stay until THEY discharge me, constant battle but I feel things are going in the right direction and that I'm ready to have a life again.

Monday 31st March 2003.

Dear Sky. Since Saturday I've been feeling really crap physically, yesterday I was really bad. Today I feel like I want to curl up and hide. Barrow can fuck off, what's the point in being a day patient? They are not supporting me atoll. Since I overdosed I've not been taking my anti depressants and I've not been able to have any Diazepam. I feel like stopping all my medication, I don't need it and Barrow can piss off.

Physically feeling a lot better this afternoon, had a really good cry, a member of staff came up, we talked, I then took my anti depressant and been feeling better since. Still feel emotionally battered, I couldn't have asked for better staff here though. They've been great whereas the nurses on Barrow have been shit. I'd like to know what the benefits are of being a day patient cause at the moment there is absolutely none.

Tuesday 1st April 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's gone quite quick especially when I haven't really done anything. Feeling a lot better in myself, it's a strange thought when you realize that you need anti depressants, especially as I've always said that I don't. There's also the thought of not taking them on purpose, another self harm I guess.

Wednesday 2nd April 2003.

Dear Sky. These anti depressants are a pain in the ass, withdrawal symptoms; I'm feeling crap all the time because I'm not taking them regularly. Been a week like this now, since the o.d, it's affecting my eating as well, eating less but I'm aware of all this so I'm doing half the battering myself. I feel like I'm going to be this way forever, that there is no way out. I keep thinking that I'll always keep messing my life up; that I'll never have whatever everyone else gets out of life, to keep them going.

Thursday 3rd April 2003.

Dear Sky. I woke up this morning feeling fine and now I feel completely crap but had a good day. What do you make out of that sentence? You know me; I'm never "ill" or "sick" if someone has a cold and complaining I think they're over the top. If someone says they've got the flu I think they've just got a cold. I play down physical "illness", minor ones, all the time, whether it's me or someone else feeling it. Colds, flu, stomach bugs, headaches, migraines. I play them all down, tell myself not to be stupid if I'm feeling it, I'll soon get over it but something's telling me not to play this one down.

Friday 4th April 2003.

Dear Sky. Last night was horrible; I only just managed to stay here instead of wandering or driving off. I was agitated the worse I can remember; every time I woke I thought I was having a heart attack because I couldn't breath.

Today's been a lot better; my key nurse was back and helped put everything back into place. Got me some Diazepam, just taken them so I'm looking forward to a nice sleep.

The divorce came through this morning; me and Carl are legally no longer married!

Saturday 5th April 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been good and gone quite quick, last night didn't go as planned, and I started feeling the same as the night before so I fell asleep on the sofa.

Family is back from Florida today, I haven't told them I'm here so it's going to be interesting, watch this space! It is really nice here, I'm glad I'm off Barrow, I wouldn't want to go back for the world, lets hope I sleep tonight.

Sunday 6th April 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a great night sleep! My family came back from Florida today, I brought Hannah here, she really likes it, I told her she was the first to know, she asked if she could tell anyone, I said yes so the rest of the family will soon know.

I really don't want to deal with my parents at the moment, I don't want them involved, if I didn't love my sisters so much I'd be glad to see the back of my family.

Several people were ill on holiday and there were a few arguments according to Hannah, seems now that I'm not really that upset about not going. I wouldn't be at

Molitor house and I think I was expecting it to be this wonderful holiday which it wouldn't have been.

Monday 7th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm physically back to my old self but I don't know how long that will last, I feel like it's all depending on my weight, I now weigh 8.1 ¼ stone which I'm really struggling cope with.

Been shopping, brought a few summer items. Tony moved in today so it's no longer just me and Anthony. It's strange to think that I've only been here two weeks, it seems double that time.

Picked up my cross stitch today after about ½ a year, finally got back into it. I think I'll be doing quite a bit of it now I've started again.

Tuesday 8th April 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been good, gone quick, I'm a lot more settled now, that's what you get for taking anti depressants!

I'm starting to realize and be thankful for the chance I've been given for a second chance. I'm lucky not to suffer from some mental illnesses that some patients do, they'll spend the rest of their life in and out of hospital and the system, and I have a chance to get out of it. I don't plan on messing it up even though it's going to be hard.

I keep thinking back to when up to a few months ago I was scared to leave Barrow, now I wouldn't want to go back; they'd have to section me. I also think what I would have been doing this time last year, strangling myself.

Wednesday 9th April 2003.

Dear Sky. What a difference a day makes, you can tell by yesterdays entry that I was feeling quite positive, today I started planning an o.d which I've decided to do sometime tomorrow. I'm worried about my weight, parents and future. My weight keeps going up and up, I'm now 8.3 stone, as long as I've got food I'll eat it which means my weight will keep going up and up.

By taking an o.d my weight will temporally drop, which means it's OK to keep eating once I feel better. I'm worried about my parents because I have so many negative thoughts and a few feelings towards them I just can't cope. My future, well that says it all, I can't see any happiness ahead.

By overdosing I'm jeopardizing Molitor house, I couldn't cope with another move right now but overdosing is a safety net so I've just started to question why do I tell the staff? I've hid it for years before, why not now? As long as I can force myself to stay at A&E no one will know.

Well I've just started lying/hiding, a member of staff has just asked if I'm OK and I said yes, said that writing and spending time with him earlier helped. Spending time with him helped but the rest of it was blatant lies. If I can hide why tell? Everyone will just think badly of me. So it looks like I'll spend most of tomorrow at A&E.

Thursday 10th April 2003.

Dear Sky. So much for my master plan. I left before 9:00am, took a few tablets but not many, tried parking by the BRI before taking the rest but I couldn't find anywhere.

Suddenly I decided that this was stupid and drove back. I was a right mess, I couldn't stop crying, I talked to a member of staff before taking Diazepam and going back to sleep, I hardly slept last night. I feel that by not being able to o.d today that overdosing as a coping strategy has gone.

Although it's positive it's very scary, not being able to o.d. what have I done to deserve this pain? I want to get on with my life but I'm not strong enough, I've lost 15 months of my life and I can't get back into it.

Saturday 12th April 2003.

Dear Sky. My family ended up coming over this morning, Mum asked about the insurance, I told her I couldn't claim because it was only Mum and Dad that stopped me unnessecerly, I don't think she got the hint but I've put the thought there, I've decided not to fight for it.

I really want to get back into work, HCA, I think it will improve my mental health a lot, I think I can cope with it, and after all, I've had 15 months training. At the moment this really feels like the path I must take.

Also decided that I won't accept a flat unless I can have cats. I've fallen in love with them and I'll be all alone so they'll make great company.

Sunday 13th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I often wonder if my life really got that bad, it's a thought I find hard to answer. I think that everything and everyone was over the top but if my life happened to someone else I would feel really sorry and wonder what went wrong for their life to be left in such a mess.

15 months in a psychiatric hospital, on the Suspension bridge wall twice, self strangulation, countless overdoses, sectioned. I would say that that person was extremely troubled. I keep thinking that it's so easy to experience some of the things that that person did. Anyone of us could easily get into a mental hospital, all you have to do is take a few tablets, go to A&E, say you're going to kill yourself, it's that easy, the hard thing is getting out, and staying out.

Monday 14th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I phoned up about a job today, going for an informal chat tomorrow. Its £5ph, 6hrs p/w, helping elderly people on and off a mini bus to and from a social venue. I'm trying not to get my hopes up but it would be a really good starting point for a HCA role.

So today has been good, started off crap, I was thinking about my past and feeling very alone, just needed an arm to cry on but I got through today without having that. I'm going to have to learn to cope with it because I'm gong to be alone for the rest of my life.

Back to keeping everything to myself and plodding on with life, just the same as everyone else.

Tuesday 15th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I got the job, passenger assistant, I'm really excited about it, it's only a small job but it's the first step on the ladder, I was nervous but semi relaxed, everyone was really nice. I feel that the job was made for me.

Katherine came round this evening with boyfriend, we sat and chatted. It was really strange, always has been to see Katherine very touchy feely with him, I guess it's because I wasn't, I always felt uncomfortable just holding hands. I get the impression that it's to do with attention, if there's physical contact between them he has to be at least aware of Katherine and there is constant contact, I guess it's her security. We are two very different people.

Wednesday 16th April 2003.

Dear Sky. Its 9:00pm, I woke at 7:30am and I literally haven't stopped. Took my sisters to Weston this morning, came back just in time for my job then came back and spent over 2hrs having a wonderful chat with my key nurse.

I'm starting to accept who I am slowly, a step at a time things are turning around. I'm not some freak with a label; I am an individual who has difficulties just like the entire population. If people can't accept me then that's their problem, I have nothing to hide, take me or leave me but I come as a package.

Thursday 17th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I am such a disgrace to myself; I've been letting myself down terribly. Since I've moved in my weight had been going up and up, I now weigh 8.4 stone, the fattest I've ever been. I have to stop eating, it seems like it's all I do.

I took 40mg of Diazepam this afternoon to sleep instead of eat, I'm struggling to get into size 6 trousers and that's wrong. Where's my control gone? I'm about to do big reminders to stick in my fridge and cupboard so it will hopefully put me off eating.

Exercise and diets aren't options, I need a quick fix and not eating or drinking is the only way. I've just got to be able to remain strong physically which is going to be hard. If I starve myself over the weekend then maybe that will be enough, dose myself up with Diazepam so I'll sleep, so much for cutting down on Diazepam!

Saturday 19th April 2003.

Dear Sky. These past three days have rolled into each other. Midday yesterday I overdosed and went to the BRI, after two attempts I left, security were called and everything, they didn't want me to leave because something "abnormal" came up in my

bloods, but I'll never know what. First time I left I crashed my car; today I've spent most of it asleep although now I feel physically fine.

Eating and overdosing are becoming huge issues again. I really wanted to damage myself yesterday, I even took alcohol with Nytol, it tasted absolutely disgusting but the effects are supposed to be worse. I was on a drip which I pulled off and left loads of blood everywhere but overdosing is addictive and I want to do it again, what a difference a few days make.

Sunday 20th April 2003.

Dear Sky. It's not even midday and I feel like my life is in pieces, got a text from Katherine saying "Hey, where you moving too after where you are now? Cos I've been asked to move out of home! Well not asked but suggested which is the same thing really."

I'd really started to think that my Dad had changed but he hasn't, it's brought up so many feelings. All the times when I was a kid, how he was with us all, then last year when he was violent towards Katherine. Mums had it; I've had it, now Katherine's getting it, whose going to be next? Jane or Hannah and I'm powerless to do anything about it.

I feel like I've got nothing to live for anymore, I knew things were going too well. I've rediscovered overdosing and I'm not scared of it. I'd do it again today if the shops were open. I'm fighting about doing it tomorrow but I've got my job to think about but overdosing is a priority.

I used to be scared of following Gaby's footsteps but I'm not anymore. I keep telling myself that it's worth fighting, that things will get better but I'm finding that harder and harder to believe. I want to o.d, I want to starve myself, I want to strangle myself, I want to protect my sisters but I can't, the one positive thing I want to do I can't, why am I fighting death? Everyone says I'm a fighter that I will get through this and have a much better life but as soon as my life does get better I fuck it up.

I'm out of hospital, into a wonderful supported house, I've got myself a job, a wonderful one to prepare me for what I want out of life and look at me! I'm fucking everything up.

Monday 21st April 2003.

Dear Sky. After writing yesterday I overdosed, didn't get back till this morning. I had 5 people restrain me to stop me from leaving; I also strangled myself whilst I was there. Done nothing today, been too tired.

Tuesday 22nd April 2003.

Dear Sky. My overdoses are becoming very strange, two days later and I feel as if they never happened, I must find better coping strategies.

Work was good today, it dragged a bit in places, and I'll only do the full day again when asked. At the moment the 6hrs p/w is enough and it's enjoyable, today was fun but on a permanent basis it could get a bit tedious.

Don't know what's happened with Katherine and home, these past few days I've been so tired I haven't had the energy to do anything. Although it makes me angry Katherine is best out of there, I think she should move in with her boyfriend, she'll have a much better quality of life and she'll appreciate Jane and Hannah more like I do.

Wednesday 23rd April 2003.

Dear Sky. I've really got to do something about my weight, I've been saying this for weeks now but I don't have the will power to do anything, when I loose weight it isn't planned. I've thought about laxatives but I don't want to go down that road again. I'm not able to starve myself because I don't have the will power.

I can't cope mentally with being over 8 stone, 8 stone is fat; as long as the first digit is 7 I'm OK.

Work is going well, I'm enjoying it and it's a positive step. It feels like I don't have any days for myself which for the moment is good.

My sleeping is messed up again, that's really annoying, having a messed up night.

Thursday 24th April 2003.

Dear Sky. Over slept this morning, Jenny woke me at 9:15am, had to be in work by 9:45, I made it, 5mins early. I've enjoyed working, I feel valued and appreciated.

Leanne texted me wanting to know if I wanted to see Miss Saigon, just got back, it was great.

Still having problems with eating and wanting to o.d, this time last week I was in the BRI. I really don't know what the honest drive is behind all my self harm, I can sometimes pick out trigger points but they're only triggers for an action not a reason for a thought.

TOGETHER

There's someone out there,
Sitting alone.
With so much inward pain,
Not knowing what she's done.

She hasn't experienced,
The wonders of life.
She doesn't know what joy is,
Her life is just strife.

She spends her time wondering,

Which turning was wrong.
Thinking how different her life could be,
If only her pain wasn't so strong.

This person sounds familiar,
I see her pain in me.
Each of us suffers in life,
What's different is the outcome we see.

We can all be this girl,
Sitting alone.
Or move on from our pain,
And try to see what good it's done.

We're not alone in life,
There's always someone there.
At least that's my goal,
To let people know I care.



Friday 25th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I made the connection today as to why I can't sop eating; it's my anti depressant, Venlafaxine. I forgot to take it yesterday and I didn't take it until 8:00pm today and that was only because I was getting the physical side effects. But this evening I've just ate and ate, not able to stop. So as from now Venlafaxine will only be taken when I physically need to.

I spent a lot of time with another service user today, staff said how happy it had made her, I had tears in my eyes, it was so nice to hear that feed back like that is what I want from life, and I can't describe how nice it felt.

I sometimes forget how lucky I am, just for example, to have my car to go where and when I please, I take the little things in life for granted.

"Is she a self harmer?"

"Yeah, just a bit!"

Comments from policemen who were holding me when I was last at the BRI, that hurts, to be "categorized" like that. I've just rolled my sleeve up and really looked at my arm and do you know, it made me want to cut it again, to make it worse. When I'm "attached" to my arm it hurts, its better being emotionally disconnected from it. I really wish I didn't just do that because it's not got the idea in my head.

Saturday 26th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I've done everything to help me loose weight today, I've just weighed myself and I'm a disgusting 8.4 stone, that's nearly 8 ½. I've not taken any medication today; it's going to be every other day. I've changed my diet, no more microwave chips and chicken nuggets, its Super noodles and fruit.

We've been left alone tonight cause little the member of staff is ill and couldn't get any cover. I'm quite worried, when they first said my first thought was overdosing.

Another service user Tony has been very suggestive and pushy with words tonight which is why I've come up slightly earlier than I would have liked, he made me feel very uncomfortable.

I can't wait for this weight to drop off, I'm not being that drastic with cutting down cause I know I need to keep my strength up for this job but if I don't see a change over this week then No 1 comes first, my weight.

I'm starting to suffer with the amount of smoke in the lounge, something else that's going to have to change, spending more time in my room. I'm going to get back into listening to books so that'll give me a good excuse.

Sunday 27th April 2003.

Dear Sky. My Dad's a bastard; he is being so unreasonable with Katherine. She came over this afternoon and we went shopping. It was suggested that she moved out whilst her and Dad were still on speaking terms. Katherine is scared of him, scared to go home just like I was at school. One night at 2:00am Dad burst into Katherine's bedroom shouting at her and slammed the door.

Anthony's Mum does have a spare room, she's not sure about it because of their faith but I gave her the pros and she's really thinking about it. Dad doesn't care about our instant happiness; he's worried about our eternal happiness.

It's nearly midnight, I've just come back from the BRI after discharging myself. I've just weighted myself, 7.13 stone, success.

Monday 28th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I knew my sudden weight drop was due to the o.d, I'm back up to 8.3 stone. I woke up this morning realizing that something bad happened to me whilst I was at the BRI last night due to the o.d.

A male nurse kept touching me high on my leg, his reasoning was to make me forceful and say no but I couldn't so he kept doing it. I was really upset about it this morning but midday I plucked up the courage to tell a member of staff and felt much better after. I'm going to make a formal complaint, I'm scared because this is the third time this kind of stuff has happened, I'm worried people won't believe me, that they'll think I'm just crying wolf because the past two times nothing was proven.

I feel all over the place at the moment, I'm not being honest with people, I'm struggling with the thought that there's no point in telling people how I feel.

The member of staff asked me if I thought I was getting ill again, I said "no", I don't want to go back to hospital but I knew straight away that the straight no wasn't the

right answer. I don't know what to do, I'm plodding along trying to keep my head high but it keeps dipping.

Tuesday 29th April 2003.

Dear Sky. I've had a busy but good day, this evening I broke down though. I went to work and as usual had a good time, had my hair cut which I like, saw my key nurse this morning, got home 5:30pm.

Had a good chat with a member of staff and I've just broken down with her. I woke up yesterday morning feeling like I had this horrible secret that what happened at the BRI wasn't right, part of me wanted to ignore it but part of me wanted to talk. After talking to the member of staff I felt like a big weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

The more I think about what happened the stranger I think the whole situation was. He didn't do any of the "usual" checks, no blood pressure, no pulse taken, no sugar levels, and no temperature. He was really interested in talking, which no one at the BRI is let alone a triage nurse, they don't have time to be, it's not their jobs.

Through thinking I wonder why he asked if I'd ever been sexually assaulted, I don't know where that question came from, isn't it an odd one? Did I look like I had? I trust people in the medical profession, I've had male doctors doing heart scans but even at the time I can remember feeling uncomfortable and wanting to shout at him but couldn't.

Didn't want to be more of a pain than I already was but I knew it wasn't right but as soon as it was over I forgot about it until yesterday morning when I was feeling better. Everything burst out, I couldn't stop the tears.

When I watch hospital programs I wish I was the patient, isn't that odd? To want to be bad, I think it is, people wish for a better life yet I want mine to be worse.

We talked about me trying to control my weight again which by the way is 8.3 stone. I can't stop eating; I can't get my weight down. It's only Tuesday but I'm wanting to o.d after work on Thursday which will be 1:00pm because work is a polling station so we're just having a staff meeting.

What's wrong with me? Why am I gambling with my life? Am I still in "the healing process?" I'm scared of doing well because I know it can only last so long, when I do go down again I feel such a failure, that I've let myself down. Proof again that my head is fucked up.

Wednesday 30th April 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 11:00am and I feel shit, I feel like I don't want to carry on, I don't have any fight in me at the moment. Don't know if I'm going to make it to work today which alone is killing me.

I'm not getting "ill" again, OK I've stopped taking my medication but I need it to o.d, I need to o.d, it lets me feel crap, when I o.d feeling ill is justified. I'm going to have to phone work, it sounds stupid doesn't it but I miss everyone at work. I enjoy looking after other people, I feel like I'm needed there, that I'm appreciated but because I haven't had my meds I'm physically not strong enough.

Midnight; I've just come back from the BRI, I took all my medication and it did virtually nothing. Now got no medication for the rest of the week, not that I need it.

Friday 2nd May 2003.

Dear Sky. I took 32 Nytol at 5:30pm; got back 7:00am this morning so you know did a bit of hallution whilst there. When I phoned for an ambulance I was gone a bit so I kept going quiet, I think the lady was a bit worried.

Saturday 3rd May 2003.

Dear Sky. I've been all over the place this week haven't I? I've overdosed 4 times, my pulse topped 150 and my blood sugars were low. I got upset last night with the realization that I can't carry on like this. I really don't want to be like this but not being is scary.

Mum phoned me this morning saying that the doctors have given Granddad two weeks to live.

I'm struggling to fit in with the other tenants; I feel that I'm different, that I don't belong with them. Maybe it's because I've been in the BRI half of the week. I really don't want to go back there but it's hard. Part of me feels that I belong more in the BRI.

I still don't believe that I'm going to move on from this, whose to say that the next o.d will kill me. I know that the easy answer is not to o.d again but that's it, it's not the easy answer, to die is easy, to live is hard.

Sunday 4th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Been in the BRI all day. I hate myself so much.

Monday 5th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I feel out of control, what's happening to me? I'm so scared of life, being independent, having to cope. I feel that I'm a waste of space, that I'm a hindrance for everyone, that I'm better out of everyone's lives.

Granddad only having two weeks is upsetting me; I shouldn't be thinking what I am about it, which is making it worse. I'm worried what my family think of me, the fact that I haven't visited Granddad, I also couldn't cope with a funeral, again bad thoughts from my family.

I love Granddad, I haven't seen him because I don't want to remember a sick person who might not even recognize me, and I want to remember the Granddad I love. The funeral, it won't make any difference to Granddad if I'm there or not, funerals are just a formality, I can't cope with the emotions that go with death and seeing so many people I don't want to see. I feel that I've let Granddad down in some way but I have to keep telling myself that I know that Granddad knows I love him and that's all that matters.

Tuesday 6th May 2003.

Dear Sky. On the whole today's been a lot better, not without its negatives though, like vowing to loose weight and become thin again. Went to work and had a good time, spent most of today reading a book about someone with anorexia. You know, loose myself in someone else's obsession so to forget about my own, letting it develop without effort.

I do see myself and my thoughts in books like that but I am clearly not anorexic which is why I can read those books and not be effected by them but I do recognize that I have a problem with eating but it is controllable. I recognized the statement that eating disorders surface when the person leaves home. 100% true for me although I didn't realize it at the time, when I knew I was leaving home I started eating less, then when I left home I stopped, near enough full stop.

Wednesday 7th may 2003.

Dear Sky. It's so nice to be appreciated, whilst talking to my manager today he brought up about me phoning sick, he was worried that it might have been something they'd done, I told him no that I absolutely love my job, he replied saying
"Good because you are a valued member of the team."
That was so nice to hear. I think I've finished with the overdoses for the time being, they're so hard to explain. I think it was a case of I had a manic 7-10 days which I had to ride out, it was like I had to leave life for a few days, exists in an abnormal way until I decided enough was enough, now I'll just plod along until the next one.

Thursday 8th May 2003.

Dear Sky. That's it; I've got to go 4 days now without an o.d, what a struggle that's going to be. I worry about life too much, about my future. It scares me but I can't help but think about it, just thinking that in 6 months I'm going to be living somewhere else scared me silly, it's a thought that makes overdosing seem an option. Just so for those few hours it aint happening.

I managed to resist temptation; I've not had any hot food today and not much of anything else, not loosing any weight though. I have to take it one step at a time, my heads not crazy enough to go back to full blown starvation.

Friday 9th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I had a phone call from Dad this morning saying that Granddad had not long passed away. I had a few tears before carrying on the day as normal, went shopping and brought a laptop.

Katherine said the funeral will probably be either Tuesday or Wednesday. I think I'll go but slip in at the back. Not to sound too harsh but I haven't seen Granddad this year so to some extent nothing changed, unlike some of my family I didn't see him whilst he was ill and so I don't have the intense pain that goes with it, all his sons were there when he went.

I think I'm coping with it a lot better than I thought I would maybe because I was expecting him to be around for another week or two. I know he's in a better place now and in a way I feel closer to him now because I believe I can talk to him and he'll be listening.

I have loads of happy memories of days out when we were younger and his sense of humor up to last year he was still young at heart until the fall at Christmas. So no, I'm not grieving too much, he had a good life; he knew we all loved him very much and when I go to the funeral it will be to remember him, not morn for him.

Saturday 10th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Been feeling physically crap all day because I'm not taking my meds, took the Venlafaxine a few hours ago as a Paracetamol effect tablet, to stop feeling physically crap, that's the only time I take meds now, to stop physical withdraw symptoms which means I have a nice stash. Either for emergencies or overdosing, the Diazepam will come in handy for an o.d with Nytol, which will totally fuck me up.

Spent all day on my laptop quite content. I'm eating a lot less at the moment which is good yet to loose weight though I've started to weigh myself in pounds instead of stones, today I'm 8 stone which is 115lbs give or take. It's a lot easier to see change in pounds, when I woke I was 110lbs, now I'm 115lbs so it varies a lot.

Sunday 11th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I've got through the weekend without overdosing; I've spent almost all of it on the laptop so having a new toy's helped.

Went to my parents and to Grandmas this afternoon, she was really pleased to see me, it was nice to see her. I'm really focused on loosing weight at the moment, overdosing is at the back of my mind, I want to o.d but it's finding a time that's convenient.

Monday 12th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a meeting with a Dr at Petherton, it was just to see how things were going. She asked about my medication, I said it was fine, absolute lie! So from today my Lamotrigine will be doubled, more meds to store!!! I sorted them all out today because I've just got boxes everywhere, I've got quite a stash now, another o.d is brewing up, within 2 weeks I would've taken one.

I'm not getting anywhere with my weight, which is getting me down. I have to gain more control over it. At the moment I'm eating a load of grapes because they're like laxatives and I've ate far too much today.

Tuesday 13th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm really struggling not to o.d, let me phrase that differently. I want to o.d but I'm struggling to find the time. There I said it, I want to o.d, why? So I can go to the BRI, be a pain, waste their time, fight with myself to stay there as long as possible,

push myself to the limit, play around with medication, see what drug does what. If I kill myself! Well I'll be dead so that won't be an issue,

But, I'm too busy. I can't do it during the week because of work and I can't do it this weekend because of the funeral. Wait a moment, hold that thought. I could do it after work on Thursday, no the funerals on Friday, yep, I can't do it this weekend.

I've managed to wake up and go to bed being the same weight, 113 lbs, it was touch and go this evening, I was really hungry. I guess you could say that I have no realization as to how I'm playing with my health at the moment, hey I even thought of a 4th trip up to the Suspension bridge. Not with the purpose to jump but to stand on the wall, reflection on this past year and to see what response I'd get, that's another job to do.

See, I'm thinking of all this crazy stuff to do but not for the same reason as I used to. Yes I do want to starve myself and loose weight, no I don't want to die form an o.d, no I don't want to jump off the bridge but I'm thinking of doing both anyway. I must be one crazy fucked up person.

Thursday 15th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I don't have a clue what happened last night. I took 17 x 7.5mg of Zopiclone and 8 Paracetamol at 7:30pm planning to catch the 8:00pm bus out, I can't remember catching the bus but I must have done. I can't remember getting to the BRI I think I went in the main entrance again and fell asleep where I was taken downstairs. I only briefly remember being seen, I had to wait outside for my bloods. I can't even remember that well walking out onto the streets begging for money, getting some and buying some more Paracetamol. Went back, got some water and took 8 more. Even this didn't bother the doctors and I had a taxi back and got home gone 2:00am so I'm going to have to try it again.

It's now 6:00pm and I've just taken a load more tablets, let's see if I get to stay tonight! Today's been strange, I think it's the Paracetamol; I've also lost weight, 110lbs.

Friday 16th May 2003.

Dear sky. Well I didn't stay; I discharged myself and got back at 1:00am. It was granddads funeral today, I was planning on going but ended up deciding not to, I didn't feel up to it and felt that I would be going just for show.

My heart's constantly felt like it's under a lot of strain today. Am I trying to make myself ill? Push myself to the limit; struggle to get through each day, when will this turmoil end?

Saturday 17th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Woke up every 3hrs last night, luckily my mood was so low it didn't bother me, all I wanted to do was lie there so the night dragging on was fine, I kind of expected it anyway because of the o.d.

I just wanted to stay in bed all day today but I'd already agreed to see my cousins so I had to go shopping with them. Took a lot of effort to keep going, I'm exhausted, it must be 3 days since I last ate.

I'm fighting with myself constantly, part of me just wants to give up, be "ill" again and go back into hospital and have a completely crap life, part of me wants to be "better" and have a completely crap life.

It was hard psychologically shopping because I didn't really want to be there, my mind wandered, I was only ½ with my cousins. The other half was absorbed in how everyone around me is so good looking; thin and confident, looking good, then there was me, an ugly distorted thing wandering in society with no purpose for being there. I completely hate my figure/ person but I can't say in detail what, I just hate myself full stop.

When I see my key nurse next I know she's going to tell me that she's got another job, she's been off "sick" too much not to, she doesn't like it there anymore either.

It looks like I can't kill myself suddenly by overdosing so I'll have to do it the long way, starvation and isolation because only part of me wants to o.d I can't do it properly, I'm just wasting everyone's time. I need to accept that my fate is a slow death,

I've been wanting to o.d all day but fought it, the most part of me can't be bothered, it sounds strange but when I'm feeling this low it's a huge effort to o.d even this very moment I'm wanting to o.d but still fighting it. I just want to rest, to curl up and hide.

It's 8:00pm and I couldn't withstand it, I'm in the middle of taking an o.d, I need the quick fix. Peace and quiet away from the pain, if only for one night. There. It's done now. Too late for regrets.

Sunday 18th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Bad stuff happened yesterday, I'm going to be given a written warning because I broke my contract. I've picked myself up today, started eating and drinking again. Too much has happened to write about. It was a bad choice to o.d, bad choice to starve myself, bad choice to be deceitful. I'm going to leave it at that.

Monday 19th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I slept for 12hrs straight, didn't wake till midday, spent all day on the computer. My eye is killing because of Saturday night. My eye is red, the side of my nose is bruised, my forehead is bruised and so is the back of my head.

Apparently I fitted in the taxi. I can't remember a thing, I can't remember coming back, according to Tony I didn't even come back with the taxi. Because I can't remember hardly anything it's starting to worry me a bit. I've not been able to stop eating today which means my weight is back up to 116lbs, disaster.

Tuesday 20th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm finding it so hard not to o.d, I'm not going to last the week. There's such a pull, the only reason I haven't is because of work. Its' the only thing I want to do, even though I hate almost everything about an o.d, I also like the same stuff, it changes every time. I feel that no one can help me, no one wants to or even should do, constant fighting.

Wednesday 21st May 2003.

Dear Sky. I can only think of a fantasy so many times before I need to make it a reality. I've brought another pack of Nytol; I have a load of Paracetamol and other meds so it's time to spend a few days in hospital. I'm starting to care less and less about my job and I'm pushing away all kinds of help.

I believe I don't have a mental health problem but I'm being forced to live as if I did. That's the meaning of my life. Nobody else believes that I have an issue so why should I? And if I kill myself in the process? It really doesn't matter.

Thursday 22nd May 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate myself so much, last night I came downstairs for a drink, 5mins later Tony came in and started sexually assaulting me, for all I know I could be pregnant. That was at 3:00am, after I got myself dressed and walked up the road after taking some tablets. I don't know what time I came back today, noonish. Again I couldn't stay so I took another o.d, its 11:30pm and I've just got back. I hate myself so much, I hate the fact that I can't say no. It was horrible, he was right inside me, and I want to die.

Friday 23rd May 2003.

Dear Sky. I haven't been able to stop crying all morning. I've told a member of staff, himself and another worker are going to take a statement as well as the police. I thought Tony had changed, that he was only the way he was on Barrow because he was ill. How wrong! He was just waiting for his time. It might sound stupid but I didn't know what was happening.

I can't stay here whilst he's here, I'm terrified. I only went down for a drink because I couldn't sleep. I can't get rid of the pictures or feelings. After I really wanted to die. I'm glad he enjoyed himself because he's destroyed me, I couldn't stop him, I froze, my body wanted to close.

7:30pm; just got back from a physical examination and statement from the police, Tony will be arrested. I can't stay in the same house as him, I want to go to the bridge, it's the only place I feel safe, I'd rather die than live through this.

Sunday 25th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Yesterday was too much; I ended up taking an o.d, walking along Long Ashton bypass then lying down half on the verge half on the road. An ambulance was called, took me to the BRI after about 10mins I left. I then plucked up all my courage and walked out in front of a car, unfortunately I timed it wrong and I just rolled over the bonnet, the same ambulance turned up, I then walked away from them.

The police arrested me under the mental health act; I strangled myself with my socks whilst at the station. I was there until 3:30am being assessed by doctors and social services. They wanted me to go into hospital for a week, I said no. I eventually agreed to going to Southmead on the condition that I would be brought back by 10:00am today.

As it happened I didn't get back till gone 5:00pm. I tried running away from the nurses, they had to C&R me on the floor, and I was a right mess. I feel like I'm a pain to everyone, that it's my fault, I should have done something but I just froze. Tony has been arrested and released on bail; I came on my period this evening, I've never been so thankful to come on.

I'm a lot calmer now, I've been talking to the staff, I still feel slightly suicidal but I'm trying to hold on. I feel he's taken my life away, just when things were starting to get a bit better. I'm worried I'm going to end up back in hospital which is the last thing I want. Yesterday all I wanted to do was die; it felt like the end of the world.

Monday 26th May 2003.

Dear Sky. I am finding it so hard to fight with life and death, me going back into hospital is still an option. He's taken my soul away. The only thing keeping me safe is the thought of being needed, as soon as that's gone then so am I. I feel that I'll never recover from this; it's with me from the moment I wake up. I try to occupy myself but it doesn't work.

Wednesday 28th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Things are getting so much worse. He's destroyed me. I took the o.d midday. Now there's a little spark of wanting to live. I've been hallucinating and talk to belong wo art actually there. The things keeping me a wake is my job and the prospects for a hose. I don't know if I can hang on to that.

Thursday 29th May 2003.

Dear Sky. My entries on days of overdoses are so messed up, but at the time they make common sense! I've managed to stay positive today although it's been really hard.

The staff think I need somewhere with more support! The only place with more support is hospital! I met with a lady from victim support, just said the same as everyone else has been saying, that Tony knew I was vulnerable and took advantage, that there was nothing I could do because I was in shock.

I have no feelings for him; all I know is that I don't want to see him again. What's wrong with me? Have I just not grown up, matured?

Friday 30th May 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent the day with Jane and Hannah at the zoo, I haven't been there for years so it's nearly completely changed, it was good, enjoyed spending time with the girls.

I came back had nearly a 2hr heart to heart with a member of staff about just about everything. Just the thought of tomorrow scared me, tying to think how I'll get through it.

I need to keep busy because the moment I stop Tony comes straight into my head. The odd thing about it though is that I don't hate Tony for what he's done, if anything I

feel sorry for him. I hate the situation but it's like it wasn't Tony, it wasn't the Tony I know.

Saturday 31st May 2003.

Dear Sky. I've found it so hard to stay safe today, life is such a fight. Fighting not to give up and become just another statistic under the mental health act. I've been feeling low all day and this evening I cried my eyes out with staff.

I came close to cutting myself today, which I haven't done for months. I feel so messed up and feel that there's nothing I can do about it but, stay safe I have, ready to fight my way through another day.

Sunday 1st June 2003.

Dear Sky. I tossed and turned all night, hardly slept atoll. This evening my moods dropped. It was 1 ½ weeks ago but it feels like yesterday.

I'm scared of the rule my key nurse has given A&E departments. I feel like everyone's saying that it's OK to kill myself, because they won't stop me but it's my way of crying for help. These past two weeks I've been so desperate, desperate for someone to rescue me.

Everyone keeps telling me that the next o.d could be my last but it doesn't scare me into not doing it nor does it make people stop and think about my care. I'm scared of being another Gaby, everyone used to say "look at Gaby; she's getting on with life." Then all it took was one mistake. I could still go exactly the same way; I'm still scared of my life, scared of my purpose.

Monday 2nd June 2003.

Dear Sky. I've made such a mess of my life, I want to die. I can't think how to make it better, I hate myself so much, and I'm just a waste of everyone's time. All I do is cause a load of hassle. I mean what's the point? What's the whole point of life? Being dragged from pillar to post, person to person, promise after promise, let down again and again. It's not like I don't deserve any of it though, I do, I deserve everything life's thrown at me because I'm the only reason it's happened. I want to go home; to the home I came from, my heavenly home.

Tuesday 3rd June 2003.

Dear Sky. I had such a bad night, all I could think about was overdosing and jumping off the bridge. The most dangerous thing was that I was numb to all emotions tied up in it. No tears, no excitement, nothing, I felt empty right to my stomach, it's not often I feel anything to that extreme. Because I felt so numb but could only think of this scenario I was at high risk of carrying it out.

Poor staff, come 10:00pm I told her how I felt, I was really low, I couldn't think of any reason not to die. She felt so powerless, I'd lost grip with reality, and I kept staring into space, just thinking about dying. Shortly after 11:00pm we agreed that I'd take some

Diazepam and she would stay in my room until I fell asleep which she did, I just wanted the night one way or other to be over.

I woke this morning, sill numb, still low but not as suicidal. If "good" is the right word me and a member of staff had a good chat this morning. We talked about my past where all my self hate might have came from and 'the little girl'.

He asked me to imagine a little girl and he started asking questions, I knew straight away what he was trying to do. I wouldn't blame anyone else for being the way they were if they'd had my life but I blame myself for being me but I soon forgot the psychological reasoning behind what he was dong and had a picture of this little girl and by him asking questions told a story of this girl.

I forgot I was talking about myself, but then he told me to take that little girl away. Straight away I felt scared, lost, it was then I realized that I still am this little girl. I can't live without her, I can't let her go, we are the same person, well not physically. We are both still trying to live at the same time. This little girl is still trying to live in the body and life of a 20yr old. One can't live without the other.

I think this little girl I pictured was a mixture of me and my youngest cousin. I feel very close to her and love her dearly. I studied her for Child Development when she was 3, she was my bridesmaid when she was 5 and she has just turned 7 and in the last year of infant school.

I saw her Sunday and chatted to her whilst she was sat on my lap. We talked about her birthday and I asked her about school, whether she was nervous or excited about going to junior school. I just wanted to hear her talk, share in her childhood and keep her with me. She said how she was scared about going to juniors because "you get detention if you don't do your work." I said how she didn't have to worry about that because she was a good girl and did her work.

I can remember being scared about the same thing. She went on to say how she found the work hard, I asked if she asked for help, she said yes but not in juniors. She then went on to say how she was always with the headmistress because other children throw stones at her. That was as far as the conversation went because the meeting finished and we had to go.

My heart broke when she told me how she was being picked on/bullied. I wanted to hold her and not let go. My heart poured out to her, I felt so sorry and upset that she was experiencing this at such a young age, she shouldn't have to go through things like that at her age.

We all experience bullying at some point in school but not at least until yrs 5 or 6. If you're not the bully or being bullied then you see other people being both. My heart just poured out to her because I could see myself in her and I just pray that she's strong enough to get through it so she doesn't end up experiencing life like I have. I wouldn't wish my life on a worse enemy.

Wednesday 4th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been OK apart from when I admitted to a member of staff that I had plans for an o.d for Friday. He questioned my motive and logic and I've been doing the same since. It's made me feel insecure and stupid for telling him.

Thursday 5th June 2003.

Dear Sky. My writing skills have been crap since moving to Molitor. I've not gone into detail in writing to you hardly atoll. I guess I don't know what to write about or maybe I'm thinking too hard. I'm so tired, I've not slept properly for over a week now, tossing and turning all night and waking early.

The thought of moving on from here is really scary; I guess it's because I don't know where I'm going.

Saturday 7th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Woke up yesterday morning knowing that I was going to o.d but when and what I'd do I didn't know. I stayed in bed all day and come 3:30pm I had to force down 16 Nytol and 14 Zopiclone. I can remember getting the airy taste of the Zopiclone and putting my head on the pillow and 4:00pm thinking that I'd better call an ambulance. The next thing I remember is going downstairs and telling a member of staff, the odd thing was that it was 10:30pm, 7hrs had passed.

I went to A&E but because 7hrs are the crucial hours, which had passed I couldn't have been there for more than an hour before they discharged me. I have no idea why but for some reason I walked into a late night shop, sat down and wouldn't talk or move.

The manager ended up calling the police, one of whom knew me form the other week and arrested me under the mental health act. I spent the night locked in a cell. It was the first time I've been left alone, although I wasn't scared I felt uneasy, I was thinking that they'd turned their backs on me and didn't care if I killed myself, which in my mind I could easily do even though they had my shoes and socks.

This morning I was still hallucinating and was very anxious, I had this huge feeling that time was being wasted which I hated. I had to wait till 1:00pm to be assessed if I should be detained under the mental health act, i.e. sectioned. One of the doctors only turned out to be a Dr who used to work on Barrow. I didn't want to answer any questions, and told them so; the few words they got out were blunt.

I was released and brought back to Molitor, I had nil by mouth for two days so I lost ½ stone, now 7.7 stone but I've ate and drank plenty today, I didn't have the energy to starve myself.

Waiting for the Drs I just wanted to curl up and disappear, to turn my back on the world, I have nothing to live for. The fear of wasting this morning was so intense; I was in an all or nothing frame of mind. I'm scared because I know that overdosing is starting to have less and less of a pull but instead of saying "that was my last one" it's "this is my last." Part of me wants to waste my life, part of me doesn't.

Sunday 8th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Been feeling physically awful today, didn't wake up till 11:00am. I've not done anything, not had the energy, just been sat in front of the TV all day. Where did this horrid person come from? I wish I was dead.

Monday 9th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate myself so much, I hate my life but I can't change it. I cause trouble wherever I go. I had an argument with a member of staff about the weekend. They are finding it hard to cope with me, I've blocked them all out, it's not worth talking about anything, I think it'll be for the best if I left, it would be easier for everyone.

Its midnight and I've just got back from A&E after slicing my arm, I didn't mean to do it as bad as I did but I feel better for doing it.

Tuesday 10th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I've been in a much better mood today, looks like I'm going to start slicing my arm again, after months of not doing it; I thought all that was in the past. Having my arm bandaged and having that secret, I haven't told anyone, gives me such a buzz.

Spent an hour talking to my manager after work, he's a great bloke. He talked about his life, I talked about mine.

It's been on the news today how Seroxak, an anti depressant, actually makes you have suicidal thoughts and self harm, tell us something we don't know! It's old news.

Wednesday 11th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Cut my wrist again tonight but it didn't have the same effect as Monday. I feel suicidal and have no one to talk to. I feel that the staff here can't wait to get rid of me, that I'm a nuisance and being here is starting to feel like being back in hospital. I feel like I'm hanging on to life by a thread.

Thursday 12th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Midday; I feel so close to tears but I'm fighting them off, I'm constantly thinking of killing myself and have no one to talk to. Tony is constantly on my mind, when I'm not working all I have the energy to do is sleep. I'm finding it hard to be here and get on with the staff.

10:00pm; I don't know how I managed to stop myself from crying at work, I felt like breaking down. I want to be back in hospital; I'm thinking of the Suspension bridge, a huge o.d or getting someone to shoot me or something so I end up in the BRI.

I'm never going to be able to get on with my life; my thoughts haunt me too much. I feel like telling the world to fuck off and leave me alone but that's also a self punishment thing. I'm just sticking to punishing and down grading myself; it's the best and safest option.

Friday 13th June 2003.

Dear Sky. 9:00pm; I've just taken a load of meds so I'm off to the BRI. 18 x Venlafaxine, 16 Nytol and 14 x Zopiclone.

Monday 16th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm writing to you in Frenchay hospital where I have been since Saturday, Friday I was in the BRI. Its midnight so this is my fourth night in hospital and I'm too scared to go back to Molitor house. I don't remember much of Friday evening or Saturday morning.

I remember phoning Katherine at 8:00pm Friday to see if we were still going shopping, she said she didn't really have the money so we cancelled. A soon as she put the phone down I was straight upstairs, still in my PJ's, got some money, car keys, drove to Sainsbury's, brought a pack of Nytol, got some petrol, drove back and took all those tablets. I think I might have even had a shower.

I can't remember being in the BRI atoll or leaving Molitor, I think I caught the bus. Saturday midday A&E chucked me out and I caught the hospital bus back. I remember being back at Molitor but I was still hallucinating and feeling dreadful and only just making sense.

The member of staff asked me something about the BRI, can't remember what. I told him I still felt really bad but the BRI wouldn't keep me. I asked him which was the friendliest hospital, Frenchay or Southmead. He didn't know so I booked a taxi to take me to Frenchay. I knew I was feeling worse than usual and I couldn't risk more punishment at Molitor house.

I went to their A&E reception, told them I had taken an o.d then lost reality again. I was moved from bed to bed, bloods taken fro my arm and wrist, oxygen and in total 3 liters of drip.

I've ate and drank next to nothing since Friday afternoon so it's not really surprising that I feel ready to collapse from weakness, head spinning, light headed and headache.

The nurses here are really nice, had a nice chat with two of them earlier. Just goes to show the difference between hospitals. BRI, 7hrs, your out, fit or not. Frenchay, give you more much needed TLC.

Last week I completely shut myself off from everyone including my key nurse. I hadn't told anyone I'd sliced my wrist again. The o.d was in no sense planned.

What was planned was shopping Saturday, badminton with a member of staff Sunday and looking forward to going to work Tuesday, now all gone.

I keep fighting this horrible want/need to kill myself but I've reached the point where life and I have given up on each other.

I don't understand why the o.d didn't kill me; it was by far my biggest yet. I keep trying to hold on to a thread of hope that out there I have somewhere a good job and home but so often that dream fades from view and all I can see is despair. That I'll never get on top of myself and live a life that I like. I don't feel like I'm asking too much. A job I enjoy a place I can make a home and two cats but that life is so out of reach.

At the moment I don't care what happens to me, at this very moment I want to die, more so than I have ever done.

My family doesn't know I'm in hospital, that's how it'll stay. I don't feel strong enough to go back to Molitor; I'll only lock myself away again. I feel like I can't talk to the staff, they don't want to hear all my nitty gritty problems again and again. I try to hold on but it's hard when you feel you have nothing to hold on to. I wish I could just go

to sleep and never wake up, slip out of existence; I'd be at peace as well as everyone else who has to deal with me day after day.

No more bad stuff could happen, no more starvation, no more strangulation, no more self harm, no more feeling of hopelessness, no more overdoses, no more bad memories, no more hassle for others and I wouldn't be raped again.

Wednesday 18th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm not really up to writing but just to let you know I got back from Frenchay 6:00pm this afternoon. It's been an experience I'm not going to forget or want to repeat again in a hurry. I still couldn't keep water down till this afternoon. I've promised myself that I'm never going to o.d on Paracetamol again, I went out and brought and took some whilst in hospital. For the pure reason that I don't want to feel like I felt again.

Thursday 19th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Fully recovered physically today but mentally? Who knows? Been thinking about suicide attempts in general a lot. I guess the truth is I'm fascinated by it and that people will be more interested in me if I have some sob story to tell.

I believe it takes an awful lot for someone to go through with killing themselves, to have that power of mind over matter, to have that mental strength, I've realized I could never do it. So why do I keep trying? Maybe that's what I have to keep reminding myself, I'll never do it so why bother, it's just a waste of time.

Being in Frenchay and laughing at times with the nurses was a strange experience, they really cared. Chatting with a student only 2 months older than me and another with teenage kids, the three of us having a girly chat about nothing was nice. We enjoyed being in that moment because we were happy, it wasn't all doom and gloom.

Friday 20th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Its 4:00pm, the sun is shining, I'm sat on the patio steps reflecting on the past week and thought I should get stuff down on paper.

Although the overall experience was negative I feel that a lot of positive has come out of this o.d. The difference in care I received at Frenchay to that at the BRI was 100xs better. That in itself is a positive. I left hospital feeling so much better about myself, there wasn't any bad feelings between myself and the nurses and I'm now looking forward to a good weekend and week because I know I wont o.d, when was the last time I went a weekend with taking an o.d? Week ending 10th May.

Whilst being in hospital I guess I kinda turned anorexic, I refused all food and drink and when faced with food I started crying over it, the nurses were really supportive saying how they didn't expect me to eat a lot and realized I needed a lot of encouragement.

I went down to 7 ½ stone but being that low is no fun, no energy, physically feel and look crap, got into the cycle of mentally not being able to eat "it's so hard" I said several times. Then taking Paracetamol, constantly being sick.

Sine I've been back I've really had to look after myself physically because feeling crap is no fun. I've had to eat well, drink well and sleep well, I've had to treat myself well now for three days and I don't feel bad, I still fell positive about myself.

One reason why I know I wont o.d this weekend is because it's only been three days, its' like, give me chance to recover from the last one! I still feel that people will enjoy being around me more if I'm positive and have a positive attitude. I've realized and hopefully learned that overdosing wont benefit me in anyway, it's time to stop, put overdosing in my past, as an experience to learn from, it's time to use it to my positive advantage.

Saw my psychologist this morning, we're starting to look at ways to help me feel good about not overdosing instead of bad. It's something I struggle with 90% of the time.

Saturday 21st June 2003.

Dear Sky. I've had a good day today and I haven't overdosed. Went shopping this morning, got some clothes and computer game, went to my parents this afternoon and went cycling round Ashton court with a few family this evening. Gonna sleep well tonight.

I get days like today, and it is quite often when I've been into town that I've known I'm skinny but I feel fat, does that make sense? I feel a mess in whatever I wear, I don't look right, I look fat, I look ugly, everyone else looks great but I guess 90% of the female population feels that way, don't they?

Sunday 22nd June 2003.

Dear Sky. Didn't sleep atoll last night, as soon as I got close to sleep I'd have to wake myself because I'd be thinking about what Tony did and picturing it, I hope I'm OK tonight.

Apart from that I've had another good day, spent quite a bit of it doing gardening, me gardening! Gonna finish it off tomorrow, another day I can tick off as having not overdosed.

Monday 23rd June 2003.

Dear Sky. Another day I've got through without overdosing. Went for a meal with the family this evening for Mums birthday, had a good time, laughed a lot, the rest of the day just flew by. Slept well, had to force myself out of bed, could have stayed there all day. So all's well at the moment but for how long?

Tuesday 24th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Went back to work today, first time since the o.d, it was nice to be back, I do worry about taking time off work especially so soon after starting a new job, scared I'll get the sack but work have been very supportive.

Another day without an overdose, it's been 11 days since I took the big one. I feel uncomfortable living here at the moment, I don't like living in a shared house, I don't

have as much privacy as I'd like or as much freedom. It's made me decide that I defiantly want to move on to my own place from here.

I've been feeling fat this evening so I weighed myself, now I know I'm fat, 8 stone, going to have to do something about that, 8 stone is too much, again I feel uncomfortable.

Don't know what's up with my sleeping this past month, can't get into a pattern, had trouble sleeping again last night. It's so tempting to take Diazepam or Zopiclone again especially as I'm still getting it but I don't want to start relying on it again, anyway it's not proper sleep so I still wake up tired.

Wednesday 25th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm feeling OK but not as good as these past few days. I took 10mg of Diazepam and 14mg of Zopiclone last night. My legs were pulsating like crazy, I slept well but I'm worried I'm going to start relying on them again. I really need to stop eating, it's getting rediculas.

Thursday 26th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Been watching The Bill, had to leave though because I couldn't watch it, it was concentrating on a rape case. It's brought back all the memories and I can't stop crying, it's hard not to be effected by it when you're even watching it in the same room it happened in.

The worse thing is that I can't talk about it so I'm keeping it all in, I'm trying to be strong and not let it get me but it's so hard. It's so hard to cope with, one reason why is because I can't change what happened, I can't do anything about it, I'm powerless.

I've got to get out of here, I can't stay, I can't cope with living here anymore, I need my own place, I can't stay here and be happy.

Friday 27th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I really can't cope with being here, I was in tears again today and I had to take medication again last night.

Spoke with my key nurse this afternoon, told her how I felt. She's going to get me into a B&B as soon as possible. The way I see it there's only one difference between here and a B&B. if I stay at a B&B I can work more hours which means I cant then get my own place.

Saturday 28th June 2003.

Dear Sky. Between 9:30am and 3:00pm I was gardening literally non stop, I didn't realize how long I was out there for, I am so red form the sun, burnt isn't strong enough a word.

I've finally taken pictures of the hospital, been wanting to nearly as long as I've been there, saw down one of the air ducts from the tunnels under the whole hospital.

Looks like I'm back on sleepers permanently, took them again last night. Taking them makes me so tired in the evening though but I can't sleep at night without them.

Monday 30th June 2003.

Dear Sky. I got some appointments to see some flats, getting out of here is a priority.

It's 8:00pm and I've just stayed down to watch Tonight with Trevor McDonald about girl bulling, as young as a 9yr old wants to die. I connect with this topic so much, it hits me really hard when I hear about bulling, it's so sad that people kill themselves, it's such a shame.

I'm scared of being out there in the big wide world but I want to go out there, I'm scared of being alone and no one knowing how I really feel, but I guess there's no difference there.

Spent most of the day on Barrow which was quite nice actually, I felt more relaxed there than I do here at the moment, it was a strange feeling. There were a lot of patients that had been re admitted from when I was there so I knew a lot but I felt detached from it all, I enjoyed taking to them and the nurses.

I guess I'm not going to get anywhere in life if I worry about people knowing how I feel. At the end of the day it's how I cope with myself that matters. Only I can make my life a success.

Tuesday 1st July 2003.

Dear Sky. I put a deposit down for a 2 bedroom flat in Brislington today; move in 2-3 weeks, scary stuff. It's a really nice place, on two floors so it's more like a house. Just got to find an extra job now to keep me occupied and off benefits.

Katherine's quite likely to move with me, help with the rent. I just have to make sure I don't fall down again. Only bad thing with this place is that I can't have pets but I'm willing to sacrifice that in order to get away from here.

Wednesday 2nd July 2003.

Dear Sky. I really have to get out; I can't just sit downstairs without memories, can't watch TV, can't sit and relax.

Needing sleeping tablets again. The thought crossed my mind last night about taking an o.d but I instantly dismissed it. It's been 2 ½ weeks and it's not worth breaking the chain, I don't need to go there.

MY WORLD

For a year and a half,
I've been in a crazy world.
Been locked away,
I was a danger to myself.

In a hospital,
That I called home.
My crazy world,
Became the norm.

The things I've seen,
The things I've heard.
The way I've been,
A statistic to the world.

I'm moving on now,
I feel safe with myself.
That may sound odd,
But not in my world.

I had time to reflect,
Time to discover myself.
My life has changed,
I'm a different person.



Thursday 3rd July 2003.

Dear Sky. I've burnt myself out but I'm not letting it get me down, I'm completely exhausted but it's something I've got to get used to again.

The staff here are so negative with my plans of the flat and full time work. They keep emphasizing on the possible downfalls, worried that I'm moving too fast, not thinking it through and won't be able to afford it. What happened to supporting me? The way I see it is the worse possible outcome would be having more debts and admitted back to hospital.

I've got to push myself otherwise I wont get anywhere, the same with relying on staff here to sort out a place, if left to them things would carry on as they are, not get any better. I've got to move on, I'm trying not to let them get me down, I'm trying to stick to my thoughts and feelings and the positive feed back I'm getting from everyone else. It's not easy staying positive, or to focus on the negative.

I have to keep reminding myself that I'm doing well, like my psychologist says, a day at a time.

Friday 4th July 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm glad I've got my key nurse on my side cause according to everyone else "I'm aiming towards unrealistic goals!" When are they going to give me the chance to prove myself? The staff here want me kept in the system and my consultant? Well he goes along with anything.

I'm worried that staff will give me a bad reference and won't get this flat. I tossed and turned all night, quite frustrating, I thought a lot about Gaby, I miss her so much, it's such a shame her life ended like it did.

I spent several hours on Barrow today, for quiet time, to see my key nurse and to lift my spirits. There's such a positive atmosphere over there at the moment, I relax a lot easier than here and because

I'm in a positive mood over there the nurses like talking with me, especially Tracey one of the domestics, she's great, I enjoy her company. I have to keep telling myself over and over, I can do this, I can do this, I can do this.

Saturday 5th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Decided that as far as Molitor staff are concerned, Katherine is defiantly moving in with me, that will get them off my back, they'll never know otherwise.

Took sleepers again last night, giving up on trying to manage without them, just accepting that I'm taking them. It gives me that extra confidence to relax, with the tablets I know I will eventually fall asleep; I just let it take its course.

I've been in quite a good mood today, I spent the morning up Burrington Coombe taking photos, and it was so peaceful.

SEEING A STORY

This countryside path

Has a story to tell.
If you listen carefully
You'll hear it so well.

It's been around
Longer than you or I.
It's seen so many things
And strangers go by.

Thousands of feet
Belonging to all kind.
Have left their mark
For others to find.

This uneven stony path
Has a secret so rare.
Only if you listen carefully
It's mysteries it will share.

I've seen the secret
I took time to listen.
I've heard its story
That relates to a person.

If we reflect on our lives
Uncover what we keep.
We're like this countryside path
Whose secrets are so deep.



Sunday 6th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Went to church today and paid my tithing! Then had dinner at my parents and visited Grandma. Call it coincidence if you like but in the past I feel that I've received the benefits of tithing, coincidence or not I'm not taking that chance, I'd like to benefit again.

Just had a text from my manager saying that he'd sent off my reference. Katherine can't afford to move in with me, mixed feelings, harder financially but I can make it even more my own.

Tuesday 8th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Well what can I say? This afternoon I was admitted back to Barrow for a max of two weeks. I've taken all I can from Molitor house; if I'd stayed any longer I would have gone down hill again.

So I saw my key nurse this morning and told her if she didn't find me somewhere to sleep tonight I would be sleeping in a police cell. So I'm here on "respite" so I can officially be homeless and get a flat that way because I'm classed as homeless I need emergency housing.

It's really strange being here, of course the nurses don't know what to make of it but I need to be somewhere with positive support. Again I need to remind myself, positive, positive, positive. And unlike before, I'm not here to be a pain or to cause trouble; I'm here so I can move on, with the right support. Isn't it strange the paths we take! Me, back in here! And so soon, I never would have thought.

Wednesday 9th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Yet again today's been full on but only semi productive. Got all my stuff packed from Molitor house so tomorrow I can hand my keys in. Spent about 3hrs at the hub to register as homeless. Went to the trolley and ate a hot hospital tea!!!! First time for everything.

I felt really insecure going to the hub and there's not really a great atmosphere, hearing others complaining of the filthiness of their accommodation, others who have spent days at the hub trying for somewhere, I came really close to tears but hey, keep throwing stuff at me, I can take it, life can't get much better than this.

It's been nearly a month since I last took an o.d, that's one hell of a break when you think that prior to that I was overdosing at least once a week for at least 3 months. How much can I take until I break? I don't know but I'm going to give one hell of a fight.

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

I look at this plant
And the first thing I see.
Is the beauty of the flower
That I then think shouldn't be.

For after one glance of the beauty it boasts
My eyes move quickly down.

Then I focus all my attention
On the thorns that seem all around.

So many spikes I soon loose count
And I sit there thinking away.
How is one thing so contradicting
From the thorns to the flowers display?

Then from nowhere I get my answer
I'm amazed at this butterfly.
It rested on the beauty above
Instead of fluttering by.

It focused on the positive part
Of this mystical plant.
Seeing this action made me realise
We only see what we want.



Thursday 10th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Handed my keys in, very tense atmosphere. Done virtually nothing today, slept better, going to try without the Diazepam tonight. I don't know what my housing situations like, I can't help but think that I'll be here longer than two weeks, even though I don't want to.

See, my key nurse is away next week and although the world won't stop when she's not here, the right care for me will.

Friday 11th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been the hardest so far, I've been so tired which hasn't helped my mood, for the first time in ages I slept midday as well. I've got so many negative thoughts gong on; it's hard to remain positive. I feel like I've failed, that this is how the rest of my life is going to be and loads of memories.

Although at the moment I'm managing to challenge my thoughts and feelings so I'm not acting on them. I'm struggling not to cry, I feel that I'm not allowed which means I'm bottling everything up. I feel that by crying I'm showing how vulnerable I really am feeling at the moment.

I'm going to try to stop the Venlafaxine completely as well, take the opportunity, and see if I can ride out the physical side effects. I didn't take any Diazepam last night either and slept fine without it, me and sleeping tablets have a funny relationship, I either

take them constantly for weeks or not atoll and feel that I don't suffer when I don't take them.

I'm beginning to feel uneasy about my manager, to a low extent I feel like I'm being stalked, he's been sending me odd messages, I told him quite bluntly that I'm not interested in a relationship but he's still carrying on. It's the last thing I need right now.

Saturday 12t July 2003.

Dear Sky. I wish someone could tell me how to feel and act about my managers' messages, every evening this week without fail he's sent one. Am I using them as an excuse not to go back to work? You know, make life worse for myself. Am I over reacting, reading too much into them? I feel that I can't turn to the nurses because I'm supposed to be "well" I don't want them to know how I'm feeling because it will then look like the classic "hospital's making you worse."

I've settled in now, spent half the day chatting with a few other patients, is that good or bad? Can't help but think of ways in which I can ruin my life even more, just classic me thoughts.

Sunday 13th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Well it's now been a month since I last overdosed and what one hell of a month it's been. I've been so scared today, scared of my thoughts. I can't help but think that I'm not giving up this long haul without a fight but that's exactly what it's been. It's more like I'm not going down without a fight cause that's how it feels. Like I'm delaying, fighting off the final blow to my life. The wonderful life that I'm trying to hang on to.

Monday 14th July 2003.

Dear Sky. After writing to you last night I started acting really strange, because my window had been open all day cause it's so hot I came to bed with a load of midges over it, I flicked them off a few times but they kept coming back. I started panicking, getting really paranoid and wound up, couldn't stay in the room until a nurse came up with me and brushed them all off.

I have no idea why I reacted so badly, maybe because I was already torn to pieces because I'd just been crying my eyes out whilst talking to the nurse.

After a while and after all my meds I managed to sleep, I think I've finally managed to come off the Venlafaxine which if I have is great. I didn't feel as physically bad as what I thought I would.

Today's been a lot better than yesterday went to a few garages to sell my car but none were interested, I need to sell it cause I want to get rid of my credit card, I'm not really in a financial position to run a car but it looks like I'm stuck with it.

Not looking forward to seeing my manager tomorrow, watch this space.

Tuesday 15th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Well today didn't really go as planned, I don't want to go back to work. I got back to another text message from my manager; it's obvious he's pissed off now.

I didn't talk to him at work, we only exchanged acknowledgement of each other as he gave me my pay slip.

He was outside when I got back, I avoided him and went straight home, I couldn't bring up the topic, usually when he's outside I stop and chat, what I also didn't realize until today is that I've had all this time off work yet no sick note has been asked for and my pay slip suggests I've been paid as normal.

I think the normal has happened. I've been friendly, he's taken it too serious or the wrong way, I get scared and act inappropriately.

I've kept all his messages this past week and a few that I've sent before that, as we did have several text conversations, the last one I sent him was after he said he wanted a date. I'll write them down; things might make more sense then;

Martin sent a text saying he'd sent back the reference for my flat.

I sent; oh thanks, just hope that my other reference is good, worried it won't be.

I received; no need for thanks, although I'm grateful, I only wish to be useful, I'll leave you in peace now.

I sent; thanks for the reference but I'll be canceling the flat tomorrow, my other reference and parents are crap but thanks anyway.

Received; forget those idiots if you can, we can't choose the ones who bring us into the world but there are people who truly appreciate you, trust your instincts.

Received; you are the most sincere, caring and wonderful person I have ever met, I don't know how long I can wait for another you.

Sent; there's plenty more where I came from.

Received; not if like me you waiting for the right one, I've never met anyone like you before in my whole life, I think you are brilliant, I never lie.

Received; there's no reason why you should believe me or trust me, I probably sound like a sleaze but I'm not, I would do anything in the world to go on a date with you!

Sent; no offence but I don't do relationships whether I like someone or not, full stop.

Sent; I'm only just managing to stay awake; I'm gong to have to say goodnight.

Received; then at least the last person to say goodnight to you was someone who loves you, goodnight.

Received; you made me very happy today with your phone call, I've been hoping that your day had been OK, unconditionally yours.

Received; sorry it's late, just got in, I haven't forgotten you!! My day was lifted seeing you today, thinking of you always, sincerely yours.

Received; so rarely in my life have I met anyone worth meeting, I was very lucky that a person as fantastic as you walked into the day center and I got the chance to meet you.

Received; don't know if my messages will get through, I am camping in the middle of nowhere, am relying on my will alone to get my message through to you, see you Tuesday.

Received; I want you to tell me to get lost if at ANY time I am pissing you off, whatever happens, all that matters to me is that you are OK, my feelings are not important.

Received; I use the term "date" last week; I meant the time people spend getting to know someone. I'd love to know the person that is you, good or bad I don't care.

Received; hi it's me! You surprised? No, probably not. A "little" bored by now I should think! My care is with you in all that you do, goodnight.
Received; I need to know because I couldn't bear the thought of making you blue; all I wish for in the world is your happiness. Until you say stop I'm you text friend for life.

What do YOU make of al that? Am I over reacting? Did I give him the wrong impression? Is he now really pissed off? Do I go to work tomorrow? What do I do? I wanted to tell him today that I prefer to keep my private and work life separate but I guess I didn't give him the chance to bring it up but whilst there, that was what I wanted, I didn't want to spend time chatting. I can see this becoming a big problem; I don't know what to do.

Will I ever learn that all men do is create a load of problems and issues that I can't deal with? You would have thought I'd have learnt my lesson, but no, I never learn. If I treat men shit, they'll do the same to me.

Wednesday 16th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Don't know what happened today, took Zopiclone and Diazepam and got woken by the staff at 11:00pm, firstly I denied it, just got back, took some bloods, they couldn't do anything. Didn't go to work or phone up, switched my mobile off as well, I don't want to go back tomorrow either.

Thursday 17th July 2003.

Dear Sky. I don't know what happened yesterday, all I know is that I took an o.d of some kind at sometime. I think I fell asleep during the most part of it so the side effects weren't too bad, I've recovered quickly from it.

Had ward round with my consultant, he was adamant that I will be leaving next week, place to go to or not, he even asked if I could go back to Molitor or my parents!

I'm glad I fell asleep last night because I'd packed my stuff and everything; it was going to be the start of the end of my life.

I phoned work this morning to ask my manager if he wanted an official letter of notice, he said he'd sort it out, said how gutted he was, he's going to send my P45. A few minutes later I got a message from him saying that if I wanted I could live with him? So that's the end of that job, hopefully the messages wont effect me because I don't ever have to see him again.

I've been very tearful today, everything's scaring me. I've got to keep reminding myself, a step at a time, these things do take time. Leave the job side of things for the moment; concentrate on getting a roof over my head. Although for a while I have liked the idea of the mounted police section.

I just wonder where all this is going, when is my life going to be successful? At the moment I'm holding on to little things like the effects I have on Hannah and the two police situations.

Yesterday was a slip up, it had to be but I can't help but worry about when my life is going to get better, be worth living. No one knows what I'm really going through, I've only got myself to blame for that. Yesterday being a blank is really odd, I've got computer software that I brought and can't even remember buying.

When is all this crap going to end? Or at least get used to and cope with, it's been 1 ½ years, for what? I'm going to end up going to the Hub and being put up in some grubby B&B and mainly because I'm a victim.

There's got to be something positive going on at the moment. I think if I can have a cat or dog then I'll be OK, some companionship and then do some kind of voluntary work to keep me busy. I'm running out of money fast again.

Part of me wants to be sectioned and locked up for the rest of my life, it would be so easy but I'm trying to be a fighter.

My manager sent me these text; my house is a tip but you always welcome if you need a safe place, good thing about being boring is that I can offer safety.

And; if only you knew how much I think of you! When you hurt I hurt, your despair makes me feel desperate to help, and I would do anything for your happiness, anything.

And; I hate myself for not being a good enough person so that you would trust me, I ask nothing from you, all I wish is that you would see me as being here for you.

And; why do I say these things to you? Because you are so, so special and I dream about knowing and being the friend of a person as gorgeous as you are.

Friday 18th July 2003.

Dear Sky. I've just settled down in a guest house and feel completely lost. It's been a real hectic 24hrs.

After writing yesterday I kicked off, made several patients angry, got thrown off the ward with the threat of the police being called, after about an hour I calmed down, got let back in, medicated up and went to bed.

This morning my old key nurse started talking to me, as soon as she said that they were going to discharge me today I walked out, got my mobile lead, climbed a tree, tied one end to a branch and the other to my neck.

She found me sitting up there and got other nurses, I wanted to tell them to go away, to turn around so they wouldn't see me do it but I couldn't, I just sat there edging forward with the nurses talking.

Then I pushed myself off and couldn't understand why I was on the floor with the nurses around me, the lead didn't take the impact and snapped. I was C&R'd before taken back to the ward where I was sectioned whilst waiting for my consultant.

He came and eventually we had a good chat and so ended up here. With handing my notice in at work, overdosing, fighting with another patient last night, being thrown out and trying to hang myself today, this week seems unreal.

I tried getting out whilst waiting for my consultant, I was gong to do it again but with my shoe laces, that would work.

Whilst up in the tree I was so calm, I phoned the ward, I don't know who answered, I said

"Most suicides are accidental but there's nothing accidental about sitting up a tree with a cord round you neck"

And put the phone down. I can't imagine what it must have been like for the nurses who saw me.

You hear that the reason why people die from hanging is because of their neck breaking, I was so sure that would happen.

I don't know how I'm going to cope over the weekend, keep myself busy on the computer.

Me and my consultant had a real good chat. It was really hard to do but I've put my trust in him, especially over this weekend. He said how I'm worth professional's time, to think of me, himself, my key nurse and psychologist being on an island and working together because we're the only people there. I'm trying, at the moment they are the 3 main people in my life, to use them as support lines because they will be there for me.

I really wanted my neck to break, in all honesty I started thinking along the lines that I'd been up there too long and wouldn't do it but at the same time knew I would, it was just a matter of when.

I am so scared, where does my life go from here? Why am I still alive? My consultant says I've got a lot of support but hard wok on my behalf on the way and I just don't know if I can do it. Me and death have a strange relationship, I'm not scared of it, I guess in a way I'm challenging it for the fight. Life or death, who will win, if I die then I die, that's the end of it.

WHAT I SEE IN A TREE

I climbed up there
Holding a cord so tight.
Wrapped it round the tree
And then my neck just right.

Then I made a phone call
To say what I was going to do.
And waited up there
Till someone came into view.

I wanted them to know
How desperate I was.
But at the same time
I didn't want to make a fuss.

I knew I was safe
No one could get me down.
I knew I was far enough
From the ground.

Leaning forward
I grabbed the branch.

Then pushed myself off
With death in my glance.

But things didn't go well
The cord snapped with my weight.
All I'm left with now
Are the mental scars of my fate.



Saturday 19th July 2003.

Dear Sky. I don't like it, I don't like sitting here looking out the window seeing or hearing everything going on, cars screeching, people shouting, it's making me so jumpy and nervous.

I spoke to my key nurse on the phone, words of encouragement. I just don't want to exist anymore but at the same time don't want to do anything about it. I knew I shouldn't have promised my consultant that I'd hang on in there.

I still can't get it sorted in my head, the reality that the cord snapped, I should have know but I pulled on it and truly thought I would be safe. At the moment I feel like just fading away, not eating's on my mind but at the moment most of me is fighting to live. How am I going to get through tomorrow? Why am I alive? Why did the fucking cord snap? Stupid bitch.

When I think of other people who have died or are dying I feel so sorry for them but I never think my life would be a waste if I was to die.

Sunday 20th July 2003.

Dear Sky. I didn't get out of bed till 10:00am; I didn't want to face the day. All day I've wanted to harm myself in everyway I can think of.

When I spoke to my key nurse yesterday she said that all I have to do is get the ward to phone her if I felt desperate and she'd call. Although several times I've wanted to call I know I have to go through the majority of it alone. If I start calling for her all the time, abuse her good jester it will soon be taken away but I still know she's there when I'm desperate.

I'm struggling with wanting to live, to look ahead, I feel that I shouldn't, that I should keep myself back, it feels safe that way but then there's something a nurse once said to me.

"There are enough people out there more than ready to put me down; I'm not going to help them."

That's also true with the sense that by my experience life will keep throwing crap at me so allow myself to feel OK when I do cause soon enough I will go through crap again.

I've been holding on today to what my consultant said Friday
"If you can get through today it will get easier."

I didn't believe him at the time but the weekend has slowly got better. I wonder if he knew how much trust I put in him on Friday and how hard I fought with myself, I guess he was putting a lot of trust in me as well, or testing me. When we did 2 laps of the grounds whilst talking I guess we both knew I could have ran off at anytime but he took that chance, the thought did cross my mind but only slightly, I was too worn out.

My feelings are really strange tonight, I'm glad I've got through the weekend but I want the week to be bad. Maybe it's because I need a really good cry and talk about everything that's happened, it seems so crazy and unrealistic. I mean, come on, I tried hanging myself on hospital grounds then a few hours later discharged into the big bad world on my own, where's the sense in that?

Received from my OLD manager; I've tried so hard to leave you in peace and not text but I can't. If you need a visitor please please please ask me to visit you! I go on caring about you.

Little does he know I'm not in hospital, that it was partly cause of him I overdosed but I still can't tell him to piss off.

Monday 21st July 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent the best part of today on Barrow so my key nurse could get everything pieced together, I've been very tearful all day, I didn't get chance to really talk to her so I'm still coping with everything on my own. I've got several people actively involved in my care but because they're so busy organizing stuff it means we don't get chance to talk.

I really feel that I need to talk everything out, OK, all the bad stuff will be on my mind a lot more which means I'll be more upset but I find if I'm talking and thinking about bad stuff then I'm not actually doing it. In other words although it means self harm is on my mind more, I'm less likely to do it and if I do it's a self harm not suicide bid. By talking and thinking I'm putting myself through enough without the actions on top.
Received from my old manager; I hope its OK, I'm going to phone you about the P45 etc, which he did but I didn't answer.
Received; also wondered if you would like me to keep the job at the day center available to you incase you may wish to return in the future? Will try to phone later.

Been dreading that phone call all day, if he rings without warning I might not know it's him and answer but then that might not be a bad thing cause I might be able to tell him where to go.

As it stands I'm going to Barrow everyday for lunch as I questioned my key nurse over "how do you expect me to afford to eat out twice a day" all I have access to here is a kettle.

It's 10:40pm and I've just got in after going to the ward in tears, needing support only to be told by some fucking agency nurse to more or less piss off and deal with it alone. I went there because it seemed like the best out of that, a pharmacy or the Suspension bridge.

I then drove off in more of a state heading for the bridge, stopped, phoned the ward only to speak to the same nurse, explained the situation with phoning my key

nurse, waited ½ hour, couldn't wait any longer, went to the bridge, spent nearly 1 hour looking over the wall, phoned the ward again, spoke to one nurse, said she'd phone my key nurse and I'm still waiting. So I'm assuming by now I'm not going to get a call. All I wanted was someone to talk to.

I've spent the past 2hrs crying solid, I didn't want to come back here, I've spent the past 3 evenings alone, I couldn't bare another, I just wanted someone to talk to.

Tuesday 22nd July 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been better since I talked to my key nurse this morning, I'm all cried out now. Just found out that I have to leave the B&B tomorrow morning, so I have to present myself to the Hub again.

Wednesday 23rd July 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 5:30pm and I've just arrived at a different B&B which I'm more than likely to be in for months. It's not as nice as the other but it's more homely, apart from the bedroom everything's shared and "staffed" 24hrs.

Judging on first impressions I don't know how I'm going to cope, it's like being back on Molitor house except here there's parents with babies.

This is the 3rd time I've been uprooted in 2 weeks. I really had to push myself to come here, I wanted to go to the bridge again but I know I have to make this work, I've/I'm going to get a flat if I can stick at it. I mean, I can't expect to be living in a hotel!

I'm crying whilst writing, I don't know how much more I can take, how much stress do they expect people to go through before they break?

11:30pm, I've just got back from Tracey's (domestic at Barrow)house, if she hadn't have insisted on me going round I don't know if I'd have coped, I was nearly on my way to the bridge as it was.

I can't accept that this is gong to be my "home" for a few months, everything inside me is screaming "disappear", you're not getting the right support so start again elsewhere but if I do that it will be in another psychiatric hospital which at the moment I could swing that way at any time. I feel I have nothing to live for.

Thursday 24th July 2003.

Dear Sky. 7:30pm, hardly slept last night, the bed has no cushioning, just springs and the bedding is itchy, the room is cold, had to wear a jumper to bed and at 1:30am, just after falling to sleep a guy was thrown out of the house which meant there was a load of shouting.

Within the hour I would have packed my bags, I've just got to decide now whether I'm spending the night in my car or up the bridge. I can't stay here, there's 15 rooms with at least one person in each, this isn't your average B&B, I can't stay, it's not right.

Spent all morning on Barrow and not one nurse said a word to me. I spent all day fighting the urge to buy some Nytol and return to the bridge.

One person and one person only stopped me, dear old Tracey. I'm sat on a bed in her home writing this, she's offered me more support than anyone else, I've led everyone to believe that I'm sleeping in my car.

Their options are 1, to return home. 2, to return to the B&B. 3, to be put in another B&B or hostel where I will stay for the rest of the year till they can get a flat.

They don't seem to understand that doing that will be detrimental. I came so close to giving up today, it was purely Tracey who helped me to stay, I have no fight left in me, and I wanted to show them what they've all done to me. That it's not only when I'm in hospital I do things.

Two days ago I didn't think they could throw much more at me but they proved me wrong. I have no idea where my life's going to go from here. Fuck knows it aint going to be easy. I was a fool to trust my consultant; I wonder what tomorrow'll bring!

Friday 25th July 2003.

Dear Sky. I took an o.d after a heated talk with Kelly, didn't go to the BRI, and just rode it out.

Saturday 26th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Feeling a lot better today, I'm glad I didn't take as many tablets as I'd planned. Part of me wanted to take them to show my key nurse and everyone else what they're doing to me, that it's not just hospital that does it. Also in the back of my mind was the classic "one more" convincing myself that I needed to o.d before I could try to move on. Maybe that's part of the problem, I'm trying too hard.

I'm still at Tracey's bless her, seems I've been here longer than since Thursday, I feel so relaxed, the house is hardly quiet but it feels so good being here.

I'm dreading going back to Barrow on Monday, scared to face reality again but it doesn't have to be my reality, time to move on???!!!!!???

Sunday 27th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent today down Burnham-On-Sea. Took Tracey's Mum down as she's moving into a caravan, it's lovely. Tracey's emphasized on the point today that I'm more than welcome here, for however long I may need. She's been giving me so much support and I have enjoyed myself and been relaxed and comfortable this weekend.

Monday 28th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent the allocated 2hrs over dinner on the ward with no one saying a word to me, my key nurse ignored me.

When Tracey came home she said that her and my key nurse had talked and she knows I'm staying here and doesn't have a problem with it but no one else on the ward knows because certain people would have a problem. Some nurses don't even like us talking.

Wednesday 30th July 2003.

Dear Sky. Phoned up for several job application forms today, I desperately need a job, I am so bored. Am also not sleeping as much as I used to because I'm not tiring myself out during the day, I'm not physically needing to sleep. I'm also eating too much, I hate to think how much I weigh, the scales are coming out of storage in the next load.

Been chatting about Barrow and its nurses with Tracey, been fault finding or praise preaching, depending on which nurse!

I'm desperate for a job, I've been so bored, I hate to think what I'm going to do tomorrow, probably go to the cat and dog sanctuary as I've not been since Friday and I've got to go to Barrow to see my psychologist.

Thursday 31st July 2003.

Dear Sky. I went round my parents this morning, whilst I was there I weighed myself, 8.2 stone, no arguments, I have to loose weight, the topic isn't up for discussion. I've been eating far too much recently and there is no excuse for it. Eating is a disgusting habit which I don't need to fully participate in.

Friday 1st August 2003.

Dear Sky. Got myself a job this morning, working for a recruitment agency, they supply agency staff for hospitals and care homes, and I'm registered as an HCA. I don't know how much work I'll be getting, I've made myself available for anytime, anywhere. I'm really keen to get experience.

Got my scales, my parents scales were out, by mine and it's mine I go by, I'm 8.0 ½ stone. That's one quick way to loose weight! Still need to send that 8 comfortably out of reach.

I'm scared of loosing the control I have to harm myself when I need to, having to force myself not to cause of work, I guess I'm scared of being normal.

Saturday 2nd August 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent the day down Burnham-On-Sea, Tracey's Mum moved into her caravan. I've been a bit short tempered today so I kept myself to myself, didn't feel like socializing, occupied myself by looking after the baby whilst everyone went out.

Been stopping myself from eating as much as I have been, maybe that was another reason for the way I've been feeling.

Sunday 3rd August 2003.

Dear Sky. Felt absolutely crap again today, it's got to be the weather, it changed to sunny yesterday and I don't do the sun, I prefer to stay inside. It just gives me a bad headache and makes me tearful.

Didn't sleep, we had the kids, I slept with Lucky (the dog), both the kids and dog wouldn't settle, then Tracey's daughter came in at 3:00am, so yeah, I'm feeling pretty shit. And to make things worse I'm still eating too much.

Monday 4th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Woke up every 2hrs last night needing the toilet, I get that quite often it's so frustration. I found myself thinking back to when I was first admitted, how dehydrated I was, I couldn't even go to the toilet properly, nothing would come out, blood tests every other day and then I find myself wanting to go back to that but I couldn't, my frame of minds different, I must have been really ill back then.

I wish my team would make their minds up about what's going on with me. My consultant; nothing, just problems, my key nurse; Borderline personality disorder, then the classic eating disorder and depression that gets thrown in every so often.

I start the day off weighing 7.13 ½ stone- safety figure but by the end I weigh 8.1 stone-fat figure. Got to get away from this. Part of my problem is that I'm in all day; get bored, so I eat.

Although I know I'd feel crap afterwards and there is no point to it I still want to o.d. I guess it's the attention I miss, even though it's the most negative attention you could want. I also feel that I need to keep reminding myself that I can still do it, that it is an option.

Started a cross stitch for my parents for Christmas today. I want to find out where Gaby was buried, I didn't go to her burial it would have been too much. The only possibility I can think of is whether a nurse will know. It doesn't make sense that she's dead, for a short time she was a huge part of my life, spent all day everyday together, the terrible two.

I think I've got to the point where I've worn Barrow out. I'd refuse to be readmitted again, but another hospital?

Tuesday 5th August 2003.

Dear Sky. I've managed to stay 7.13 ¼ stone today! I had 2 caramel shortcakes for breakfast, 6 small chicken Kebab squewers for lunch and a cheese string for tea. I didn't want the shortcakes but I was starving to the point of feeling sick and I'd been craving them all day yesterday. My sleeping is still messed up.

I watched Trisha this morning, it was about fat people, for one woman it was obvious that it went a lot deeper, then when she said that she took 40 laxatives a day everyone gasped, even me, forgetting I used to take 40 a day. I sometimes forget or undermine how bad I've been.

Just had a bath, caught myself in the mirror and automatically examined my stomach and ribs. It brought back a hazy memory of one time on Barrow. I remember being in the shower one day and noticing/ realizing my bones were showing through. My ribs were easily noticeable and I didn't have a stomach but I can't remember my reaction to noticing my size. I can't remember whether I was pleased or disgusted, I think it was more of a matter of fact, no emotions, just noticing what I looked like.

Wednesday 6th August 2003.

Dear Sky. 1:00pm; couldn't get off to sleep last night, I was too agitated. So far today I've managed to stay at 7.11 ½ stone. I made the decision last night that I'm going to starve myself to death. I don't want to fight with life anymore; I'm too scared I won't succeed. Life is just one empty gap that I can't fill, I don't have the energy or will power to keep fighting, so I'm just going to let what comes naturally to me take its course.

I've got some Nytol left over from the last o.d which I've just got out of the car, I need the sleep. It'll fuck me up but that's good because I'm not eating well, so far today I've ate 2 cheese strings and some lettuce. I'm determined for this weight to get down. My weight dropped quickly to 6 ½ stone when I was first admitted so there is no reason why I can't succeed again and go further.

9:30pm; I took the 8 Nytol and was in and out of sleep for a few hours not going to tell anyone. Still 7.10 ¼ stone. I've lost all motivation; I'm struggling to focus whilst writing this. I feel my life is going to be one long fight, what kind of life's that? I also think I won't be able to help other people in my position. I'm not some great person, one in a million; I'm just a stupid little girl.

Thursday 7th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Lost control today, started the day off weighing 7.10 ¼ stone, finished weighing 7.13 ½. I've ate 3 cheese strings and some chicken and a small fudge bar, drank 3 glasses of squash and one of Fanta. Feel that I've completely let myself down. Trying to keep reminding myself that this death isn't going to be a quick one, that it's just one day, it isn't gong to make a huge difference but seeing my stomach stick out like it does and the jeans I've been wearing are tight, doesn't do much for your confidence.

Went to the doctors today, got some Zopiclone and Diazepam, got to get it from the hospital next week. At least I'll be able to sleep tonight.

Tracey spoke to my key nurse today, she's been getting a hard time from the nurses because they found out I'm staying with her. I've tried to get my life back together but every time I've failed. I need to stop worrying about all the professionals involved in my care; they're not going to be there forever. They've seen loads of people come into the system and die; I'm no different to anyone else.

Like they keep telling me, I have to start thinking about me. I want to die, I want to starve myself, if it's what I want then so they keep saying, that's all that matters. At the end of the day it was me who fucked my life up completely, beyond repair when I was first admitted, when I stopped eating, when I finished my marriage, when I cut myself off from my parents. Me, not hormones, I chose to do those things so I have to choose what I'm going to do next, which path I'm going to take.

I've chosen the path to death, however long it may take. So slowly I'm going to start cutting myself off from the world, I don't need it anymore.

Friday 8th August 2003.

Dear Sky. 8:40am-7.10 ½ stone; I went to bed around 11:00pm last night, started thinking of my Mum and how much I miss her, I quickly got dressed and went home, only Katherine was there, everyone else comes back tomorrow, I just wanted to go home.

Going to see if my key nurse is in and ask to talk to her, see if she can house me somewhere other than a B&B. Tracey is getting so much hassle from the nurses, I didn't think that would happen and it's not fair on her. Just because my life is ending it doesn't mean that hers should go down as well. She puts on a hard act and says she doesn't care but it must be affecting her and she doesn't deserve it. She's a great person who should be treated better.

Finished off the day weighing 7.12 stone, I look and feel so fat, I've drunk far too much, I went on a web site this morning encouraging anorexia and calling it a life style not an illness. Said how water is anorexics best friend cause it makes you put on a load of weight instantly, it's not "real" weight. I've said this all along, I've always said drinking makes you put on more weight than eating. I don't feel comfortable faking my weight like that because I can see how fat it makes me and it disgusts me.

I've been in a right mess today, I phoned to see if my key nurse was in, told she wasn't in until Monday so I phoned my psychologist, he said he could see me at 12:30pm, then I phoned my social worker, said she could see me at 2:00pm, really struggled to fight back the tears with both of them.

Told my psychologist how bitchy the nurses had been, that I didn't want to be responsible for all that bad atmosphere, said I wanted to move out because of it, he tried convincing me how things might not be as bad as I was making, how Tracey says it doesn't bother her and next week it would be old gossip.

Also told my social worker, we talked about other accommodation, shared housing, looks like I'm applying for some, got the application forms. Told Tracey how I felt but not about the meetings and other accom. Said I didn't want to be the reason for a bad atmosphere, she said there wasn't any, that everyone was really nice, my key nurse had obviously given them what for.

Also told Tracey that I didn't want to let her down, how I want to kill myself but don't want it to come back at her. She listens to me and tries to talk sense into me but like everyone else, she doesn't understand where I'm coming from. I find it very hard to explain.

I DON'T WANT TO LIVE. That's all I can say, I've had enough of trying, I don't want to be successful, I can't stand the thought of living one meaningless day after the other. Besides, we all die eventually; I just want control over it and for that day to come sooner rather that later. The only person I have to answer to is myself.

Saturday 9th August 2003.

Dear Sky. When it gets dark and quiet I'm off to the Suspension bridge, I can't handle outside life. I can't ever see my life being good, I can't fight it. Anyway, by doing things like this it means I'm not eating. I'm trying not to think how it will effect people I know, blocking their feelings are the only way I can go ahead with it. I'll also take some Zopiclone as well which will help me think irrationally.

I'm just waiting for the balloon festival to be over and everyone to go home, the less people around the better. I can't be doing this life, I don't want to be a normal person living a normal life, it's not me. Loosing weight and killing myself are the only things I can think about.

Sunday 10th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Left for the Suspension bridge about 10:00pm last night, it was still packed from the balloon glow. Around midnight I took 10 x 7.5mg of Zopiclone and climbed onto the wall only to get pulled down. The police took me to the station and I woke up this morning in Southmead hospital.

Just vague memories about last night. I remember my shoes being taken off in the station, being hustled out, told I was going to Southmead hospital, whilst at Southmead I tied my socks around my neck, one was cut off, I fished them out of the bin and put them back on. I ran away from Southmead hospital around 11:00am this morning and walked back to the Suspension bridge, straight on top the wall, pulled back down, sectioned and taken back to the station.

It's 1:00am and the police just took me back to Tracey's. Said I wasn't detainable, stop being a drama queen and if I was to go to the bridge again I would be arrested and face court for something like breaking the peace. HELP.

Monday 11th August 2003.

Dear Sky. 8:30am; I was too tired to write properly last night. I'm so scared, I can't carry on like this but I don't know what to do. I want to be readmitted, everyone says hospital isn't the right place for me.

It's always on my mind that I'm another Gaby, I'm another Gaby; I'm scared that I really will be. It's like I've got this fascination to see how close I can come to death and OK it scares me, I guess I don't really want to die but I can't stop acting the way I do.

Whilst I was in the cell yesterday I was on constant watch, I also had to be handcuffed because I managed to get a shoe lace round my neck and kept biting my arm. Everyone says that I've got one advantage, the fact that I'm young I've got the rest of my life ahead of me, maybe I need more time in hospital. Something's got to change; I've lost all confidence I might have ever had.

Did a lot of talking to 2/3 of the officers that watched me. Talked about JJB and like when I always talk about it I put across how positive it was without realizing it, how happy and confident, where's those feelings gone? I can't live out here, I can't live in the world, feel I can't talk to my key nurse or my consultant about it, all they'll say is that they'll put extra support in but I've heard that so many times from them, if it does happen it doesn't last.

I need to talk to my psychologist, he listens and has a lot of power, and I can trust him to stick to whatever he says.

10:00pm; I have done so much crying today, I feel so lost and scared. Agreed with my psychologist that long term living plans is supported accom rather than independent, independent is aiming too high.

I need someone to save me, to stop me from harming myself. I can't go on like this but I can't stop, I really don't want to be another Gaby but all it takes is one mistake and everyone seems OK with me "living" like that which can't be right, can it? I'm scared of tomorrow, scared of making it through. I have to be fully in the system to get any support; I'm only getting support from psychology.

My key nurse and consultant simply can't support me in the community, their jobs don't allow them.

Drove past Molitor today, 8 of us have stayed there, 4 have failed. This morning one guy was packing, more than likely kicked out for supplying drugs, when I left Tony was collection his stuff. Apparently he's been staying in B&B and has now got a flat from the system in W.S.M. It's all worked out nicely for him hasn't it? He's the guilty party yet he's getting helping hands to live in the community. Me? That made me angry, how he's doing better because of what he did and I still don't know if it's still being "investigated." It's such a crap world we live in.

Tuesday 12th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning by Tracey bringing in some flowers from the kid next door with a card saying I love you. My instant thought was oh no not again. I knew he liked me but not that serious, I've not done anything to lead him to believe I feel the same.

I'm also getting occasional messages from my old manager even though I've texted saying I need a break from texting him and he said he'd leave me alone but still, I love you and think the world of you 100 % and always will.

My key nurse gave Tracey a letter for me from some Dr for an appointment at Blackberry hill hospital on Thursday. It's a psychiatric hospital but that's all I know about it which is scaring me.

I've stayed in my PJ's all day, too scared to get dressed and go out. I'm still thinking of going back up to the bridge and dreading when I go again or o.d.

I'm hardly going to the toilet anymore, too dehydrated, only had one glass, this morning. Also starting to go dizzy when I stand up, everything just goes blurry and out of focus.

Now I've lost ½ stone in a week the weight is starting to come off slower, I've been 7.8 ½ stone now for 2-3 days, hopefully that will go down soon, maybe I'll have to go back on the laxatives.

Wednesday 13th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Didn't half have a long chat with my consultant today, lots of things were said and plans to make arrangements made but as to how much I believe them? Very little.

He started off by doing all the talking, for quite a while I wanted to say how I felt but couldn't, it probably took about ½ hour for me to pluck up the courage and put my opinion across.

Then the talking really began, I find that now I find it hard to find my voice in those situations but once I do I talk honestly and openly. He said he's starting to understand me now, that he's starting to work with a real person who's really hurting, not like 2yrs ago when he "couldn't understand how I was alive" through starvation and dehydration.

We talked about hospitalization, disagreed on it being a benefit, he recons it wouldn't stop my negative behavior. Touched on childhood and the role my parents had

in my life. Talked about the difficulties I have with male relationships, discussed accom, going to a therapeutic community and moving me on from Tracey's as an emergency.

Going to arrange for me to attend a day center and get involved in activities. I cried so much whilst talking, told him how desperate and unsafe I was feeling. I'm not gong to have anymore contact with the ward and that probably involves my key nurse which doesn't bother me, break off the relationship whilst I still have good memories and a good opinion of her.

She had an interview for ward manager today, she's too involved in her job on the ward to be involved in me which I don't begrudge or hate her for. The only thing I want from her is for her to admit she can't support me in the community and to stop making promises she can't keep in supporting me.

The doctor I've got to see tomorrow I've apparently seen before, I think it's the one I saw when the nurses tried chucking me out and my consultant was away. Apparently he's going to chat with me in detail, about 1 ½ hours about my behavior, where it all comes from.

Started taking laxatives again, I can't shift this weight. My psychologist and consultant both understand that they can't persuade me to eat although my psychologist is worried about fluids they understand that I'm not starving myself to be ultra thin or anorexic, that I stop eating when things get hectic and I start eating again when I feel more relaxed.

I don't know how long I can hold off taking an o.d; I don't know how long I can stay safe. Why do I hold on to this unrealistic dream of "getting better?" you know, a few weeks ago I wouldn't have said I needed to "get better" but I use that phrase now, not in the sense that I need to recover from some illness but in the sense that my behavior and attitude towards life needs to "get better."

I don't enjoy being like this, I don't enjoy having scars up my arm, I don't enjoy overdosing, I don't enjoy standing on the bridge wall, I don't enjoy strangling myself, I don't enjoy starving myself, I don't enjoy having all this confusion in my head. I know something isn't right but I or anyone else can't figure out what it is. Like I keep saying, I feel like I need to be saved, that someone needs to save me.

I don't want my past to be shut away, to be forgotten, I want to talk about it, to remember it, to search in detail, and maybe I'll get that opportunity tomorrow. I've got to keep reminding myself not to build up false hopes about everything my consultant said today, I've got to keep reminding myself that it's going to take time if real support ever happens. In the mean time, while all this is supposedly being organized I can't stop myself from harming myself, maybe to the point when it's too late to turn back. I feel so broken, beyond repair.

Thursday 14th August 2003.

Dear Sky. 1:00am, 7.7 stone; finally reached the half way mark in my weight. I got to Blackberry hill this morning only for the Dr to call me when he knew I was there because he'd told my key nurse yesterday he couldn't make it. Communication!

Saw my psychologist at 10:00am, got back and had a phone call from my social worker asking where I was, my key nurse had arranged a CPA for 10:30am. Communication!

They all knew I was supposed to be seeing the Dr then, my psychologist and I hadn't been told anything about it, even so, he would have said this morning because he's supposed to be there.

Just brought some Nytol, if I o.d I don't have to worry about everything and I also wont eat. Things are going to take so long to organize but no ones admitting it, I can't wait long, and I feel desperate, desperate for help I'm not getting.

7:00pm, 7.4 ¼ stone; I've just got back from the BRI after discharging myself. My pulse went up to over 150, I think they wanted a psychiatrist to see me.

Friday 15th August 2003.

Dear Sky. 1:00pm; I don't know how much longer I can manage to keep myself safe. I phoned my psychologist, he said he'd sort a few things out and get back to me.

I want to go to hospital, a therapeutic community or long stay supported accommodation but they take weeks to sort out. I feel so weak that I can't do anything and although I want to go to hospital till other accom is sorted it still scares me. I just don't know what's been happening recently to get me in such a state.

Sunday 17th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a bad day today, ate a bit and been water loading, my stomach is huge and finished the day weighing 7.10 stone, trying to tell myself that one load a day is OK, as long as it doesn't become a habit.

Got all my stuff over from storage, that's £40 less a month, I have to pay. Took the dogs for a walk up Ashton court, lost Skye, spent ¼ hour looking for him only for him to be waiting at the car, he knew he'd done wrong cause he came up to me, head down and led down as if to say "sorry, be nice to me" dumb dog, love him though.

You can't help but. I wonder if anything's been done about me moving, I'm really going to push everyone for it, they've got authority, so use it. It's great here short term but I don't want to be here much longer.

Monday 18th August 2003.

Dear Sky. It's happening again, I'm loosing control, eating too much and drinking way too much, weigh 7.11 ¾ stone, at least most of the weight is fluid. Got the meeting with the Dr tomorrow, he's going to be asking a load of questions about when I was in hospital so I'm going to go through you to remind myself.

Went up Ashton court again with the dogs and my family which was nice, good atmosphere. Got the meds I should have got Friday so I'm going to knock myself out tonight, can't wait! Well I'm gong back down memory lane!

Tuesday 19th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Been wanting to o.d all day, brought 16 Nytol this morning. 4:00pm, just got back form a hard meeting with the Dr and taken 16 Nytol and 6 Zopiclone.

Wednesday 20th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Tracey took me to the BRI last night, stayed with me for quite a while; they wanted me to stay in overnight for obs, soon got agitated and had to leave, around 2:00am I had to phone Dad to bring me back, told him I'd just hit a bad patch and took a few tablets too many.

Been asleep most of this morning, I want to o.d again, I'm never going to get better, and I feel I'm treating Tracey like shit which she doesn't deserve. My life is all over the place and when people offer to help I just throw it all back in their face. I just want to o.d again, punish myself more, and make my life crap.

I can't remember exactly what Dad said or the situation but he said him and Mum were starting to get worried about Hannah. He said along the lines of she was writing a story about a girl who's parents died, cutting her wrists and wanting to kill herself.

Hannah's only 11 and I've influenced her so much that she's writing about stuff like that at her age. I've been saying for ages that I could see Hannah going the same way as me.

I told Dad last night that I was having a bad patch, I had to tell him something, said how things are up and down. He said "it's still not a great life to be living." Well, I'm sorry, I'm trying, I'm sorry for being who I am, I'm sorry for being the reason for negative feelings amongst my family, I'm sorry I've fucked mine and everyone's life up.

Anyway how did Mum and Dad know about Hannah's story? Would she have told them or are they still the same, interfering with privacy? I know my life isn't great, it's crap. I hate myself and everything I do but I don't understand why I'm like this. I WANT TO DIE.

Thursday 21st August 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate myself so much, I feel so suicidal, I just want to take a huge amount of Nytol and be done with it, to not have to worry about anything, for life not to be one huge fight, for life to be over and to be at peace with myself.

I was at the BRI again last night with chest pains, they didn't do anything. It's my last night at Tracey's, I'm moving to a female hostel. I made Tracey cry; I've exhausted her, made her feel like she's let me down. Nobody's let me down, I'm beyond help, the only thing I'm holding on to is that this hostel might be OK, if tomorrow I find it isn't then I'll o.d. I'm just having an early night and taking Diazepam, waiting for tomorrow.

Friday 22nd August 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 7:30pm and I'm sat in my room in the hostel, booked in with Tracey at 10:00am, made her cry again, I've been told that I have to keep stopping by and see her. It seems nice enough here, moved in the basics of my stuff, just been back to Tracey's to get a bit more, only the dogs there, Lucky was all over me, she'd missed me terribly.

Got my meds and saw my consultant this afternoon, he's gone back to the Borderline personality disorder theory again, impulsive type so it looks like I'm stuck

with that, he said how I'll be in therapy for 2-3yrs but if I get through it then the outcome is quite good.

The hostel is for women only, 16 I think for a 3 month stay. I'm sat here thinking what now? I'm all alone with overdosing being the only thing on my mind; at least A&E is a familiar setting! But I'm forcing myself to stay, at least for the night, I've got to give it a try show some enthusiasm.

What a life, what a hard crap life it's turned out to be.

Saturday 23rd August 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 2:00pm, slept well last night, got up at 10:00am brought my music and videos over, did food shopping, brought a pack of Nytol and I want to o.d. Sat here with music on, can't think of any reason why I shouldn't o.d, if I take Zopiclone with me to A&E and take that throughout the stay then I should stay there until they tell me to go.

I think that's what I'm doing, why I keep overdosing, keep doing it until I stay there for the whole duration, if I do it tonight I won't effect anyone else either, Tracey's away as well as my family, no better time to do it.

Sunday 24th August 2003.

Dear Sky. I got to the BRI at 5:00pm but unsurprisingly only stayed for about 2hrs. They were really busy, people had been waiting 5-6hrs, and I didn't want to waste their time. Saw the Triage nurse, was nice to me, I think my pulse was only in the 90s. As soon as I left I regretted it but for some reason I can't grasp control of staying. I drove back, completely out of it, went straight to bed, very disturbed sleep, and had a shower around 10:00am.

I told one of the staff, she was very nice, been having the after effects all day, heart pounding, tight chested and tight lungs, because I was feeling so crap I just wanted to o.d again. It scares me the fact that people say "the next one could be your last," that I'm slowly killing myself; doing damage every time and my body can only take so much. That one day it'll just hold its hands up and say, "That's enough; I can't cope with all these pills." But it's not enough to scare me into stopping doing it, I don't want to die but I don't want to live either, it's like I wont give up until I know I've done some damage but I'll never know cause I keep running away.

I get caught up in thinking about where's my life going and I can't see any bright future. Overdosing is also a safety net, in the sense that I've been doing it for so long I know what to expect. I can't imagine my life without all this crap. I knew I'd feel shit today but I still carried on, at least I didn't o.d today, this morning I came so close.

I try to keep reminding myself that if I feel bad and need time out from the world all I need to do is take 10mg of Diazepam. But it doesn't have the same drive as an o.d, I don't know what I'm trying to achieve by taking all these overdoses, I guess it's the best way I can express how shit I feel. It also feels that talking about it is too much effort, that it's easier to o.d. I know the outcome isn't good but I still do it.

Monday 25th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Another day been and done, don't want to go to bed cause it only means waking up for another crap day. Thought about why I o.d, one thought stuck, I'm scared of moving on and being independent, it scared the shit out of me, by overdosing I'm prolonging that event, scared I wont be able to live alone, scared of being normal, having to cope day by day. Some people would want to just chuck me out there and see if I sink or swim but the feeling of needing to be protected is so overwhelming.

At times I want that independence and start to see glimmers of it but they soon get destroyed and I end up relying on others completely again, do I do this on purpose? I think I do it sub consciously. I've come to realize that off loading my problems and myself onto the general public, friend, family, only hurts people, they can't cope with me or what I do. I have to keep my true feelings to professionals, they get paid to listen and help, they do it because it's their job, and the emotional ties are very weak.

Tuesday 26th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Its 10:30am, I just woke up and I want to get dressed and go and buy some Nytol. I know I could damage myself and I know what the after effects are going to be like but I still want to do it.

Got back from the BRI at 8:00pm, took 32 at 11:00am, they wanted me to say the night but I couldn't, that's when I start getting restless. Before I went in I was sat outside for about one hour and for the first time I can remember I was sick, I nearly chocked on it twice, I couldn't inhale.

My lungs are tight, my heart is pounding, hot stabbing pains in my kidneys, how do I know if I've done serious damage?

Wednesday 27th August 2003.

Dear Sky. I think I'm addicted to Nytol. It's the only thing I can think of, the only reason why I can think that I keep doing it. Looking back to yesterday I could have died by chocking on my vomit, I couldn't move, I knew I had to get inside but couldn't move, if a stranger hadn't got me into the hospital I don't know what would've happened. My chest is still a bit tight but the stabbing pains have gone.

I'm so scared that the next o.d will be my last but being scared isn't enough to stop me, I need help with this, I don't want to die but these overdoses are deadly, one day it will be my last. It's probably too late anyway, it's probably killing me slowly already.

Thursday 28th August 2003.

Dear Sky. Not done much today, spent most of it doing cross stitch and listening to a book, back into that, I do find it quite enjoyable and relaxing, I can loose myself in the book for the 10hrs plus that they go on for. I don't have to worry about the world, just loose myself in the book and its characters, and escape from reality.

Told my consultant that I think I'm addicted, going to look at it next week. What you would automatically think is my back but is actually one of my kidneys, have been almost unbearingly painful this afternoon. It/they've been hurting since Tuesday, not constantly but when it hurts it hurts. Am I being unreasonable to worry about it? My

insides have hurt badly after overdoses before but always gone but when do I know when my body has had enough?

Friday 29th August 2003.

Dear Sky. 3:00pm; I've just got back from shopping with the girls and popping to my parents, brought some Nytol, Kidneys are killing and I just want to cry my eyes out. It was nice seeing them but wanting to buy Nytol was constantly on my mind, it was too much; I just wanted to come back, to safety.

I'm so scared Sky, I'm so scared, scared of what people think of me, I'm just a silly little girl who keeps taking overdoses for attention. Do people think I enjoy being like this? Do people think I think its fun? Cause I don't, I hate being like this, I hate the person I am, the things I do, I'm just so scared.

5:00pm; o.d.

Saturday 30th August 2003.

Dear Sky. I managed to keep myself at A&E, came back late this morning. I feel so bad, that I've got no fight left in me, I want all this to stop, I can't carry on like this, someone please help me.

Sunday 31st August 2003.

Dear Sky. Slept straight for over 12hrs, didn't get up till gone 11:00am. Saw my family and Grandma, for some reason I felt like I had to. Spent the evening lost in the tape and cross stitch.

I didn't like being outside, all the thoughts and feelings associated with overdosing came back but in my room with the tape they disappeared. I felt happier, like I could stay in those hours forever. It does seem like once I've physically recovered from an o.d and try to get on with my life, that wanting to o.d again becomes stronger.

What made me stay in A&E Friday night? Was it because the staff here knew? So I wasn't worried about coming back or that they'd called an ambulance? Or that it wasn't regular staff on? Even though the nurses do seem to be getting nicer towards me I struggled to stay for the first few hours but after that I calmed down and accepted that I was there for the night, a nurse told me I had to drink something like three liters during the night, I can remember giving a kind of giving up/ accepting sigh and force 3 cups down before falling asleep.

I think what also relaxed me was that the Dr said that if I got agitated during the night they might be able to give me some Diazepam oh and I'd taken a few Zopiclone a few hours into being there! And they put me straight on a bed in the major end.

It's gone midnight, I took 15mg of Zopiclone and 10mg of Diazepam about 1 hour ago and I can't sleep.

My sisters are going back to school next week and I'm so concerned about them. It's also bringing up a lot of anger about the first few years of secondary school for me. I don't want Hannah to turn out like me but I'm so worried she will. Friends are so much more important than an education; I can see that even if my parents can't.

I'll never forget their disapproval of seeing the school counselor for friends support because it meant missing lessons. Anyway what's an education to my parents? They only want us married off with kids A.S.A.P. I want to protect my sisters from the crap I had, I want them to know I'm hear 24-7 and unlike my parents, I understand them.

Monday 1st September 2003.

Dear Sky. Half set my mind at rest by arranging to take Hannah to school on Wednesday, although it didn't help her to hear that she didn't have any real friends she knew going to her senior school. We sat and chatted for a bit, made her understand that she could tell me anything and it would go no further, but if she chose to or not was her decision. Told her she had the right not to tell anyone anything. I feel so protective of her; I've just got this gut instinct telling me that she's going to struggle like I did.

As for my other thoughts and feeling, I feel like I'm getting fatter and fatter and eating more and more. I'm trying to tell myself that the past week I've spent just as long out of it as I have with it due to overdosing.

Also that I haven't had any hot food since I've been here although that is purely because they don't have a microwave at the moment.

Tuesday 2nd September 2003.

Dear Sky. Stayed in bed till 10:30am, didn't want to get up, no point, just lay there thinking. Thought about loads, two things stuck out. The night Tony assaulted me went round and round my head, picturing, replaying everything that had happened.

Also the time I denied taking an o.d but taken to A&E cause my blood pressure was really low. I never told anyone I had actually taken some of another patient's meds that he kept in a tin; I hadn't a clue what I'd taken. I still can't remember much of that night, I just remember being cold.

I'm struggling not to o.d; the only thing stopping me is that I'd arranged to take Hannah to school tomorrow as well as giving Jane her birthday present and going to the cinema with Katherine. I've spent most of the day trying to work out when I can next safely o.d but haven't come up with anything.

Wednesday 3rd September 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been long and tiring, got Hannah off to school, got back then Jane phoned asking if I wanted to go to Cadbury garden center with her and Mum, couldn't say no to her so I went, got back midday. Relaxed until around 3:00pm, went and brought 32 Nytol. 7:00pm went back home, gave Jane her birthday present then went to see Jeepers Creepers 2 with Katherine.

It's 9:30pm; just got back and I'm debating whether or not to take the tablets. Part of me is saying no, to just go to bed and do it tomorrow. Then the major part of me is saying why wait? You obviously want to do it tonight otherwise you wouldn't have brought them. Which side do I listen to? I don't know if I've got the effort to o.d or get to the hospital but once I've taken them I'm out of it anyway so I act semi subconsciously. I'm not making any sense. All I'm doing is delaying the inevitable. I just think of my

pathetic little life and can't help but despair. I'm probably full of too much self pity and too much time on my hands but that's the situation I'm in and at the moment there's not much I can or want to do about it.

Just sitting here taking my life bit by bit, slowly watching my life pass by me wondering when I'm going to get off my fat ass and do something about it but at the moment all I can do is live in this nightmare.

Oh what the fuck, I might as well give in and get it over and done with. 10:00pm; 32 Nytol

Thursday 4th September 2003.

Dears ky. It's been a long fight last night. Didn't go to the BRI unti mid day. All the side effects were quite powerful.

Friday 5th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I am so tired, tired of life and having to fight with it. Yesterday's entry was written 24hrs after the o.d and it's a mess. I can't remember much about Wednesday night, can't remember being sick, just saw the leftovers. I was still REALLY out of it yesterday, usually after the first 7hrs the BRI aren't interested but I spent quite a while there. I was still hallucinating and couldn't talk properly.

My life is such a mess, I know the only person who can sort it out is me but I am so tired and drained of energy, all I want to do is curl up and hide.

Saturday 6th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Done virtually nothing today, I hate myself so much. I'm at the point again where I find myself wishing that I had a serious mental illness, that I'm locked up and my life's a mess. Why? Why do I wish this on myself? Why do I wish for a fucked up life? I struggle to feel safe unless someone's looking after me. What kind of sick, twisted mind am I living in? Why can't I just be happy and accept it.

Sunday 7th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I want to go back to hospital, I feel that I can't cope by myself, that I can't get on and enjoy my life, I feel that I belong in the mental health system, that I need to be protected from the rest of the world.

Monday 8th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I've been very tearful today, not really done much, just stayed in my room, found it very hard not to o.d. I'm going through the stage again where I don't want a normal life. I want to stay protected and to some extent cared for, I'm fighting away the desire for a job and happiness, flat, pet, normal things.

I'm scared of being normal, scared of being just another person. I wish I didn't think about my life so much, just let happen whatever's going to happen and just get on and except life.

Tuesday 9th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Every day now for nearly a week I've been fighting not to o.d, it's been the only thing on my mind and I've given up fighting. It's 5:30pm and I've got 32 Nytol ready. Why fight? Why bother? I can't think of any reason not to. I know it won't kill me, I guess I don't want it to, I just want it to fuck me up, which it does and if it does it permanently? Accidentally go too far? Then all the better, I won't have to fight anymore. Everyone says there's nothing they can do.

They can help people on drugs and with other addictions, is it just a case of they've put nearly 2yrs work in and they've had enough now, who can blame them. I hope I do go too far tonight, maybe then the situation will be looked at differently.

Wednesday 10th September 2003.

Dear Sky. It's been 24hrs since I took the tablets and I'm still suffering really badly. I fell asleep on the sofa in front of the TV, the staff woke me and knew straight away, I couldn't speak a sentence and said different things to what I thought I said, was also hallucinating. Got back 2:30am this morning.

Thursday 11th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I feel so ill, I just want to curl away and hide, my insides are still hurting but apart from that I just feel really week. Something else is going on in my head that I'm either not aware of or not admitting to. My life just doesn't make sense. Why do I keep overdosing when I know what it does to me but doesn't affect me long term. Why do I keep feeling that I need to be at the BRI, that I need to be looked after? And why can't anyone do anything about it?

Friday 12 September 2003.

Dear Sky. Didn't get out of bed till gone midday, slept straight through the night, I was exhausted. I've been feeling really guilty today. You hear on the news or watch programmes in which people have lost their lives, kids, people who have everything to live for and then suddenly it's taken away.

Then there are people like me who keep hurting themselves, not grateful for the life they've been given. I'm such a spiteful, self centered bitch. Why can't I at least accept the life that I've been given and fulfill each day, appreciate the life I have cause so many people have so much worse.

Saturday 13th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a terrible sleep last night, ended up taking double my meds and I've felt ill for it today. Spent the morning shopping with Katherine, had a good time. A girl my age moved in yesterday, she looked familiar, as it turned out she was in Barrow the same time as me. I'm feeling a bit more positive but for how long?

3:00AM THURSDAY 22ND MAY 2003

You'll never know the damage you did,
The pain and hurt I keep inside.
From that one awful night,
That'll forever stay in my mind.

You did to me things I'd never seen,
But now will never leave my sight.
You took away something I wanted to keep,
Something I value so deep.

I do not hate you,
But I hate what you did.
You changed my life,
The memories I'll always relive.

I'm scared now it could happed again,
I'm worried all men are the same.
You take what you want,
With no thought of what you leave.

Well you left one heap of a mess,
A girl that doesn't want to live.
Several times I've tried to die,
Because of what you did.

Months on its still clear in my head,
The pain will never go away.
In my nightmares I see so clear,
That terrible break of day.



Sunday 14th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate myself so much, I can't go out without wanting to buy tablets, if Asda had a pharmacy I would have brought some but the fact that I didn't doesn't make me proud it just upsets me because I know it's only a matter of time before I do.

Everyone says that I'm a very talented person; again, that doesn't make me proud. Instead it makes me feel guilty cause look what I'm doing with my life, I'm wasting it. It hurts so much for there being nothing professionals can do to help, that it's down to me because I feel I can't do it and that there's got to be something they can do. I feel that I'm crying out for help but there's no help available.

I wish someone could also tell me honestly whether if I carry on with all these overdoses whether or not it will eventually kill me. Maybe if I knew for sure I would make my mind up whether to stop or not. I want to make a difference to others lives but I can't get out of the life I'm living at the moment, I feel so stuck.

FIGHTING TO LIVE

Somebody please help me
I don't know what to do.
I'm struggling so hard to stay alive
I don't know if I'll make it through.

The sorrow I always seem to feel
Is taking over my life.
It won't let me be happy
It just making me feel strife.

I don't have the strength to fight it
I don't know where to begin.
When I feel there's no point in trying
Giving up will always win.

I'm scared of being happy
Of not having all this pain.
I can't cope without hurting myself
It's part of me that will always remain.

I often wonder what life would be like

If I didn't feel this way.
I honestly believe I wouldn't survive
Without the despair I feel each day.

I don't know how long I can live like this
It's slowly killing what's inside.
If this is what my life will be like
I don't know if I want to survive.



Monday 15th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I want to mean something in life, I want to wear a uniform, I want to be part of a team, I want to matter, I want to make a difference, I want to mean something but I can't, I can't live without hurting myself, I can't let go of that dependency.

I started going to a group, its run Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10-2pm, it's a support/ activities group. As it happens 3 ex patients from Barrow are there at the moment as well as an ex nurse helping to run it. It's a crises support group which you attend for about 6 weeks and they'll also help you with moving on and do you know what I did straight after? I went and brought a pack of Nytol.

I plan to take 50 tablets sometime Friday, the group was good, the support I'm getting at the moment is good but I can't cope without overdosing, I'm dependant on it. What kind of life is that? Why won't I give myself a chance? Why am I scared of success?

Tuesday 16th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a lazy day today, just been doing the cross stitch for Mum and Dad whilst listening to a story, had a good meeting with my psychologist, redid my care plan, not that I got a copy of the other one which was never rally implicated.

Brought another pack of Nytol ready for Friday, one more left to get. I feel like I have to commit myself to Nytol, I'm scared to live without it. I know what I need to do but I'm scared to do it. I need to grab life with both hands and go for it, stop myself from withdrawing into myself, only I can control my destiny but I'm scared to take that control. Scared to live a safe life from harming myself, scared of being normal, I feel that by overdosing it is the only way people will pay me attention even if it is forced and negative but by doing it it makes people care about me.

Wednesday 17th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a good time with the group, only 3 of us turned up so we were able to get the service to pay for us to go to the S.S Great Britain. I've lived in Bristol my whole life and never been on it, always wanted to. I enjoyed it, it was interesting, also went on the Matthew, the group finishes at 2:00pm, I stayed till 4:00pm just chatting with another service user and one of the staff, so today's not been too bad really.

Because there's no microwave here I'm managing to keep my weight between 7 ½ - 7.10 stone quite easily which is great. I have just this second received a text message from my old manager;

"Relationships? No, sex? No, stress? No, nor games, mistrust or abuse do I seek. If friendship and protection are what you need, I have them. Yours always."

Why is he doing this to me? Can't a guy take a hint? Or a blatant asking to leave me alone? What do I do about it? Am I just over reacting? Do I take it seriously? I mean, what kind of message is that to send out of the blue like that?

Thursday 18th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a wonderful wake up call this morning, my car had been broken into! They smashed a small window on a back door, got into my boot and took my cross stitch stuff, probably about £200 worth. The windows going to cost around £80 to fix and I have no money till Wednesday. So that was a good start.

I sent a message to my old manager asking him to delete my number and not use it again, he replied "OK," see how long that lasts.

Brought the 3rd pack of Nytol, now ready and I feel like overdosing now, struggling not to, the only thing stopping me is I've got the group tomorrow.

Physically I feel really ill, drained, week and no energy as well as tired, don't know what's causing it.

After seeing my psychologist at Barrow I bumped into one of the security guards and we chatted for a while. Somewhere along the line we got onto the topic of the night I'd caught a taxi back after leaving the BRI and had no money.

The security guard told me that the taxi driver brought me back to the lodge and thought I had died in his car, I had taken my trainers off at some stage, he said the driver left and I had wandered off down toward mother and baby unit, he followed me, I was really scared, he brought me back to Molitor arm in arm and was joking with him. How much of this do I remember? None, a complete blank.

I'm wasting my life at the moment which upsets me but I'm scared to live any other way. I want my life back yet I'm planning an o.d, it doesn't make any sense. I'm just feeling really low at the moment and I'm struggling.

Friday 19th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I took 48 Nytol and up this end to it. (I took 48 Nytol last night after writing to you and spent most of today at the BRI)

Saturday 20th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I was really messed up yesterday; at least now I've taken the o.d I don't have to worry about it. Spent almost all day in bed, couldn't be bothered and didn't see any point in getting up, my body needed to recover anyway.

Sunday 21st September 2003.

Dear Sky. Fully recovered from the o.d now, why do I keep doing it? I feel like I don't belong anywhere, that I'm an outcast and always will be. Is it so wrong to want a life? A job? To feel that I belong somewhere? To feel needed and appreciated? I know all that stuff will only happen if I really try and to give up all my negative behaviors but it is so hard. It's hard to be positive when you feel that you've got nothing to feel positive about.

Monday 22nd September 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 7:00pm and to stop myself from crying and to calm down I've just taken 32 Nytol. A member of staff said to park outside on double yellow lines and she'd keep an eye on it, I've now got a £40 fine, FUCK AM I PAYING IT. I got really wound up and overdosing was the only thing I could think of.

Tuesday 23rd September 2003.

Dear Sky. I didn't get back till 3:00am, can't remember most of it, I was sick on the sofa. I can't do this Sky; I'm going to end up like this for the rest of my life. Still in pain, still seeing and hearing things that aren't really there. I feel that I'm being torn in pieces; I don't know how much longer I can keep this up.

It's really hard to say this but maybe I need to go back on anti depressants, I just keep telling myself it's just a set back, just a set back but it's been like this for so long, or it could just be negative thoughts and stuff just before my period.

Wednesday 24th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Not done much today cried my eyes out last night. I feel that I'm such a waste, a waste to society and life. I can't help but want to spend the rest of my life in a hospital. Chest still hurts, can't remember arriving at the hospital or having and E.C.G, the only reason I knew I had one is cause I still had the stickers on.

Thursday 25th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I haven't done much today, slept through half of it, I have no energy, will power and I'm exhausted. All the time I've been awake I've wanted to be at the BRI. I don't know what it is about that place, I'm treated badly and hate being there but when I'm not there it's the one place I want to be.

Friday 26th September 2003.

Dear Sky. I was taken to the BRI last night; I had a care plan meeting this afternoon which went well, feel better this evening. I miss my family terribly but not enough to move back. I'm really tired again, I didn't want to go to the BRI last night but I had no choice, I was back just after 11:00pm, that's 3 times in a week again. I don't know what's going on; I've been in and out of the BRI for nearly 2yrs, when's it going to end?

Saturday 27th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Done absolutely nothing today, didn't get up till nearly midday. I wonder how long it'll be till I'm next in the BRI. I had 5 people in my C.P.A yesterday, 5 professionals all trying to help me and I keep overdosing. 2yrs, 2yrs of professional help, when did everything go wrong? I've been bad for years and years, professional help for nearly 2, why did things change 2yrs ago and when will things be right again?

Sunday 28th September 2003.

Dear Sky. This weekend's gone quick, can't believe its Monday tomorrow and Tuesday's the last day of September! The girl who's room's nest to mine was arrested this afternoon, the police pulled her door off cause she locked herself in, according to another service user she assaulted one of the staff, bitch. At the moment I want to be a Paramedic, don't know how long that'll last.

Monday 29th September 2003.

Dear Sky. Went to the group this morning, I'm quite enjoying it, went to the Common wealth museum this morning, the athletic part, it was quite fun, I like the staff; they're great to be around.

That finished at 2:00pm, just been doing cross stitch for the rest of the day, been OK. Been thinking about overdosing, wanting to o.d on Paracetamol but the memories of the last time and the promise I made myself that I wouldn't o.d on Paracetamol again is stopping me so Aspirins on my mind instead maybe with alcohol.

On my mind is Alcohol, Aspirin and Nytol, it's a pain always being on my mind but that's me, that's the person I've got to live with. I don't want to die but it doesn't stop me trying.

I think of my family, especially my sisters and think about how they'd cope if I killed myself. It's annoying that no one can help me, stop me overdosing, it's just something I've got to live with, that's what everyone's holding on to, that I don't go too far.

Aspirins a lot cheaper than Nytol and maybe the BRI will have to treat me differently but it will probably make me really ill. I'm trying not to but I know it won't last long. I've been really struggling with little money this past month; it's only been last week that I realized why.

Each pack of Nytol costs £4.20 and a taxi back from the BRI £5. Recently I've been taking 2 packs 3 times a week, that's around £25 a week, bare in mind the taxi as well, that taking away £50 from the £150 I get a fortnight. No wonder I've been struggling but I've only got myself to blame.

Thursday when I was at the BRI I couldn't hold back the tears although no one knew, I was thinking of my family and how much I miss them but couldn't live with them again.

It must be so hard for Jane and Hannah which in turn makes me feel guilty for putting them through everything. What a good example I'm setting them, the perfect big sister! My Dad says they're struggling which makes me feel guilty, I don't know if that was his intentions by telling me but I do punish myself for putting them through it. I mean, seeing their big sister in a mental hospital! How hard can that be for them, it must be hell.

If anything I'm trying to get better for them, when they see me in my own place, with a decent job they might start to relax and not worry about me as much. I hate myself for what I've put my family through but I don't care about what I've put myself through and my feelings. I'm no one.

Tuesday 30th September 2003.

Dear Sky. had to go to the Hub this morning to tell them what areas I wanted to live in, although I've managed to stay in a good mood it made me nearly cry. The thought of living somewhere I don't want to and although I know it won't be the case, it's in my mind that once I'm in my own place I'll be left with no support which scares me

Wednesday 1st October 2003.

Dear Sky. I hate this time of year; it's got a lot of bad memories. This time last year I was planning my death, overdosing all the time, sectioned over my birthday, November I was married the year before and Gaby died with Rascal shortly following her. Gaby's death still really gets to me at times, I wish I saw her being buried so I'd know where and could see her.

Its 4:00pm, I can't stop crying, I've got a pack of Ibrofen, I know I'm going to take them, I just went and knocked on the office door, I could have gone in but they were busy and I don't like to interrupt. Because I've brought the tablets I know I'm going to take them. I can't stop crying and crying is something I hate doing which overdosing stops.

Went/forced to A&E around 7:00pm, left A.S.A.P, just feel really tired and don't want to wake up in the morning.

Thursday 2nd October 2003.

Dear Sky. I was forced to the BRI last night, the Dr took bloods then I left and walked back. Been crying most of the day today, I can't stop. I found Gaby's grave which was nice, I'll go there quite a bit now. I hate myself so much, I can't stop crying, I'm loosing weight, down to 7 ½ stone. I'm feeling reasonably suicidal, nearly did it last night, I hate myself so much.

Friday 3rd October 2003.

Dear Sky. Last night was horrible, it started with a panic attack which meant the paramedics were called but I refused to go with them. The poor staff had a right earful from me. I was so down, nothing positive came out my mouth, I just wanted to die. I ended up not going to sleep till 3:00am and that was only because I literally couldn't keep my eyes open.

Saturday 4th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Last night was hard; I brought some Aspirin, laid them out on the bed then grabbed them and gave them to staff. I couldn't do it, I feel that I've let myself down but the staff were really proud. I've not wanted to sleep recently, didn't sleep last night till midnight, and I feel I want to wear myself out.

Had a letter saying that I've been offered a flat in Withywood. I got really upset; I don't want to go there so that's going to be rejected. Whenever housing is mentioned I get really upset, today you might as well shoved the tablets down my throat, I felt that bad. If I'd had my wallet when I went to see where the flat was I would have brought some. I feel emotionally all over the place, very tearful and delicate. I'm also cutting down on food, I don't want to eat.

Sunday 5th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I am one fucking stupid bitch. It's 10:30pm and I've just got back from A&E, I used a razor blade 3 times, got 10 steriostrips and it's been glued. It's the second time I've let myself down in half a year and I hate myself for it. I've been trying so hard not to do it because I don't want the scars but this evening the idea came into my head and straight away I did it. I didn't really want to but because I'd seriously thought about it, cut the blades out, I felt I had to.

The most stupid thing is that I've had a reasonably good day. Spent the morning at home, brought the old flute back with a few other bits and pieces and went to church. Why do I do stupid things? I've been waiting and longing for the scars to go so I don't have to worry about not being normal and yet again I've wrecked it. What a stupid bitch.

Monday 6th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Couldn't get to sleep last night, finally went off around 3:30am, had a good time at the group, apart from that I've been feeling shit. I hate myself, I hate my life, I hate myself for hating myself, I feel I need to go on antidepressants but I don't want to rely on them. I'm also thinking about using them for an o.d; see the problem I'm facing?

When I went to the BRI last night the receptionist didn't even need to ask my name and when the triage nurse called me she only used my first name. If that's not saying something about the amount of time I spend there and how well they know me then I don't know what does.

Tuesday 7th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm finding life so hard, I don't know how much longer I can cope. I feel so low, fed up and that there's no point in trying. I'm not motivated; I'm just always very tearful.

Wednesday 8th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I can't cope with my head, been wanting to do myself serous damage all day, I feel that I'm not safe to do anything. Can't get money- might buy tablets, can't go for a walk- might jump in front a car, can't drive- might crash on purpose.

This is what's been going through my mind all day and it's killing me, this is the state my head's in. I'm so scared and feel completely powerless in this circle I'm trapped in and what makes things worse is that there's nothing anyone can do about it.

Thursday 9th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Yet another bad 24hrs struggled to sleep and when I woke this morning I really had to drag myself out of bed to see my psychologist. Saw him at 10:30am, apparently around 11:00am I stopped talking until around 2:00pm when my consultant literally dragged me out of it.

According to the DMO who was called I went into a dissociative state, shut down. All I remember are my eyes really flickering and I couldn't fully open them, I was aware the DMO was in the room but as to whether he did anything I don't know. My consultant and a nurse came over, pulled me onto my feet and pulled me to start walking, after a bit I came out, it wasn't until my psychologist told me after that I'd been in it for about 3hrs, I personally can't see it.

Spent an hour with my consultant after. I don't know what happened or why it happened, I really feel like giving up, I'm so tired and worn out, I'm fighting the urge to o.d to give me some time out, my life is just too much for me at the moment.

Friday 10th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I woke up this morning feeling awful, if I had had anything inside me I defiantly would have been sick. Walking to the group I was nearly sick as well as the whole time I was there my insides also killed, it hurt to walk, it hurt to breathe. I came back wanting to collapse and o.d so everything would go away.

I hadn't had a bath all week, too much effort and feeling this way there was no chance I was going to work tomorrow. I was lying in bed around 3:00pm willing myself to o.d when out of the blue I decided feeling like this wasn't worth it. So I grabbed my stuff and went food shopping and had a bit to eat. Now I'm much more alive but still my insides are killing because they're not used to the food being there.

The down sides are that now I'm going to find it harder to control what I eat, I keep telling myself that I'm strong enough to control it also I'm more likely to o.d, I've got the energy to do it now. I've just had a shower!

Sunday 12th October 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 5:00pm and I've just taken 80mg of Diazepam and 106mg of Zopiclone. I am knocking myself out so I can have a nice sleep. I took the tablet abou 10mins ago and they're already starting to affect me. Didazpan. 266mg taletss, 100mg Diazepam, 28mg Zopiclone, A114 B.9. I's ust too croach smyseto fof eve rone, I' cant evern credly poperply. I ned this break the BRI. 28 7.15mg Zoplicone&19 Zopliclone. I really now do deserve the mine out that is the only was.

Monday 13th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I really don't know what went on last night. I left A&E this morning, they kept me in for obs, and I think the only reason being it was the middle of the night. I can't remember taking the last lot of Zopiclone or putting my coat and shoes on or going down stairs. I came back today and it looked like I'd slept in my bed.

As the last page isn't obvious, I took; 28 Zopiclone = 210mg, 20 Diazepam = 100mg which = 48 tablets = 310mg. Somehow I ended up in the office and trying to get out the hostel with staff stopping me. I couldn't think straight and my plans were to run out in front of a car, if she hadn't insisted on stopping me I would have. I really needed some time out and to an extent I got it.

Tuesday 14th October 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 4:00pm and to similar extent I'm doing the same as Sunday. Just about to take; Zopiclone 14 tablets = 105mg, Diazepam 14 tablets = 70mg, Panadol 16 tablets. Lets see how messed up I am this time. I still feel really low and again I want peace and quiet and time out.

Wednesday 15th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I ended up staying the night at the BRI, I was discharged this morning. My blood pressure was really low; my bed had to be tipped so my head was lower. I think I slept OK because today I don't feel too bad physically. Not done anything today, taking a break.

Thursday 16th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been OK, not really done anything, I had a really embarrassing time last night, I wet the bed, I feel so ashamed, it's not something a 20yr old does is it? My mood has lifted slightly, probably due to me eating and drinking. I feel I need a break, a holiday, that's why I'm not doing much. Another way of getting time out.

Friday 17th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Although this afternoon I have done nothing but help others I feel I've completely wasted it. I've not been able to do anything I wanted. I feel my mood is picking up which is a bit scary because I've been eating and relaxing more I feel something inside of me has changed, kind of like I'm starting to live again.

Whilst I was out with the group this morning we ended up in the center. I took my shoes and socks off, pulled my trousers up and ran up the water steps! Everyone was shocked that I took the challenge and thought I was mad.

Saturday 18th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm starting to feel low again, I feel that I need to harm myself, that I need to be in the BRI and I don't know how to get rid of those feelings. It's the thoughts again of anyway possible I can harm myself. It's horrible feeling and thinking like this because I feel that the only way to stop feeling like it is to take negative action but deep, deep inside I don't want to but it's so hard fighting it.

Sunday 19th October 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 12:15pm and I'm half way through taking 32 Nytol. I only got through last night by the skin of my teeth. I really wanted to strangle myself. I'm at that stage again where everything's too much.

Monday 20th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I took the tablets yesterday; I kept it to myself for hours, in and out of sleep and being sick. I think someone knocked on my door, saw I wasn't right and took me to the office where I told them what I'd taken and went back into bed, I don't know how much longer it was but staff came in saying she HAD to call the ambulance then the paramedics came in.

I argued that I didn't want to go but gave in, I think I only stayed for around 2hrs, all they'd done was a heart trace, in the ambulance my pulse was 150. I ended up getting dressed and walking out, I nearly went without my shoes and I did leave my bra behind, I had to carry my fleece because I couldn't figure out how to put it on!

I was in and out of sleep all night, I think I saw every hour but what did I expect? I went to the group this morning which got me feeling a bit better. My ribs felt like they were being stabbed and torn apart, I was still wobbly on my feet and my eyes are only just starting to focus fully.

I hate what I'm doing with my life but I can't change me. I can't stop hating myself but know I have to because it is literally killing me.

Tuesday 21st October 2003.

Dear Sky. I have done absolutely nothing today and it's been great. I've had enough of overdosing, I've had enough of A&E, and I've had enough of feeling shit. I want to start living again; I want to do something with my life. I would like to say the shit finishes and the good starts today, that everything will be OK from now on but I know that would be a lie, I am more than likely to o.d and want to die again but I'd like to think that from now on it will happen less often. I guess it's just one of those things that only time will tell.

Wednesday 22nd October 2003.

Dear Sky. It's scary to think that this is my last entry as a 20yr old. Tomorrow I will be 21, an adult, for some reason this is a very scary thought, I'll be out of my teenager years and an adult. For some reason this past year I've still felt like a teenager, I don't feel like a grown up.

Considering the state I was in this time last year, I'm in quite a good mood. This time last year I was being sectioned so I couldn't kill myself. Getting older and older is a very scary thought.

Thursday 23rd October 2003.

Dear Sky. I started the day off not too good but it's ended up not good but not OK, in between. I was led in bed this morning not really wanting to face the day but I did and it was fine. Katherine was home as well as Mum and we went to Pizza hut and did a bit of shopping.

I'm pretty messed up with my near future, I don't know what I want or what I should do. Am I right in taking things slow and not looking for an independent flat or am I purposely holding myself back. Should I take the plunge, get a flat, get a full time job or would I be setting myself up to fail? I really don't know and can't make my mind up.

Friday 24th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Not done much today, didn't wake till 10:00am, saw my consultant midday, spent the day in my PJ's in my room. I couldn't get to sleep last night, I was really restless so I ended up taking the Diazepam, I still took a while to get off but it's the first time in ages I've woke feeling like I've slept well.

I'm trying not to take my medication although in honesty I need it and still getting it, again in honesty I'm saving it for an o.d. this is where I don't make sense, I'm trying not to o.d yet I'm saving my meds for that very purpose.

Had a good general chat with my consultant, talked about my housing and work situation as well as the "Why me?" question. My general mood has been a bit lower today, I think it's down to feeling a bit bored, I think I need to make a start on Katherine's cross stitch as I finished Mum and dads Wednesday, that one was a hard one to do but it should look really good once it's framed.

The one for Katherine for Christmas is a killer whale one that she started around 5yrs ago but has only done about 50 stitches! I guess I need to find more to occupy my time with, get busy again.

My consultant was saying how that if I live through this I have a very strong chance of a normal life, which I like the sound of. To come through the other end, to be someone who has lived through shit but living what is classed as a "normal" life. To live day to day, to have a job, to be able to cope with day to day life but to have lived through what I'm gong through, to have a story to tell.

Saturday 25th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Life's pretty shit isn't it? The thought of overdosing is back, if I'd had that urge this morning I would have taken one but the urge came too late, the shops shut earlier on Saturdays.

My car was got into again last night, they didn't take anything, just looked through the glove compartment but they've done something to the drivers side lock, I can't lock it using the key. Again that annoyed me a bit but trying not to let it get to me.

Yeah I guess I'm also bored, got too much time on my hands which doesn't help but that's the situation I'm in at the moment. I guess I've just got to ride tomorrow out, I think it's just the weekend, less to do.

Sunday 26th October 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 11:30am and I couldn't hold it off; Diazepam 14 tablets = 70mg and Zopiclone 14 tablets = 105mg. If they're not there I can't take them, I've got loads going through my head, thoughts of strangling myself, I've just got to get away from it all. 1:30pm; I tied a load of thread around my neck.

Monday 27th October 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 7:00pm and I've just got back from the BRI, I can't remember much about yesterday, I think I left here around 2:00pm. Slept pretty much the whole time I was at the BRI, the reason I was there so long is because I had to see the psychiatric team. Went to go to the roof but got stopped by one of the nurses. Found an old bandage in the toilet and wrapped that real tight round my neck whilst there. All I've wanted to do is die.

Tuesday 28th October 2003.

Dear Sky. I've spent most of the day crying, willing for time to move. I've been wanting to o.d on my meds and go to the Galleries car park and jump off the top, that's the side that wants to give up but the part that wants to carry on has been honest with my psychologist, I told him exactly how I felt, knew that if I went away with the meds I would take them so he's kept all bar 2 days worth even now though I'm struggling with wanting to save them.

I can't be a Paramedic, at least not yet, I need 2yrs clean driving license and above a C in Science, shame cause I was really getting into the idea.

I'm really struggling but I'm fighting. I slept well last night, for 2 days I'd done virtually nothing but sleep, I can't remember much about the few hours after the o.d.

My psychologist picked up on the fact that things seem to go bad after I've seen my family, it's true and I hate it, I miss my family like hell and like seeing them but I always see to go down hill after.

I know the only way my life's going to improve is with a lot of effort on my behalf, I am trying, I really am.

Wednesday 29th October 2003.

Dear Sky. When am I going to be able to live a satisfactory life? When am I going to get a job I enjoy? When am I going to be happy with myself? When am I going to get the break I've been longing for to change my life? When will I get the chance? Why do I feel so bad? Why do I hate myself so much? Why do I feel so useless? Why must I go through all this?

Thursday 30th October 2003.

Dear Sky. Tuesday and last night I've been taking my meds and I have slept and felt better for it. I'm still thinking of overdosing and standing on the edge of a tall building, I don't want it to happen but more or less I know it will. Because I'm taking my meds I've got to go back to Nytol, I don't know if they're more dangerous, I think they are because I have to take less than if I were to take my meds but a pack of Nytol costs £4.20, I spend a lot of money on Nytol.

Friday 31st October 2003.

Dear Sky. Last night I only took half my meds and struggled to get to sleep so tonight I'm going to be taking the right amount. I've not really done much today, I've been struggling with wanting to o.d but at the same time part of me is determined not to o.d this week. I don't know whether to take the plunge and reapply for a flat or to hold on. I think I'll talk to my psychologist and consultant, get their advice and opinions, after all, they know me the best.

Saturday 1st November 2003.

Dear Sky. Spent the day with the family, went over to Wales then the girls came here for a few hours. Had a good time, I was actually hoping they'd phone and ask if I wanted to do stuff with them because I was starting to dread the day, not having anything to do.

I've still got my hospital wrist tag on which I can't remember them putting on. The idea is that it'll remind me of last Sunday and not want to go back, an idea I got from a patient at Barrow, thought I'd give it a go.

We well find out tomorrow if it's worked, these past few weeks I've overdosed every Sunday, at least. So if I don't o.d tomorrow I would have succeeded in going a week. It probably sounds stupid but it's harder than it sounds, a big part of me wants to o.d but a small part is a little proud I've gone a week and with the help of the tag I'm constantly reminded of last week, that memory alone is enough to hold me back but is that all I'm doing? Holding back!

Sunday 2nd November 2003.

Dear Sky. Well although I've done it, gone the week, my mind is racing with thoughts of when to o.d next. I've spent the day in my room on the computer, cross stitch and started going through my c.d's like I did the videos, listening to them.

Didn't wake till 10:00am which was nice, I didn't take any meds last night and struggled to get off gone midnight. Taking meds does make such a difference and I feel better the following day if I take them cause I've slept well but at the same time I'm wanting to store them for an o.d. so as it stands I'm talking meds something like every other night at least I'll then have some nights with decent sleep.

Monday 3rd November 2003.

Dear Sky. My mind is racing with the thought of overdosing. This time last week I was still in the BRI, in and out of sleep convinced I was going back into hospital, so convinced I was thinking through what I'd pack yet with all theses negative thoughts and actions gong on I'm seriously thinking of getting back on the housing list? Can you see the contradiction? But through everything, every change in circumstance I'm still alive. Is living alone going to be the same? Struggle like hell to begin with but settle down, but at he same time there is always the high chance that next time I do something I could go too far but that's still the same today and being in supported accom hasn't stopped me hurting myself or being a high risk to myself.

It's 3:00pm, I'm sat here in my room wanting and willing an o.d. trying my hardest not to cry because I'm in this situation, trying to think of how I'm going to get through the day without overdosing but there's no point in pretending. I know that when I get my meds tomorrow, the first opportunity I'll be taking them. So why wait? Why not just go and buy some Nytol and be done with it? Because part of me doesn't want to take them but the bigger part of me does.

I know that when I get to this stage there is no talking myself out of it. I might as well just face up to the fact that I'm going to o.d and there's nothing I can do about it. I need to keep reminding myself how horrible Nytol is and what it does to me. It doesn't really achieve anything except fucking me up for several hours.

My heart races, I can't talk properly, I hallucinate, and I get agitated, recently sick and more than likely to leave A&E without being discharged. So a load of hassle for what? Those feeling above, hating myself, something to do, the old "once it's done it's done" I then don't have to fight against it whipping out, time away from my feelings instead of fighting them. I just don't see the point in fighting when I don't have to.

3:15pm; I've just taken a load of Diazepam and Zopiclone, the better option than Nytol. Going to have a nice long sleep, no thought of o.d because I've done it, just a bit of inner peace and relaxation.

Tuesday 4th November 2003.

Dear Sky. So much for the long peaceful sleep yesterday, it must have lasted until about 6:00pm when I decided I was gong on top of a building. I drove my car to the center which I can't really remember and went to the top floor of the Galleries car park.

There I climbed up and stood on the wall which height on my side must have been about the same as me. It was pitch dark and I was still being affected by the tablets. I stood up there for a while and then started shouting to the people below that I was going to jump but they didn't hear, I started getting a bit angry. I don't really know what happened next did, I think because of the meds I swayed or stumbled but little miss

stupid here kind of half turned around and fell/jumped backwards onto the concrete car park instead of over the wall.

I landed hard on my feet and I can't describe the pain my feet were in. I managed to walk to the lift, sat in it while it took me down to the main level where I called and told the security guards what had just happened. They called an ambulance which had to take me out in a chair, when I say I couldn't even stand through pain, it was hell.

I must have arrived about 7:00pm and left 6:00am this morning. 11hrs of sitting in the waiting room because it was really busy. I couldn't walk. I was worried about my car so this other guy who I started talking to along with a few other patients said he'd get it and bring it up, what choice did I have? I needed my car closer.

The Dr finally saw me and said there was nothing wrong with my ankles, then why the fuck couldn't I stand on them without excruciating pain? He got the psychiatric nurse to see me which turned out to be a Dr from Barrow. He didn't want me to drive home, to get a taxi but I was so pissed off with the BRI that if there was nothing wrong with my feel which meant I must have been lying about the intense pain, they expected me to walk out so if I could walk out I could drive.

Well I could barely walk; the pain was so intense in both feet, ankles, heels and back of my feet. The Dr tried stopping me but he was no fight for me.

After a lot of agony I made it to the car where driving was easy cause the front of my feet didn't hurt. Walking from the back of the hostel to the front took me about 10mins, at one stage I even tried crawling, it hurt so much, when I finally got to the front door the staff seemed a bit annoyed and I crawled upstairs, to the toilet and in my room. I couldn't walk.

About 11:30pm, last night after learning I would be a few hours I called the staff, apparently they were just about to call the police because they were worried about me. Its 10:30am, I've just woken, after all I spent all last night awake, I still can't walk but somehow I'm getting to Barrow and before I see my psychologist I'm picking my meds up and taking them there and then.

The guy who got my car last night wants to keep in contact and he's got my number through me advertising my car for sale on it. So yet again I messed up there and got to get him out of my life somehow.

It's 10:30pm and I've just got back from A&E, they wanted me to stay the night but I knew there was no point; all I'd be waiting for is the Dr to say I could go home. My psychologist had sussed I'd overdosed and called an ambulance, he doesn't feel I'm ready to live alone but I don't feel here is the right place for me anymore.

I had to catch the Barrow bus back because I'd left my car there. I know I'm getting worse but I can't stop and staff here don't understand that.

Wednesday 5th November 2003.

Dear Sky. At least I now know where I stand with the hostel staff. Amongst conversations with two of them phrases were said;
"I need to get my act together,"
"I'm only doing this cause I want to hurt myself" and "I'm getting worse."

I couldn't walk up the stairs so I asked if I could have a hand, which I ended up crawling up.

"If you can't get up the stairs you shouldn't be here."
"I'm not prepared to, I'm not a nurse." And "If that's how bad you really are you should be in a nursing home."

THANKS STAFF. All that support! Because I made one stupid mistake, the mistake of slipping/falling/stumbling/jumping, whatever it was happened, THE WRONG WAY. My feet are still really bad.

Mum woke me asking if I wanted to go to Ikea, I had to tell her I couldn't because I'd busted my feel by falling on them. NO ONE UNDERSTANDS HOW PAINFUL MY FEET ARE. Another statement from last night.
"I've, everyone, has problems but don't do the things you do."

8:00pm; I've not been able to do anything today except stay in my room, my feet hurt too much. I feel so upset and frustrated. Fireworks have been going off constantly for hours which are doing my head in, all the noise.

The staff have been great today, contradiction of the year. I'm beginning to feel the way about everything here like I did at Molitor house. My situation and the staff are winding me up. I had a bit of a sleep today, all the meds still inside me.

Everything feels so messed up, I wish I had died Monday night then I wouldn't be going through all this emotional and physical pain.

Friday 7th November 2003.

Dear Sky. Sorry I didn't write yesterday but apparently I
"Spent all day in bed unresponsive."

Some time last night an ambulance was called, it's 4:00pm and I've just got back from A&E. I had blood taken from both my arm and groin, had a few E.C.G's, constantly on a monitor and had a catheter put in so I could piss.

I had to see the psyche nurse which turned out to be the same one as Sunday before last; she's really nice and understanding and has time for you. So I spent Monday, Tuesday and Thursday night in A&E. what's happening to me? I'm finding it so hard to go on, I don't want to be at the hostel anymore but I don't want to move to another short stay place.

I wish I could make my mind up one way or the other, to live or die, then I wouldn't' have to go through this hell.

Saturday 8th November 2003.

Dear Sky. And I thought my feet were getting better! They are hurting like hell; it's got to be the walk back from the BRI yesterday that did it.

This evening my thoughts turned hugely to Gaby, it's been a year, started thinking of negative things to do. Thankfully agency staff were in so I felt able to go and chat. I'm glad I did, it got me feeling better, and I wouldn't have gone down if it was regular staff.

I feel that I want to shut myself off from the world again. I feel like my life's falling to pieces, I just want to disappear.

My financial situation is dire; if I don't sell my car then bailiffs will be in by the end of the month cause of my credit card.

I don't know how I'm going to get through tomorrow, I can't see a light at the end of the tunnel, please someone help me get through this, help me believe that there is hope, that my life is worth living, I can't do this alone, I'm in such a scary situation, I'm scared of myself and I'm scared of life. Life is slowly killing me, a death that no one can see. I don't know how much longer I can last. Help me please.

Sunday 9th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I spent about ½ hour sat besides Gaby's grave this morning crying, talking to her, thinking or her, our ward and me, thinking of the time we spent together and the life she could have had. I've spent the rest of the day hiding in my room; it was the only way I could keep safe.

Thought about the times I've nearly died and the attempts I keep making, surely if I keep trying to die then deep down it's truly what I want. I thought about the time I can remember having mouth to mouth resuscitation (apparently this happened on two occasions but I only remember the one) how close I must have been to death, in actually succeeding.

I remember it as if watching it all happen, led in the clinic with several nurses around me, with me just led there. I remember thinking that I just wanted everyone to go away, I felt so peaceful; my mind was at ease, I didn't want to leave that haven. It's like I saw the Dr do mouth to mouth, her leaning over me, I knew what was happening but couldn't stop it and didn't want it, I didn't know I was being bagged though. The statement "no! Don't stop bagging, your breathing for her, your acting like her lungs" I thought was over the top but I didn't care. I let them do whatever they had to, I just wanted to stay in that peace but that wasn't to be the case. I remember the ambulance crew coming in, after that? I don't know.

Isn't it time I stopped making these half hearted attempts? Be true to myself and do it properly. As my life stands at the moment I feel like I'm dying, that bit by bit life is being sucked out of me, all I feel like doing is sleeping, hiding form the world, too scared to face it.

Through any lengthy illness doesn't death come when everyone least expect it? When others feel the victim is doing better the victim feels out of control, this victim does and this victim acts mostly on impulse.

I'm back to the feeling I had when I was at Barrow of wanting to die in my sleep. Take an o.d, strangle myself and fall into a never ending, peaceful sleep. A sleep which I can't be disturbed from, a sleep where I don't have to fight and a sleep where I'm happy. This is what I dream of the most, to be happy, to be free of all my pain. By falling into a deep sleep those feelings will last forever. The thought of those feeling keep me trying, trying to be in that perfect sleep and I know that one day that dream will come true. I just have to keep on trying to reach it.

Wednesday 12th November 2003.

Dear Sky. Seeing as I've not been able to write here's what's been happening. Sunday night; I tried getting off to sleep around 11:00pm but couldn't, I was really restless and agitated and the other residents were still being noisy. I struggled with the

thought of hurting myself and fought with it for about ½ hour, I really tried, I tried concentrating on my breathing, just listening to everything and relaxing, I begged God to make me fall asleep because I knew I couldn't cope with much more but it didn't happen.

In just my PJ's and bandages on my feet I walked out and up to the main road. Then thought I was being silly and went back, the staff just said "are you going to talk to us?" I was in a state and crying. A few minute later I walked out again, this time in the middle of the main road just praying for a car to run me over.

Two blokes pulled me to the pavement and called the police; I couldn't stop crying hysterically and kept trying to get back on the road. The police came and took me back to the hostel where I just sat by the door not talking, the staff weren't happy with me being brought back.

Again a few minutes later I went to go again, one of the staff blocked the door until the other said they couldn't restrain or stop me and to let me go. So again I went and walked down the middle of the road, this time I was stopped by a few young people, two girls and two boys. They called the police, this time I was just locked into a panic state but again fought to get away.

It was raining by this time and I was wearing minimum clothes. Again the police took me back and I fought with them to go. After a bit they got my coat and shoes and took me to the police station. From there to the Walk in center to see a doctor, from there to the BRI where I'd see the psyche nurse.

By the time I got to the BRI it was probably around 2:00am. Saw the doctor, was still panicking and didn't say a word. It was another Dr who used to be at Barrow. She wanted me to stay where in the morning I'd be reviewed again.

About an hour after seeing her, just sitting on a chair in a cubicle, not given permission to sleep on the bed I walked out again. The nurses tried stopping me but were told by security they couldn't.

So again I went walking down a busier road, the police pulled me into the car and took me back to A&E where the police and nurse argued about what to do with me. The nurse claimed they couldn't keep me against my will and the police said a cell wasn't right.

Eventually I let them take me back in A&E where they gave me a bed and I literally fell straight asleep.

Monday; I was woken around 11:00am and asked to wait by the triage room "we need the bed for sicker people." By this time I'd gone past the point of fighting so I waited to be seen. I was seen by a psyche nurse I haven't met before, I still hadn't spoken a word and it took me say 15mins till I started talking.

After he'd spoken to my psychologist he asked if I would go back to Barrow. Like I said, I was beyond fighting, tired and somewhat detached, I agreed. They then kept me on the obs unit where I was in and out of sleep; waiting for transport until nearly 11:00pm again I was nearly in the BRI for 24hrs.

I was taken to Barrow and got there at midnight, exactly 23 months since I was first admitted.

Tuesday (yesterday); I kept myself to myself all day, saw a doctor and my psychologist. I was still really low in mood, I was put on 15min obs and agreed I wouldn't try to run off. He said the plan is to re house me and build me back up as well as trying mood stabilizers.

Today, 1:30pm; it wasn't until midday that the staff arranged for my psychologist to get me some stuff, hence the delay in writing to you. You don't know how much I've missed you. I've had absolutely nothing to eat or drink since Sunday, I'm still on 15min obs and not allowed out. All I want to do is walk out that door. I want to be dead and feel like a complete failure for being back here. It was something I vowed never to do again but at the same time I realize that I was getting out of control and I guess in reality was screaming for help.

Last week I spent Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday in A&E, more time in than out, that hasn't happened for a long time.

My psychologist got my phone for me which had a message sent yesterday morning form Dad "can you pop in to see me sometime." It's probably to do with the car or something, as far as I'm aware my family has no idea I'm here. Telling them is terrifying me but I can't get out of it because although my team doesn't plan on me being here for months, it could be weeks. Who can I tell them? What do I tell them? I've let them down, I don't want to hurt them, they don't understand because I don't tell them, they thought I was doing well, the list goes on.

It seems that only my team understands that I have very little control over my thoughts, feelings and actions, how it really upsets me that I can't take that control. "Get your act together, try harder, you could if you really wanted to." all phrases people have challenged me with and don't understand that in all honesty I can't. I try, I don't enjoy being the way I am, I really do try. Why can't people believe me and understand, I don't choose to be this way.

10:00pm; well I did it, Mum and Dad came in this afternoon and I felt that we had a good honest chat, they were supportive and understanding.

Friday 14th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I had a rotten time last night, couldn't sleep, my mouth and lips are so dry. I chatted with a nurse and throughout the rest of the night I had I glass of water and 1 glass of orange juice.

I've just moved all my stuff from the hostel to my parents' front room with their help. It's not until you pack everything that you realize how much you've got.

Feel really ill, sick, tired, hungry, exhausted and my feet still hurt. I'm getting to the phase now where when I stand everything blurs for a while.

I slept through most of the afternoon, I was shattered, and I feel like my life is going nowhere fast. Even though I know at least ½ the patients here because they've relapsed I feel really ashamed to be here.

I've just had another 2 glasses of water so that should keep my lips and mouth from getting any worse. The taste in my mouth through dehydration is nasty and my lips are a mess, I struggle to keep down water let alone food as well. I feel like such a failure. A failure, a failure, a failure.

Saturday 15th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I can't do this anymore, I feel like such a failure and that my life is going nowhere pretty fast. I weighed myself this morning 7.3 stone; I've lost ½ stone in a

week. I don't want to be loosing weight as it means I'll be here longer and I know I look a mess, I also can't start the mood stabilizers until I start eating but I've put the defensive barriers up against eating, I'm drinking very little and no none has confronted me about it.

What's going to become of me Sky? Where's all this leading? I wish I had the answers, I wish I could see a positive future but all I see is false dreams and hopes and a shattered life.

I hate being here, I hate every moment of it but I know that if I was to go back to the hostel things will quickly spiral down again, I know I'm not safe from myself. When will this end? I'm tired of going round in circles, that's all I've been doing for the past 2yrs and I've had enough but I can't go forward.

I want my life to make sense, at the moment it doesn't. I am so ashamed to be here; I'm still keeping myself to myself, trying to get through each day, all alone, all thoughts to myself, fighting back the tears, fighting back the anger and frustration, fighting back the hurt. I want to be numb to all my feelings, for no one to know I exist.

Where is my life going? When will I be able to break this cycle? When will I be able to move forward in my life, to have that break? I don't ask much from life, just to be happy but that seems that it's too big a dream, being happy isn't for me, my life is hell and I can't get out of it, I can't get out of this living hell. I just want to slip away, everything I do ends up in a pile of shit.

Once again my life is on hold, I can't cope with my life being on hold for much longer. What's happening to me? Why can't I cope? Why do I have to be here to be able to keep myself safe? I really don't want to be here, I want to die, I can't think of any other option. Hey, how different can hell after life be that a living hell?

Sunday 16th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I had a chat with a nurse this afternoon and I didn't like what she said was in my care plan. As far as meal times go I'm going to be no different to anyone else. Out comes the usual "no one understands" so it looks like I wont be eating whilst I'm here.

Also my psychologist and consultant are looking at two therapeutic communities, one in Bristol and one in Totness in Cornwall. A nurse doesn't think the Bristol one will take me because of my behavior but I don't want to leave Bristol. Totness is away form my family and my care team, both of which I'm just starting to get somewhere with. By sending me to Totness it feels like my team are sending me away and washing their hands of me, abandoning me. Please don't do that to me.

Will I be forced to move back home? If Totness is the only place then I think I will be. I can't leave Bristol, Bristol is my home, it's where I belong, and Bristol is my life for good or bad.

Monday 17th November 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 5:00pm and I've just got back from town where I took an o.d, 16 Nytol before coming back. I wonder if anyone notices this time!

Tuesday 18t November 2003.

Dear Sky. No one did notice but about 12:30am I told the nurses who called the Dr and wanted me to go to the BRI for obs, I refused. My heart still isn't right, it's hurting, straining and got a dodgy rhythm. Needless to say really that I'm feeling awful and low.

I'm scared about what's going to be happening with my care for the near future. My two saviors came in this evening, my psychologist and consultant. Meal times are now being re looked at!

What my new key worker wanted to happen I can accept as a goal but to do it straight away is unfair of her, she knows I have difficulties with eating. I feel better now I've talked to my psychologist and consultant I don't feel so hopeless.

When will I learn from my mistakes? That overdosing doesn't achieve anything apart form making me feel shit and instantly zombied.

Wednesday 19th November 2003.

Dear Sky. This week is going so slow, probably because I'm waiting for Friday when I get paid. One nurse said how I need to start trying to follow my care plan more or I'll be discharged, that I could be here for a few months so I need to show co operation.

I slept near enough for 12hrs straight last night which feels great. I'm trying to hold on to the thought of working towards being a paramedic, reminding myself that it'll be a few years yet so a few months of time out wont make much difference.

That I need to re take Math and a Science G.C.S.E and I can't do either until next year so taking it slowly is OK. The thought of a 3rd Christmas in a row in hospital isn't a nice one but it looks like one I'm going to have to try to live with.

Thursday 20th November 2003.

Dear Sky. The nurses are really stressing me out with meal times, making me go to the trolley then there being nothing edible there. Tea time yesterday and lunch today both left me in tears. I feel the nurses aren't doing their job properly with me and that when I talk to them it feels like I'm talking to brick walls.

I am officially no longer living at the hostel so again I'm homeless, I wonder what's going to happen this time round! As with everything else in my life, I feel that I'm going round and round in circles.

My feet are a lot better, I can walk down stairs properly and almost walk normally, they just constantly hurt a little, it's bearable.

Friday 21st November 2003.

Dear Sky. Well apart from being pay day, today is also when food should start coming up. It's 11:00am so we should find out in an hour. Going to go into town later, I can't stand my wallet being empty. 99.9% likely to buy Nytol but not to take at a certain time, I feel like I need it here over the weekend. It's something I don't usually do, store

Nytol. It's usually bought and taken. Apart from needing to buy, I don't have any plans for it.

8:00pm; I've just received a text which has upset me; it took me a while to realize who it was from….My manager.

"Sorry it's me, you have stuff on your record. You could come back through; you are a natural with people and a great staff member. You are welcome back, the offers there."

Why am I letting him get to me? I asked him straight not to text me, why is he going through my records? My natural reaction is to take the 32 Nytol I brought earlier; I was doing OK until he texted.

Saturday 22nd November 2003.

Dear Sky. We won the rugby world cup against Australia! And boy it was a close game.

I managed to get through last night on Diazepam, I don't know if I will this evening, I really didn't want to o.d last night which is why I asked for Diazepam but a part of me wants to o.d this evening. You know me, when part of me wants to it's only a matter of time before I do, I think I've thought about it so much that it's inevitable that it's going to happen this evening.

I'm trying to stay positive with my future and being a paramedic but you know me, me and positive don't go together. I haven't told any of the nurses about being a paramedic, it's my secret, I guess I feel I'll be jinxing myself if I admit to it and it won't happen. So it's best to keep it to myself for the time being and try and stay positive about it alone, I feel it's for the best.

I haven't spent the day with the family like I hoped, time away from here. Tomorrow they'll be at church for the morning so I've no reason not to o.d especially right now.

3:30pm; just taken 32 Nytol.

Sunday 23rd November 2003.

Dear Sky. I am so scared; scared I'm out of control again. Mum and Dad came in this afternoon not wanting to leave without me. I remember answering a call from Dad last night but I can't remember a conversation, all I can remember is him sounding very worried. I wasn't making sense and apparently I called them a few times but hung up.

They were both crying today and were really concerned. Me just upping and going back "home" isn't the answer and it's not as easy as that. Dad said come back, make a new start, go back 2yrs to when I was happy. I wasn't happy back then, I just hid, and if I go back it'll just happen all over again.

Monday 24th November 2003.

Dear Sky. After two rotten days today has been a lot better. I've read the handout for Totness and feel a bit more positive about it. I had to have my sandwiches in the dinning room, there was an empty table, the thought of doing it terrified me but once I was sat down I was OK.

Tuesday 25th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I guess I've achieved quite a bit today. Went shopping and didn't buy any Nytol, had a good visit from Mum and the girls and just had chips and turkey burger with everyone else. Surely it can only go down hill from here!

Mum texted me when I was in town. Originally I said no to a visit but after thinking on it said yes, I knew it would put their minds at rest if they saw me in a better mood. I felt a bit anxious about it, I'm glad Dad didn't come; it would have been a lot tenser if he did.

When I came back from town I was asked if I'd brought any tablets because I'd spoken to a nurse before I went and said I was worried I would. In a way I feel safe that they asked because I can't lie about an o.d so if I did have tablets they would have known and possibly stopped me.

Again at tea, the thought was a lot worse than the action, I think that's the case with most things. I feel I'm a lot more settled now that a week ago, good? Bad? Who knows! I've just got to try and keep this positive thinking going.

Wednesday 26th November 2003.

Dear Sky. Not really done much today, the days go by quick in here. Saw Concorde take its last flight, it went right over us, took a few photos. Katherine came in this evening which was nice.

Also had a chat with my consultant, I think I'm going to be in here for a while yet.

She does my head in the old witch, there's this HCA, who for some reason really irritates me, and I don't like her personality. I've asked for my stuff form the fridge, ½ hour later she still hasn't got it, just sitting down chatting. So I think I'll be a bitch back, stupid cow, it's not the first time she's got on the wrong side of me, more like the forth, she really annoys me.

Thursday 27th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I didn't do anything last night, just swore at the nurse a bit. I'm so tried Sky, I want to die, I've had enough of fighting, I've got no energy left, I feel that I'm ready for my life to end. To drift off on that never ending sleep, my true dream, I feel that all my life has been taken out of me.

Somewhere there's a place for me,
That's what I've been told.
Somewhere there's a life for me,
Waiting to take hold.

That's why I'm doing all this fighting,
Trying to make some sense.
That's why I'm still trying so hard,
To make my life less tense.

But all this fighting and trying,
Is making me very weak.
All I want to do with my life,
Is fall into a peaceful sleep.

I feel I can't handle the pressure,
This world puts on me.
All the glory and happy days,
Are too far away to see.

Through all this pain I'm still trying,
Using all my trust and faith.
Part of me has to believe,
And want to continue this race.

I'm trying to believe there's a place for me,
Just like I've been told.
But this life I'm living right now,
Is the one that's taking hold.



Friday 28th November 2003.

Dear sky. I went down town yesterday afternoon, I walked past Tony who smiled and said "hi, alright?" like we were best buddies, I looked at him blankly and carried on walking and took another o.d. feel drained today; I just want all this shit to be over.

Saturday 29th November 2003.

Dear Sky. I feel a lot better today; I've had a tough week this week. Seeing Katherine Wednesday brought back all the jealous feelings of the wonderful life she brings across of having compared to the awful mess I'm in.

She has the classic teenager life whilst I have a so called "Life" in and out of a mental hospital.

Then seeing Tony in town on Thursday, all the thoughts and feeling about what happened came back. I am just really struggling at the moment, I feel that I don't have a life, that I'm in limbo land, I desperately want a "normal" life but at the same time I don't think I could cope with having one. I've been out of "life" for so long I don't feel I can get back into it; I have no faith in what I could do or be. All I see is a blank page where my life should be.

On Thursday, waiting for the bus back was also Nicole, the patient who used to be on my ward but was moved to the lock up ward. 1 or 2yrs younger than me and Bulimic. She said how she is sectioned, ran away and constantly in and out of the BRI with low potassium levels and put on a drip. She said how she does but doesn't want to give it up.

Part of me was sympathetic and understanding yet another part of me just wanted to shake her out of herself, make her understand what she's doing to herself, how it could kill her and she can't live a normal life with it, how life could be so much better. I wonder how many people think the same about me.

Most people don't understand me because I can't explain myself. It's like I can't live without overdosing but by overdosing I don't have much of a life.

Is it normal to have a 2 sided conversation in your head? To talk things over in your head? To argue with yourself? I always thought it was but my Dad doesn't, does that mean I'm even weirder than I thought I was? When will my life make sense?

Sunday 30th November 2003.

Dear Sky. The family, minus Katherine came in this afternoon, I was glad to see them go, it sounds really nasty but it was an effort to have a conversation with them. Made me realize even more that going home wouldn't work, I'm not used to the hectic family home life I used to be.

My mood generally seems to be better which scares me as an up usually gets followed by a down even if there's no reason for it other than I need to knock myself down, it doesn't make sense does it?

I still feel like I don't want to leave Bristol, I don't know how crazy that sounds. It's just that Bristol's my home and I don't want to leave it but as to which is best for me, leaving or staying, I don't know. Am I strong enough to get back into life? When and how? Do I take the huge step? If I do, when?

Monday 1st December 2003.

Dear Sky. My new room "mate" is a bitch, woke me up at 5:00am this morning. It's now 10:20am; we've just had a huge row downstairs and I've come up and took 16 Nytol I had on me. I was never sure about her, she was on the HDU but I gave her the benefit of the doubt, lent her £1 and everything but no, she's a selfish bitch but two can play at that game.

I was going to have a good day today as well, dong cross stitch, she's ruined that. I also weighed myself this morning, back to my normal weight of between 7 ½ and 7.13 stone so I'm going to have to watch myself, another reason to o.d.

Tuesday 2nd December 2003.

Dear Sky. Well I slept through most of yesterday and didn't tell anyone. My room mate kept me awake again last night. This morning I feel really low, I feel that I don't have a life, that I just exist. I'm 21; I should be out enjoying life but look at me.

Wednesday 3rd December 2003.

Dear Sky. It's been a tough week this week and we're only half way through it. Up until about 2:30pm yesterday I couldn't stop crying, I cried my eyes out with a nurse and then crashed out on the sofa for over 2hrs, I woke up feeling better.

In the evening whilst watching TV my room mate came over and started poking me for no reason, I told the nurses how it was impossible for us to share a room and was really close to punching her.

Last night she kicked off big time and was put back on HDU which meant I had a real decent nights sleep. Woke up this morning a lot brighter, realizing that the reason I was in such a mess yesterday was purely through exhaustion and lack of sleep.

I went into town this afternoon and managed it fine until I was waiting for the bus back, standing outside the BRI I really wanted to be in there. I think it's going to be the start of the trigger point that's going to set me off wanting to o.d.

Saw my psychologist this morning, told him of my plans career wise, I've got a care plan meeting Friday so we'll see what happens.

Thursday 4th December 2003.

Dear Sky. Today's been, dare I say, good! Spent most of it with an older patient; he's very interesting and knowledgeable. Nicole came in as well, over the moon because her section had been lifted and she was moving to an open ward. She's 19 now and still so very much a child, we put the Christmas decorations up this afternoon, you should've seen the nurses; if a visitor came in they wouldn't have known who was a nurse or patient!

I'm getting to the stage now where I want to belong somewhere; I've had enough of moving around and feeling like a nobody. I want to settle down in a job and be a somebody, to have a life and a purpose.

The beginning of the week they put me back on Lamotrigine, a mood stabilizer, has it started to work or am I just beginning to see sense? But like it always is with me, tomorrow could see an o.d and everything go down hill again.

Friday 5th December 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 2:00am and I've got so much on my mind I can't sleep, as I've got a CPA later today everything's coming up, usually I hate CPAs and don't say much but today I'm going to stand up for myself. The way I see it these are the issues;

A) Why do I have a new key worker instead of my old one? My new key nurse has actually said to me that she doesn't know the ins and outs of my history. My old one does, she was my first key worker, and my consultant brought her over when I went into the dissociative state over in psychology. It was her who told me parts of my care plan, my new key nurse was in yesterday but it was my old one who sat in ward round, it doesn't make sense.

B) TOTNESS, the leaflet I've seen doesn't tell you anything, all I'm seeing is what they want me to see, not the real thing. I don't want to belong to "a" community; I want to belong to "the" community. I want to see the yellow house rules file before I visit.

C) I don't think I'll be visiting this year.

D) Where's the alternative back up plan if I don't want to go.

E) I want them to look into independent living as I personally don't think I'll be going to Totness.

F) I WILL decide before the end of the year so things, visits, arrangements need to be made and put into place before then.

G) I feel I have moved on hugely since coming in here, I now fill I have a mission to follow. At Molitor and the hostel I didn't, I think this fact alone will make a difference.

H) I feel if I don't take that huge step to independent living now then I never will and might as well sign myself over to the mental health institutes for life.

I) I'll go into U.B.H.T and find out about generally H.C.A nursing, get advise and see if my thoughts, goals, aims are reasonable.

J) I feel more in control of my life and I want to take that control. I'm 21, I shouldn't be in here.

K) for 2yrs "you've" been saying it's down to me, I need to make the decision to get well, I decide to o.d. yet now "your" changing your minds saying Totness is the place for me and they'll sort me out.

L) Like I've said for 2yrs, I need a full time job that I enjoy, if I have that then I'll be OK.

M) I feel Totness will hinder my progress not help it.

3:00pm; I've just had my meeting, nothing definite was finalized, I think I just got really anxious last night, didn't sleep till 4:00am. I think in about a month I'll have the right to feel more uptight, I didn't say much about my housing situation, like I said, I think I just got too inpatient last night and this morning, wanting everything to happen now.

This morning, spur of the moment I caught a taxi to town to chat to people at the U.B.H.T office about HCA jobs, I was still anxious about this afternoon. The lady I needed to talk to wasn't there so it was a wasted journey but I had to go.

I had an hour before the bus so me being all doom and gloom about this afternoon went and brought 2 packs of Nytol planning to take them about now.

Now I'm faced with the fact that the meeting wasn't all that bad and do I really want to o.d?

I didn't o.d, I came up with the water, opened the packet then thought that I didn't really want to do this, as soon as I thought it I knew I was in trouble but it took me a few minutes to put them back in the packet.

I decided to try and sleep, just woken 1 ½ hour's later feeling better, glad I didn't take them. I went to sleep with the thought maybe after dinner but I don't think I will now, again it was down to tiredness but I also know now that it's only a matter of time.

Saturday 6th December 2003.

Dear Sky. It's 8:30am and after rudely being woken by some nurse barging into my room. I've taken 32 Nytol. I need to stay out of everyone's way today, had a row with a patient which turned physical. Every now and then I get a reality hit that the future I want aint going to really happen so I need to knock myself down by overdosing.

Sunday 7th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I don't know what happened to yesterday, I must have slept straight through it, spent today recovering from it.

Monday 8th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I'm now fully recovered from the weekend, slept like a baby last night; as soon as my head hit the pillow I was gone. Did a lot of thinking yesterday as to why I overdosed, couldn't write it down yesterday because I hadn't recovered fully.

Every now and then I loose sight of my future, what I'm aiming for, who I am and what I'm doing, I loose sight and grip of everything. I then start doubting myself and my goals; I pull myself down and start thinking negatively.

Once I'm in this frame of mind an o.d seems like the best way to act. It confirms all my negative thoughts; it also enhances them because I start feeling bad instead of just thinking it.

After an o.d I can't get much lower than I do. Once the o.d has had its main effect, usually the day after I start pulling myself together because of the o.d I physically feel ill and that's a feeling I hate so I have to start looking after myself. Flush the tablets through by constantly drinking and forcing myself to eat because I'm looking after myself I start to feel better and start to think positively again. I then get myself back on track and start thinking again the way I did before I lost sight. I start believing in myself again.

Does that make sense? I don't know why I stop believing in myself though in the first place and start pulling myself down and doubting myself. It's like I know that an o.d is never far away because I can't stay positive.

Tuesday 9th December 2003.

Dear Sky. Had a good chat with my new key nurse yesterday, showed her yesterday's entry and talked about it. She said I did make sense and could see where I was coming from. She also said how I should write my feelings when I feel positive so I can look back on them.

When I feel more positive I do tend to write less, like yesterday and today have been good but that's all I can really say about them.

Tea time today was horrible, it left me in tears, it was really crowded and a horrid patient tried squeezing between me and another, I had to get a nurse to move him, he shovels his food and has no manners, he ended up opposite me. When he went between us I was shaking and sweating, I couldn't eat. It brought back all the memories of the past 2yrs, trying to get to the trolley and having panic attacks through trying, I think people forget how hard I still find it because I hide my fear.

Wednesday 10th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I've now been here for 2yrs and it's been a hell of 2yrs. Today's been very hard, I got woken by nurses at 7.25am, very pissed off, got Diazepam to get me back to sleep, went downstairs just after 9:00am, still drowsy from the meds and slept on the sofa. It must have been around 2:00pm when I had a really bad panic attack, once I was "normal" again I started crying.

The nurse who I hate sat with me on the sofa, hugging me and I cried my eyes out, she then settled me back to sleep and kissed me on the head, she was lovely, she looked after me for the rest of the day, and I was terrible.

I've had enough of being like this but I can't shake it, I can't have a normal life, I feel I'll never do it, I can't stay "right."

Thursday 11th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I've stopped being able to see the positive side of life anymore. It's like all my plans have taken the back row and I'm focusing on thinking that I might as well give up and live the rest of my life in a mental hospital as that's where I belong. I have no faith in myself although I want a job and want to live independently I feel I won't be able to do it.

Whereas Totness seems like a step back, isolating myself from the community even more, once I'm there I'm scared I won't be able to come back. So you see, there's nothing for me, no hope and no future, just an endless sheet of blank paper.

Been shopping with Katherine today, it was really hard, from the start I was struggling to be happy. On the way she told my how she'd just been permoted at work. The whole time I didn't want to be there, I didn't enjoy it like I used to. I struggled not to buy any tablets, I'm fighting with wanting to buy Paracetamol as well as Nytol. I just feel like giving up, pure and simple.

Friday 12th December 2003.

Dear Sky. Words can't express how low I'm feeling. On Eastenders Little Mo was raped and she started talking about it last night, as soon as she said "I didn't scream or nothing" it was too much, I couldn't watch it. I struggled to sleep last night because I was planning my next o.d, no messing around, a serous one to end it all.

I woke this morning and went shopping, it's 1:30pm and I've just finished taking 16 Paracetamol, I don't know what it'll do to me. I can't carry on anymore, this life is too

much, I want to die, that's the facts, I'll never get out of this living hell, some people aren't meant to live.

Saturday 13th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I can't even kill myself properly, all the tablets did was make my insides burn, feel sick and tight chested, still feeling rough. All I want to do is sleep, I don't want to live, I just want life to pass me by, and I no longer believe I have the energy to live a normal life.

I've been thinking recently, my consultant thinks I'm suffering with Borderline personality disorder, that for most people after around 5yrs things start to get better. If all that is true then why did things get a lot worse when I was 19 instead of better? I started feeling bad when I was around 14-15yrs old, so by the time I reached 19 I should have been over it all. In those early years I was doing everything I still do, overdosing, not eating, cutting myself and feeling like I wanted to die. So if you think about it sounds like my consultant's got me completely wrong.

This afternoons been better, had a chat and a cry with my key nurse then slept on the sofa for an hour. I've been in a much better mood, chattier and my usual self.

Sunday 14th December 2003.

Dear sky. I'm now fully recovered form the o.d and as usual feeling a lot better. Friday evening my key nurse challenged me to write 10 positive thoughts or feelings over the weekend so when I feel low I can look back and see that at times I do feel positive.

Today's really been the first day when I'm in that frame of mind but it feels silly to do it, whenever it has been a good day that is virtually all I write, not why or how I feel about it.

Instead of the family coming out here I went to them today, better atmosphere, spent a few hours there, it went quite quick really, no confrontations or anything, and it went well. So how have I been feeling over the weekend?!

1) Walk into village with a patient, INTERESTED in the history.
2) Interacting with others on ward, CHEERFUL conversation.
3) Cross stitch felt GOOD, doing something for someone else.
4) Watched a film, ENJOYED watching a film I did when young.
5) Spent time with family, was HAPPY whilst with them.
6) Thought of education COMFORTED by the possibility.
7) sleep during the day when rough, wake feeling REFRESHED.
8) been busier during day, feel more AT PEACE with myself.
9) Eating better, feel more ALOVE. 1
0) More positive thinking, more POSITIVE actions.

I need to get part of the D.B.T file out again!

Monday 15th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I spent the morning doing the cross stitch which I enjoyed, it's coming to an end so it's all coming together which is nice, it's making me want to do it more and more.

Played Monopoly with a patient this afternoon so today's been quite good really but I need to say more than that don't I! my moods been better because I've been socializing more, it's been nice feeling happy, not feeling ill, it's been nice talking to people, not being out of it. I had a quick thought of overdosing because I'm happy but because I'm feeling strong at the moment I was able to instantly dismiss the idea.

Tuesday 16th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I need to keep reminding, telling and proving to myself that life without overdosing is better than with but whenever I start writing like that or start noticing it and consciously pushing an o.d away it seems at those times I want to o.d more. It's like I'm making more of a conscious effort to be happy which in turn makes me want to o.d. this is why I say I can't be happy for long without overdosing, as soon as I realize I'm happy I need to do something to change it.

Finished Katherine's cross stitch this afternoon which felt good, went for a walk after tea, came back just gone 7:00pm, put my phone on charge and went to watch TV, came back up at 9:00pm, phone and charger gone!

Told the nurses and phoned the police as I knew from experience the nurses wouldn't do anything, you know, your property, your problem, shouldn't have left it, police are noting the crime and I should hear from them, we tried phoning it but it had been switched off, it's now useless to the thief cause I've got a pin.

I've not got wound up about it, carried on this evening, had a laugh but it has put me out quite a bit. It's partly my fault for leaving it out but you like to think things are safe. In a way I'm also considering myself lucky.

At the time my locker key was in my draw, in my cupboard is my laptop. If they found the key it could have been that. So I've taken the warning and the key isn't leaving my sight. I guess we live and learn.

Wednesday 17th December 2003.

Dear Sky. The theft of my phone is getting to me now, it also looks like my money's going down because I'm in hospital, I phoned the college about the G.C.S.E course in January, it's only if you did your exams this year. I was planning on going shopping today to get the rest of my Christmas presents; I'm now going to buy Nytol as well.

It's 4:00pm and I've just taken 32 Nytol, I had to do it, it's just one of those things that have to be done, time out.

Thursday 18th December 2003.

Dear Sky. The staff found out about the Nytol around 6:30pm, they just checked my pulse and blood pressure and kept an eye on me over night. Today's been tough, no particular reason. Still really shaky from the Nytol, tired and no energy.

Friday 19th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I feel a lot better today; I've not done anything, watched TV for the most of it. I fell asleep on the sofa last night, a nurse woke me at midnight, I woke a bit scared and it took me a while to realize where I was.

I was really pale yesterday and Wednesday night and my eyes were really dark. I don't think I've seen myself looking that bad before, I've been told I have but it's the first time I've seen it.

I slept well last night, didn't wake until10:30am this morning, I needed the sleep to recover properly. I wonder what it will take for me to stop overdosing, if I ever do.

Saturday 20th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I couldn't have been more bored today if I tried, just spent the day in front of the TV. This past week or so I've noticed that I've been very short tempered, for no reason, I try to sleep after dinner hoping that I'll wake in a better mood.

I'm starting to doubt my future again and thinking that I'll be in here for a lot longer than everyone has planned. What has life got planned for me and when will everything change? I've been thinking about dieing a lot recently, how it will end everything, how I won't have to fight anymore but then I try to imagine not living and I can't. I can't imagine what it would be like to actually be dead; I can imagine dying but not being dead. I can't imagine anything apart from this hell like life I'm living.

Sunday 21st December 2003.

Dear Sky. I had a real good cry this afternoon in my room, almost hysterical then talked it over with a nurse and felt better for doing so. All my negative thoughts came flooding back and were really overwhelming. I came close to cutting myself, I was sat on my bed hugging myself and my razor was screaming out to me, I didn't have any tablets to take and I felt really angry but couldn't let it out. Thankfully I didn't, I went downstairs instead.

Where did my life go so wrong to end up like this? Tried telling myself that this wasn't happening to me, I felt utter despair and why, why, why? I don't want to be in the system anymore but I know I'm not ready to live out of it, the same thought over and over. Where did I go so wrong?

Monday 22nd December 2003.

Dear Sky. Two men from Totness came to see me today, I'll probably end up going, at the end of the day I've got nothing to loose, I'll probably be going to one of their houses in Plymouth. I'm trying to think of it like going away to university; I've got 2yrs before I can apply for a paramedic so get more qualifications in. I'll just be doing it away at Plymouth instead of Bristol, I can always come back.

Had to collect Katherine's cross stitch this evening so today's gone quite quick, also had a meeting with my consultant. Because today's gone quick I've had an OK day. I'm also going to see Lord of the rings in an hour with my family so again, keeping busy.

Tuesday 23rd December 2003.

Dear Sky. The film last night was good and I enjoyed it but yet again Katherine stole the lime light. On the way to the car back she tripped, fell and cut her elbow and banged her head, Mum and Dad went running and Dad dramatically picked her up and carried her to the car.

I feel nasty for thinking and feeling the way that I do, that people make too much fuss and Katherine over reacts and does things for attention. Apparently she hadn't eaten all day again, she doesn't on the odd day but what I can't stand is that she tells everyone that she hasn't eaten for so long. Throughout my life it's always been Katherine, Katherine, Katherine, never me.

I struggled to sleep last night and I don't feel like doing anything today, just sitting in front of the TV and I feel over tired so I hope I'll sleep. I did sleep, for an hour or so but my mood hasn't improved.

The closer I get to Christmas the further I wish it was away, if it wasn't for my sisters I don't think I'd bother with Christmas. As it is I don't like celebrating New Year, what's there to celebrate? Another year that's going to bring heartache and misery!

I've already decided that the next time I go shopping that tablets will be the main items on my list again; it's just something I have to do. Because I'll be taking meds to my parents with me it's brought the idea into my head of storing them and pretending to take them whilst I'm here so I can then o.d on them as well. I guess I knew it would only be a matter of time before this idea came into my head. The more I think about it the more I want to do it; me and control of my meds have never worked.

Wednesday 24th December 2003.

Dear Sky. Well it's Christmas Eve and I'm spending tonight and the best part of tomorrow at my parents. Now Christmas is here I've stopped worrying about it, what's going to happen will happen, I'll take it as it comes. More than likely I'll have a good time once I'm there; it's just the anticipation of it all.

Thursday 25th December 2003.

Dear Sky. Merry Christmas! I got back just after 5:00pm today, I had a good time, had a laugh, had good presents, enjoyed seeing everyone, glad I didn't make the stay longer, the evening was fine leaving when I did, it meant I didn't drag it out. I don't really want to say much more, I could drag the entry on for ages. At the end of the day I had a good time which sums it up nicely.

Friday 26th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I've spent all day in front of the TV watching films which has actually been quite nice. A relaxing day after yesterday's hectic one. It's 6:15pm and I've just taken 4 days worth of meds; Diazepam 70mg, Zopiclone 60mg and Lamotrigine 200mg. I

can't remember what happens when I take too many of that lot, I think I just go to sleep and my blood pressure drops. It's not a big o.d so hopefully I'll just go to sleep for a bit.

Saturday 27th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I was woken yesterday at 10:00pm, I couldn't walk in a straight line, and the nurses knew I'd overdosed. Because I didn't know what I'd taken I was forced to the BRI where I kicked up a fuss. They were going to section me which is when I realized I was informal and they couldn't keep me against my will and came back.

I half fell asleep when something really strange happened; it was like someone else took over me. I was screaming "please don't hurt me, their hurting me, help me, please stop, their coming after me, and go away."

I ended up climbing through a window and walking bare foot to the entrance, a nurse who was on the lock up ward walked me back there until I had calmed down. A nurse came and got me, walked me back, said how I was probably going to be discharged for this, it was up to the morning nurses.

It's morning now, please don't get rid of me because of one night, if you did you'd be throwing my life away. I went into town on the first bus after talking to a nurse, throwing me out was a possibility. I was going into town for a few things but the main reason was for tablets to take this afternoon but because of the talk I didn't want them to have any more grounds for getting rid of me. I didn't buy any, I got back 10:30am and have spent virtually the whole afternoon asleep, I feel really rough.

Walking around bare foot yesterday meant I cut my feet in a few places and ended up only having 2hrs sleep. What am I going to do with myself?

Sunday 28th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I have a stinking cold; I guess that's what you get for walking round the grounds with virtually nothing on! All I want to do today is sleep. I still want to o.d and because I was taken to the BRI Friday the pull for going again is a lot stronger. When I went before I was admitted I vowed it would be the last time but again I failed and because I did I'm finding that I want to go again.

I had a chat with a nurse this afternoon and she said according to the ward manager I wouldn't be chucked out, I think they were willing to let it go as it was a one off. I don't know what happened with all the screaming I did that night, all I know is that something real was going on in my head.

I think I'm defiantly going to Plymouth, now it's more likely to happen and it's closer to happening I'm getting used to the idea.

Tuesday 30th December 2003.

Dear Sky. I feel a lot better today and I've spent most of it socializing. I had a fright a t 6:00am, who I though was a nurse came into my room then switched the light on, that made me wake fully and I turned round to find a male patient standing at my bed smiling and said "hi"." I shouted "what the fuck are you doing in my room?" got out of

bed, he went out switching the light off, I followed so he ran down the stairs and along the corridor, I was close behind and went straight to the nurses.

It brought back all the memories of when Tony came in my room which then led to him raping me. Needless to say I was very upset.

This rule at meal times that I have to stick to is making me very annoyed. I see another patient eat in the TV room so tell the nurses and they let him carry on because he doesn't like eating around others. I have exactly the same issues and more yet I'm forced to eat with everyone else or not atoll.

To see him in there sends so many negative feelings through my head. Why should I suffer and him get away with it. It makes me angry, it makes me want to break the rule, and it makes me want to act slightly violently.

All stuff I don't want to do but seeing him in there is rubbing it in my face especially as the nurses know. I'm worried I'm gong to act in a way I'm going to regret.

Thursday 1st January 2004.

Dear Sky. Well as usual for a new year 2004 has got off to a great start, a repeat of yesterday. I had some anti sickness tablets this evening cause I couldn't even keep water down and I'm starting to feel a bit better. You have no idea how much I'm looking forward to the year ahead!!!

Friday 2nd January 2004.

Dear Sky. I had a terrible night again; the other patients are really getting to me. I'm writing now because when I get back I plan on not being conscious enough. I'm getting the 9:10am bus and the 11:45am back. I plan to buy a few bits and pieces and take 32 Nytol before coming back. I say "plan" instead of "hope" because it's going to happen, I need to get away from it all regardless of the consequences.

I climbed out the window again last night to sleep out there because of a patient but soon came back.

Saturday 3rd January 2004.

Dear Sky. I only took 16 Nytol yesterday and handed the rest to my key nurse and said I hadn't taken any. I don't know how I managed to fool everyone; I had all the usual side effects but not as bad.

I hardly slept again last night, that's 2 nights on a row, since I've had someone come in my room, coincidence? This morning my eyes were still messed up, I slept for 2hrs after dinner and have felt better for it.

I'm not looking forward to tonight, if I don't sleep again then I'll know it's because of my new room mate and make more of a point about it but I don't want to jump in and make false accusations.

Sunday 4th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I kicked off last night; the one thing that really gets to me is when the nurses put my food out on the trolley without my permission. I was defiantly having it last night but they put it out and the others had it within seconds.

Her excuse was "I put it out cause I thought you might want it." that is the worse bull shit I've heard. If something's got a name on it doesn't go out. I slammed the office door, sat down and chucked the coffee table over with my foot breaking a cup.

I had a bad sleep, not because of my room mate; she went to bed the same time. I've spent all day on my bed on the computer. Because of last night my reaction was, right, I'm not eating or drinking again because obviously they don't care and I haven't had anything today but I'm still really angry about it but don't feel I can talk to the nurses cause of how I reacted.

Monday 5th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I think I scared a few people last night including myself. I was waiting for my meds when within a minute of each other I suddenly got really hot, felt really sick and my hearing went really funny. A patient asked if I was OK, she said I was pale then next thing I'm struggling to stand and loads of hands holding me, guiding me to a chair. There was no explanation for it, my blood pressure was fine.

I then had over an hours argument with a nurse because he wouldn't give me my meds, I won in the end only for my room mate to be up and down all night.

This morning at 8:40am I asked my key nurse for a chat, I wanted to talk about my crap weekend, she said "give me a minute and I'll come find you" an hour later I went upstairs and spent the rest of the morning crying my eyes out, she finally managed to find some time after dinner.

I'm seeing my psychologist in a bit, need to tell him the work we're doing is too hard because I believe in the negative statements too much. I'm really struggling at the moment and feel like the nurses are doing all they can to make things harder for me.

I feel I have no self control so isolating myself is the best way to stay out of trouble. No one seems to understand me and I feel completely alone. I hate myself, I hate my life, and I hate not seeing a positive future. I can't see out this huge mess, the only way out I see is death.

Tuesday 6th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I've spent all day on the laptop again, completely isolating myself. I had a CPA meeting this afternoon, I didn't say much as I feel I'm being neglected at the moment, even if it does half mean I'm pushing people away.

The way things are going I can see me being in here for quite a few weeks yet. The Plymouth process is taking a long time to happen.

I've now gone 3 days without any intake and it's like I'm pushing myself to see how long I can go, eating or drinking means I've failed and that I'm weak for giving in. so whereas 3 days ago it was the nurse stopping me from eating I am aware that it's only me stopping myself now.

I know that all it'll take for me to start eating, drinking and socializing again is for a nurse to catch me whilst I'm weak and pushing me to eat something. Once I'm back on

the eating track again I'll be alright but at the moment my frame of mind is to never eat in here again. All that can change with a nurse putting in that extra effort.

I've ended up having one drink and a dozen or so grapes tonight, now feel like a fat bloated cow.

I WISH I WAS A TIGER

Majestic,
Bold,
A challenging stare.
No one can touch me,
No one will dare.

Perfect,
Graceful,
I feel magic around.
No one can intimidate me,
Of that I am proud.

Beauty,
Power,
I fight for my rights.
No one can shame me,
I will not run in flight.

I am what I am
These feelings I will not contain,
I will make sure
It is always this way.



Wednesday 7th January 2004.

Dear Sky. For the first time in nearly a week I slept well last night. Again I've spent all day on the laptop, completely bored. I weighed myself this evening, 7 ½ stone, I was hoping to be a little less but I guess I'm forgetting how hard it is to loose it, also I came on my period this morning and supposedly you supposed to put on a few pounds.

My family has just been in, out of the blue, along with a few letters. One from my cousin, her and another have both just started their missions. It's at times like this the feeling of how much I'm letting my family down come back, how much I'm hurting them and all the pain they're feeling because of me.

One of my dreams last night wasn't very long and the details are blurred but I remember that in my dream I was very happy. In my dream I was living my dream, training to be a paramedic, the details were weird, not real life but I was so happy, constantly smiling and laughing. How often do you do that? Dream your dream.

I've just been having a chat with my new associate key nurse because he caught me crying my eyes out, he's very caring, bless him. We talked about how I was feeling and wanting to o.d, he said how I needed a bit of courage and I'm acting naturally by freezing and keeping everything close because I don't know what's going on and I'm scared.

He made light of the conversation by talking about the lion in the Wizard of Oz and his medal for courage. It made me smile; I like it when after talking serious with someone they then make the conversation lighter. He said how I do have courage otherwise I wouldn't be here but I need to hang on in there, it's something I have to do myself, unlike the lion, there's no magic medal.

I'm off to bed with the ½ hope of tomorrow being better but the other ½ hope of overdosing. Apparently my key nurse is in tomorrow so I'll try and make use of her. I hope that once again I dream my dream.

Thursday 8th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I woke this morning after a bad night, at 8:30am I went straight down and talked to my key nurse. I asked her for my tablets back, she asked if I would take them, I said yes, she then replied that she couldn't/wouldn't give them to me.

I replied saying I would then have to buy some and take double. She replied saying she wouldn't stop me getting on the bus but there are other ways to cope.

We then talked about how I was feeling, we agreed for me to have a shower, get dressed and then go for a walk round the grounds. I must have had my sensible head on because I asked for the walk to be the same time as the bus. We came back and I felt better.

The dietician then saw me just before lunch, I was honest with her, told her I hadn't eaten since Saturday, we changed my "menu" around a bit and again I must have had my sensible head on because I then had a drink and grapes. Because I haven't eaten for so long I couldn't manage anything heavy.

I saw my consultant around 1:00pm, we had a general chat and I finally plucked up the courage to ask to see my notes. He said it wasn't a problem. I have 3 volumes; the ward only has the last/current one.

It's 4:30pm and I've just finished reading it. It was interesting to see and read some reports and others opinions; the other volumes I think will be more interesting as they're older.

One bit said how some Drs thought I should be placed in a higher security hospital. There was a huge list of dates and negative behaviors. They're the main things that stand out. I'll probably too and throw from my notes in further entries!

Other thing that has happened today, in short, next Tuesday me and two nurses are going to Plymouth to visit the house I'll be living in and returning Wednesday. So on the whole today's turned out to be a good day but it could have been very different if I got on the bus. Strangely but rightly I'm glad I didn't o.d and I've been sensible and used the nurses.

Friday 9th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in a good mood today even though I've not really done anything. It's got to be food related you know, the lower your intake the lower your mood!

It was interesting to read yesterday how Drs did think I was anorexic to begin with and that I had 80% of the "symptoms." I think I probably was "anorexic" for a while. I've had trouble eating my whole life, still do but I think it only got to the severe "anorexic" state for about 2 months, one of which was in hospital so it got picked up quickly and I only have "an eating disorder" or in other words, i.e. mine, "problems with eating."

Saturday 10th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I didn't get up until 11:00am cause my room mate kept getting up until 5:00am so it's left me in a grotty mood and a bad headache. I've been bitchy towards her all day, not letting her sleep; she's not sleeping during the day and keeping me awake at night, no chance. I'll do my best to keep her awake tonight as well, see how she likes it.

Today has been very slow and boring, done a bit of socializing and a bit on my laptop. I've got a really dry cough that hurts and I can't get rid of, it's doing my head in. You can tell I'm bored cause of the crap I'm writing!

Sunday 11th January 2004.

Dear Sky. Apparently some bloke killed himself on another ward last night.

I'm starting to get scared about Plymouth on Tuesday, I'm worried it's all going to go wrong, I know it'll almost defiantly be fine but that doesn't stop me worrying about it and panicking.

I've not really done anything but sleep and rest today, I'm still not physically 100%, I'm not eating as much as I should and I'm just getting anxious about Tuesday.

Monday 12th January 2004.

Dear Sky. This afternoons been quite fun, I don't really remember this morning, I think I just spent it on my laptop. I spent the afternoon with another patient. When we're together we get into such "mischief," yesterday we kept locking the front door but people didn't know it was me.

Today we got into the old buildings, they're boarded up now so he had to pull some board away and it was really dark. When I went in before, a year ago it wasn't boarded so you could see. It's really derelict now but we found upstairs! We also rescued some plates and cups.

Just got back form swimming, we hid these kids' shorts so he couldn't go because he was drunk and annoying the hell out of me.

I was in the shower before changing, you know, the calm at the end of the day, when it hit me that I'm off to Plymouth in a few hours. That brought me quickly back down to earth but on the whole today's been fine.

Tuesday 13th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I'm sat here writing this in what is 99.9% likely to be my new room in my new "home." Two nurses came down with me this morning and they left after dinner, staying in a B&B and coming back about 11:30am tomorrow, first impressions? I was thrown in the deep end and at dinner time when everyone eats together, it was very daunting. But after, everyone went their separate ways and I relaxed more.

I'm sat here tonight with a positive attitude to coming here. Everyone's friendly and the area seems nice. It's 10:45pm, I've just had my meds and everyone gets up for breakfast at 8:00am so I can't stay up too much longer. I'll probably write in more detail tomorrow.

Wednesday 14th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I don't know where to start, I've got so much to write but feel I won't get everything down. I guess the logical place to start is at the beginning of the day but again my head's rushing with things to write that I can't format it logically. Points I guess!

Stay at Plymouth went well, going to go for a request to stay. Scary at first but got used to it. Other clients with "learning difficulties," not been around that "label" before, it'll be OK once used to it. Finding it ODD that an o.d is constantly on my mind but I'm pushing it to one side, medication????

Spent the whole afternoon/evening reading volume 2 of my notes, very interesting. Quite a bit I don't remember like having a cafiter on the 21.11.02 and still with no effect. The huge overdoses I took, the times I was restrained, all things I had forgotten. It reminded me of how ill I really was. Nothing in my notes has upset me, seeing how different I am now can only be a positive. Reading entries where nurses had wrote "Warm" and "friendly" about my attitude felt nice inside, that it was nice for the nurses to think that of me.

How long will this positive me last. Even up to the end of 2002 my weight was a major issue, going back down to 6.6 stone. All the worry the nurses had over my safety and whether my stay was any good. Almost everything I read I've probably wrote my

view in my journals but I like seeing others view and the things I can't remember. Also read notes of all the times I cut myself and the operation etc, whilst reading it I cringed at the mention and some detail of the cuts. That's got to be positive. All this positive thinking is weird; it's not me, what's happening for me to feel like this and to be OK about it? Didn't like how everyone thought I killed my rats and Noah's Arks rabbits.

Thursday 15th January 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been really slow and boring. The go ahead for Plymouth's been given by everyone except the people who need to fund it! I assumed the funding was already there, which is why I went down. It was strange when trying to sleep at Plymouth, I was imagining all my stuff in my room, where I'd put what and whether it would all fit.

Someone broke the TV whilst I was away so that's half the reason it's so boring. The only entertainment is talking to people; at times it can be very tedious. But I've just finished talking to a nurse for an hour which I quite enjoyed. Talked about what I used to be like etc.

I'm really tired having not slept to well again last night. Even though someone forged an entry and wrote me up for 1-2 tablets of Lorazipam prn. Lorazipam is stronger than Diazepam, 1 tablet should knock me out, I had 2 plus all my regular Diazepam and Zopiclone.

I'm going to start storing the Lorazipam now because I don't really need it, I might store the others as well. At the moment I only have 2 Lorazipam because I've only just started, I've also got to be careful who I ask and that I don't ask too often because they will then start questioning it and see they shouldn't be giving me it. I should be really agitated to have it!

I'm getting really pissed off now about the whole no funding yet thing. It's starting to get to me and annoy me. That and the fact that there really is nothing to do here.

I've got it in my mind to o.d tomorrow, I feel low and useless, that once again I'm at a stand still waiting for fate to take its hand in whether I get better or not by getting funding.

Friday 16th January 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been horrible, I woke up crying, went downstairs, no one noticed. I was planning a huge o.d. I went upstairs and took what I'd stored; 4 tablets of Lamotrigine and 2 tablets of Zopiclone. They didn't do much, made me really tired but I refused to sleep.

Just after dinner I caught the bus to Long Ashton and got 16 Nytol which I'm going to take after my night meds. Again I'm also going to try and stay awake. I've also managed to keep 2 Lamotrigine and 10mg of Diazepam for after the o.d because they won't give me anything after.

I've just been home, it's Hannah's birthday, told them all about Plymouth, they were fine about it.

Saturday 17th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I'm only going to write briefly, I took the o.d at 9:00pm yesterday, told a nurse a few hours later. I had all the normal side effects. Woke up at 8:00am this morning which went slow, at 3:0opm I asked for Diazepam which has just knocked me out for 3hrs and I woke really disorientated about time and day.

I really needed the sleep though, I was crying and in a right state, I feel a lot better now. I just had a chat with a nurse I just needed 10-15mins to have a decent conversation with someone.

Sunday 18th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I have never been so bored in my life, today has gone so slow, I spent the morning doing nothing and sleeping, this afternoon I've done nothing except my laptop. I'm worried that now I've taken an o.d I'm back on the track to doing it more regularly again. It was a delayed quick reaction to the news of funding not being set up for Plymouth. I feel like I have no control over my life whist I'm waiting, taking an o.d meant I was in control of something.

Visiting then coming back only to be told to wait is like taking sweets form a kid. "Look at what you could have, try it for a while but you can't have it all now." Talk about rubbing it in your face.

I'm scared to go into town; I haven't been for about a fortnight, because I know I'll buy a load of tablets. I guess I have to start the whole o.d or not o.d all over again.

Tuesday 20th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I couldn't write yesterday because I was out of it. I brought 48 Nytol planning to take them all but only took 15 and handed the rest in. I needed to take control over something, my life is on hold until the funding comes and there's nothing I can do. It's the feeling of not being able to do anything that's getting to me. I'm getting worse since the visit, in a way it feels like they're teasing me, there's nothing for me to do here or no one to socialize with.

Wednesday 21st January 2004.

Dear Sky. What with the two overdoses my day and time clock has been all over the place. I'm feeling a lot better now physically and emotionally than I did 5 days ago. If things go well I should know by the end of next week whether I've got funding or not, I'm trying not to think negatively but it's hard. I'm spending most of the time bored out of my head in my room, there's nothing to do downstairs and no one I can have a sensible conversation with. On top of all that the TV still isn't working so I can't even waste my time in front of that.

My sleeping patterns getting better, probably because I'm wiping myself out with the Lorazipam as well. Last night I don't think my head had been on the pillow for more than 4mins before I was gone and didn't wake till 8:30am

Thursday 22nd January 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's not been too good. I woke this morning wanting to go shopping but knowing if I did I would o.d. I took responsibility and asked a nurse if she'd take me, which she did in the afternoon. Had a Mc Donald's whilst out and had a good time she told me that Sunday's going to be her last day, she's moving to dept manager on a different ward. I'm pleased for her but will be sad to see her go.

I've got to wait at least another month before getting funding because Plymouth want me to go down for another overnight visit. What am I going to do in that month? O.d, get more upset, get more wound up, get more bored. Great plan. How to mess me up even more!

I had a run in with a nurse this evening because she wouldn't give me any PRN, she did in the end but she really wound me up because she was accusing me of playing games and stuff.

Friday 23rd January 2004.

Dear Sky. I woke up today wanting to hide from the world, not get up but I did and had a walk with a nurse around the grounds taking about how I felt about being here for another 2 months. Mid afternoon I spent on the laptop and this afternoon I took some Diazepam and slept for 3hrs.

I woke at 6:00pm, disorientated about time and day, took a while to get my head round. I feel so lost and useless, that I'm not going to cope with being her for another 2 months; I'm in a completely negative mood and can't be bothered to do anything about it.

The ward is very chaotic at the moment and whenever I'm downstairs I'm very tearful. I know it's not the right place for me but people are holding me back, making me go through this hell.

Saturday 24th January 2004.

Dear Sky. Went to Cleavedon this morning with some of the family, it was good to get off the ward and do something normal. Spent the rest of the day just doing the usual mixture.

I've not slept well these past two nights, my room mate has kept me awake, I always feel that there's no point in gong to bed if I'm going to have a disturbed night but I always do. I hate every moment of being here, the ward is too crazy and I know it's not where I belong.

I look at the other patients and my heart goes out to them. Most of them have been in and out of the system for years and then there's a few just starting the journey. It's not a nice journey to be taking, not a nice life to be living but you get stuck in it and only a few manage to escape the trap. Will I be one of those few?

Sunday 25th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I woke up wanting to o.d again; I spoke to a nurse and felt better after. Spent most of the day doing a puzzle. My room mate really pissed me off last night, I've

given her plenty of warning since she's been here, she started smoking last night so I ripped up a whole pack of fags in front of her.

Another patient has had to go to A&E because there's something wrong with his insides, he's being escorted overnight. It sounds wrong but its things like that that makes me want to o.d even more, attention. He's getting one to one time whilst nurses struggle to have conversations with us. So I am really struggling at the moment, struggling to stay safe and positive.

Monday 26th January 2004.

Dear Sky. Woke up this morning with the same feeling of wanting to o.d but also tempted with the idea of strangulation. I got some Diazepam and tried sleeping for an hour but that didn't work, chatted with a nurse and felt a bit better, spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon doing the puzzle.

3:30pm the thought of overdosing was too much. I got dressed, walked into Long Ashton caught the bus into town, got some tablets and caught the 5:30pm back. I brought 4 boxes = 64 tablets of Nytol and 1 box = 16 tablets of Paracetamol I haven't taken any, they're here for back up. I don't feel the need to take them anymore today.

Everything is really getting on top of me; the same thought day in and day out, at least now I can act on those thoughts.

Tuesday 27th January 2004.

Dear Sky. Its midday, about ½ hour ago a patient was found dead in his room. Everyone went rushing up with all the oxygen stuff, minutes later an ambulance came but they didn't go up, it doesn't take much to realize they didn't need to cause there was nothing they could do.

It's upset me quite a bit, for the wrong reasons though, not because of him, because of me. It brought back all those memories of nurses rushing with oxygen to me and the times when I had to have mouth to mouth.

It's upsetting because I saw everyone rushing and everything happening. I didn't need telling what was going on, just who it was happening to.

Its 1:15pm, I was just about to take an o.d when I had a message from Katherine to phone her. SHE'S GETTING MARRIED. In May, to a bloke she's just met, member, returned missionary, very happy, said yes to being a bridesmaid, and congratulated her whilst fighting back the sound of my tears.

I really want her to be happy, made her feel good. Everything inside me is breaking; she's really going to struggle. I hope she'll be happy and not end up like me. Katherine, Katherine, Katherine, what have you done? Please, Please be happy, don't have a failed marriage, please let it work out.

I've got to get out of here, I've got to get out of my head so the o.d of 16 Nytol still stands. 1:20pm, 16 Nytol.

Wednesday 28th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I took the tablets yesterday and slept for most of the day; I spoke to a few nurses but managed to speak properly so no one knows. Today's been hell, I still haven't recovered properly, I feel like a nervous wreck, that I'm breaking down, that I'm not me anymore.

Thursday 29th January 2004.

Dear Sky. I think the main reason why I am so scared for Katherine is because I'm reliving my experience, one in particular, the temple. Something I've tried to block out and never talked about, someone once told me that "We don't talk about what happens in the temple in detail, that's not because it's secret but sacred."

After the preparation classes you have to have an interview with your Bishop to make sure you're worthy, i.e. haven't broken the commandments. You then get a year temple recommend which you can't go inside the temple without.

Even though I had been "prepared" for the temple it still scared the hell out of me. As it's a big occasion all "worthy" family members try to attend, so for me that meant doubly making sure I put that brave face on.

After you've been through the temple you have to wear "garments" in everyday life. I hated wearing those garments, extra underwear which meant my clothes were slightly tighter on me, particularly my trousers.

After me and Carl got married we then had to go to the temple to be sealed for eternity, again family attend. Afterwards we were encouraged to spend time alone in this beautiful room.

Carl was "in paradise" I was in hell. I felt really uncomfortable sitting by him and couldn't wait for a suitable time to pass before joining everyone else. After being sealed for eternity we then went on our honeymoon.

I don't think Katherine really understands what a life changing experience it is, just like I didn't.

I had a good chat with my consultant, showed him this entry and we talked quite a bit about the honeymoon. I also had an interesting chat with a nurse. He said how predictable my behavior around overdosing used to be and how one night he said in handover what he thought would happen and apparently it did. To the time, action and which nurse I would approach and what I'd say, I didn't realize I was so predictable.

I've been in quite a good mood today compared to these past few days. I've not really done anything different. Laptop, socializing, nothing different. I have been a wreck these past few days but I think I'm over that.

My consultant also said how Plymouth hadn't given the go ahead for the move; they want me to go for a longer visit. Oddly enough it's not bothering me that much, probably because I'm feeling more positive in myself. He also told me not to worry too much about the debt that if they start threatening me he would write a letter explaining my situation and the agency would be forced into suspending the debt until I am able to pay it.

Sunday 1st February 2004.

Dear Sky. I weighed myself after writing yesterday, 8 stone, too fat must loose weight. At 11:30pm I asked a nurse for a chat.
"I've had a good day today so why is the only thing I can think of is overdosing tomorrow?"
I asked her. We had a long talk about it, she asked me if I had any tablets and I couldn't lie and ended up handing them in. I went to bed and I've woken up feeling lost. It wasn't until after we talked that I finally succumbed and admitted to myself that I'm nothing but a "drug addict" who once has taken them could be labels as "schizophrenic".

I'm addicted because; I feel I must o.d, I o.d even when things are well, I go a while without overdosing but always come back, Nytol is my "coping method," I panic when I don't have them, I feel out of control when I don't have Nytol, I feel I can't cope without them. I feel I could be labeled as "schizophrenic" after taking them because; I see things that aren't really there, I hear things that haven't been said, I talk to people then realize they're not there, half way through a sentence I'll forget what I was trying to say, I'll start to do something and then forget what I was doing, my mouth gets very dry, itch a lot, my eyes get huge, I can't focus on things close up, I can't talk properly, I can't walk properly, I get agitated.

I first overdosed on 13 Nytol on the 25th May 2002. After being told about them by another patient, 21 months on and look what it's done to me. It became my coping mechanism as strangling myself and starving myself were happening less.

Monday 2nd February 2004.

Dear Sky. Nothing unusual happened today, I've been finding today and yesterday very hard. I'm dreading going shopping cause I know I'll buy tablets.

Two patients are back in from Molitor, like I've always said, Molitor house is so good at doing its job. I'm finding being here very frustrating.

Food and drink are strictly off limits as I'm still 8 stone. I always said that if I reached that weight I'd take this action. I'm weighing myself everyday so I'll know when I can start eating again.

Katherine's set a date for her fateful day, 1st May, less than 3 months away.

Tuesday 3rd February 2004.

Dear Sky. Someone kept burning the toast last night and eventually the fire alarm went off. I think it's the first time it's gone off with me being here yet not being me since I last did it! I've been in a better mood today; I had my care plan meeting, looks like I could be here until April. We also talked about my medication, I got my consultant to up PRN Diazepam to 40mg a day but not on it regularly at night.

Wednesday 4th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've had a good day today, I pulled myself out of my PJ's and went to O.T this afternoon and enjoyed myself. My weight is back to 7.9 stone so I've started eating again. I spent almost the whole day socializing, hardly any time in my room. And all I can think of, all my plans and ideas are of when I'll next o.d and where to buy the

tablets from as shops in town are starting to recognize me. Next hit list, Bedminster which has 3 pharmacies.

Thursday 5th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I took 32 Nytol this morning and I can't remember if I did anything last.

Friday 6th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've spent all day in and out of sleep on the sofa recovering from yesterday. I was in and out of sleep all last night as well; I must have only had 1-2hrs sleep in total. The thought and knowledge that I'm 99% likely to be here for another 2 months is proving to be very hard to take in. It has really knocked me back.

Saturday 7th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've now fully recovered from Thursday, I was really ill with it. I was sick over my bed and my pulse went up to 120. I can't remember being sick, I only know I was cause I found a load over my arm and then on my bed, most of Thursday is a complete blank.

I'm really dehydrated, under my eyes are purple and although I've started drinking I'm still not going to the toilet which must mean I'm putting on weight again. Again I've not really done anything today, recovery in the lounge.

Monday 8th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I weighed myself last night, 7.11 stone which is OK. I've been feeling really low today, I can't stop thinking about all I want is a place I can call "home" and a life. I'm going to be here for another 2 months before that even becomes a possibility, I look at the nurses and wish for their lives.

I've not "lived" for the past 2yrs; I've just been a statistic in a mental hospital, a system I can't get out of. I don't have the strength to keep going for another 2 months, my head is just full of doubt, worry and fear. I'll never be "normal" I'll never have a "home" I'll never have a "life."

Tuesday 10th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been struggling with a low mood again today. I did absolutely nothing this morning but I tried to pick myself up this afternoon by going to O.T, enquiring about a first aid course and I've just got back from having tea with Katherine and I'm still in a low mood.

Katherine seems pretty clued up about what she's doing although she is nervous about the temple but knows more about what to expect than what I did. We popped into Sainsbury's before coming back and I couldn't resist the opportunity to buy Nytol. There's a very high (99.9%) possibility that I'm going to take them tonight before I get

asked if I've got any and have to hand them in again, it's only 16 but I still want to take them.

It's 10:00pm and I'm just off to bed without overdosing. My mind was willing but my body wasn't able. When it's like that my body usually overrides my mind. I want to o.d but the thought of doing it makes me cringe. I got the water, sat on my bed, got the box, but my body said no. So to ease the conflict I had some Diazepam, I haven't told anyone and the box is still in the wardrobe, waiting for my body to agree with my mind and say yes. I'm hoping that time will come soon. You see, at times my body rejects Nytol, just the thought of taking them makes me want to be sick and stops me from taking them but I know that that feeling wont last forever and soon there'll be no hesitation and the tablets will easily go down both my body and in my head.

Wednesday 11th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I overdosed at 10:00am so I've spent the day in and out of sleep.

Thursday 12th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I spent today recovering from yesterday, I felt awful until this afternoon when I took some Diazepam, woke up feeling a lot better. Didn't sleep last night which I knew I wouldn't, I usually don't feel better until I've slept with Diazepam, it gives me chance to recharge my batteries so to speak.

I went down to O.T this afternoon and on the way I saw a mole by the path, I've never seen a mole before, it was trying to get down but it couldn't so I picked it up and we found another hole which it went down, it was so cute.

Friday 13th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been feeling a lot better today and been in a more positive mood, I've kept myself quite busy and managed to go into town without buying any tablets which at the moment is quite a rare thing.

I'm now sharing a room with someone else, she's been here longer than me and always had her own room but she's just been brought back after going AWOL for 3 weeks. She keeps herself to herself and hopefully sharing will be OK, I had no problems last night.

This past week I've been going to bed earlier, waking earlier, managing without Diazepam at night, showering more often and getting dressed. I don't know whether it's had an effect on my mood, it's certainly got me out more to O.T but I've still overdosed twice.

Saturday 14th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Had a good day today, spent all of it doing a puzzle in front of the TV. Weighed myself this morning, 7.10 stone which I'm happy with. Felt a bit low after dinner but managed to pick myself back up.

Saw a nurse getting an Ensure for a patient which brought back memories and made me jealous that I wasn't getting that attention but like I said, I soon picked myself up from it. As far as activities go today and yesterday have been totally different but my mood has remained the same. All it leaves me to think about is how long it'll last.

Sunday 15th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Again I've not done anything today and my mood has remained stable throughout. Because I've been doing more recently it's OK to relax and not do as much over the weekend, in fact it's quite nice although I'll be glad to do some sort of activity tomorrow instead of staying on the ward.

Again I've not had any contact with the family over the weekend, I feel as if we've fallen out and there's a negative atmosphere between as although everything's as normal as it can be. I guess I've felt this way since Katherine's engagement, I feel that it's put a barrier between me and the rest of the family.

I've not really talked to anyone these past few days. Because of the two overdoses within a week I feel like I've stabbed them in the back and that I'm not worthy of their time.

At 7.10 stone my body mass index (B.M.I) is 15.9 = emaciated, physical symptoms of semi starvation are the priority.

WHAT HAPPENED?

"Come into hospital" I soon was told,
I didn't realise my soul I had just sold.
"Go for a while and have a rest",
I didn't realise it would be a 2 year quest.

They didn't tell me it would change my life,
I just thought they'd cure my strife.
They didn't tell me what pain I would face,
I just thought it would be a safe place.
I wasn't told I'd feel so much inner pain,
I didn't know my world would never be the same.
I wasn't told I'd become a lost number,
I didn't know I was just another.

I soon learnt what a mess I'd become,
They told me I wasn't alone.
I soon learnt that this journey would be rough,
They told me good times come from the tough.

I soon felt that I would soon be dead,
They told me it was all in my head.
I soon felt I had failed at everything,
They told me my life was just beginning.

"You're ready to leave hospital" I now am told,
I now know why my soul I sold.
I went for a while and found what I believe,
That I'm now ready my life to live.



Monday 16th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been really busy but not nessecerly good. Went on the walk around the grounds this morning, did badminton tournament midday for 3hrs and swimming this evening. Weight has constantly been a big issue today. The badminton was spoiled by providing food afterwards which I turned down. Just before tea I decided to be sensible and eat, sat in the lounge and out of the blue one nurse said I'd put on weight, I bitched her back calling her a fucking fat bitch amongst other things.

Meant I didn't have tea, didn't want to be called fat again, it really upset me. I've just had a chat with a nurse who said that the other nurse didn't mean it the way I took it, weighed myself and I was the same, 7.9 stone, cried a bit, a new nurse gave me a hug, after the last o.d and she's been really nice and understanding.

I've now got to be sensible, block what the nurse said and eat, which is going to be hard.

Wednesday 18th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Today has been a lot calmer, I feel more settled although I've not really done anything different. I've been in a lot of pain which started off last night, under/behind my left ribs. The Dr had a look at me and took bloods just to be safe and said it was more than likely constipation, she said she could feel a big lump of poo!!!! Asked me to drink more which I said I would but haven't because with fluids my stomach gets really bloated so it makes me feel fat even thought I know I've not put on weight but I've been eating which I guess is why I'm in pain.

I talked to my psychologist about socializing and the feeling I get about not fitting in. I'm glad I did because they're really strong feelings which are now out in the open.

Thursday 19th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I got my old room back!!! It has really cheered me up being back in a single room, I've got my own space, and I couldn't believe it when the nurse said "yes" without an argument. I could never make sense of why they kept saying no in the first place.

I moved just before dinner and it was just on time because this afternoon another male and female patient was admitted. I had a really good session with my psychologist today. We talked about friendships whilst I was in school. It's all stuff I've wanted to talk about.

I slept badly again last night and the laxatives they gave me haven't had any effect. I've had one drink today and one or two yesterday. I should be spending time with the family tomorrow so now I've got my old room back I'm going to bring my music back in so I can play it at night which hopefully should help me sleep. I'm so glad to have my own room again!

Friday 20th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Oddly I've felt a lot lower in mood today, could it be because I spent time with the family? Mum, Hannah and I went and saw Haunted Mansion which was good, then went back to my parents because Mum wanted sizes for the bridesmaids dress and I wanted to get a few stuff.

I only stayed for about 2hrs because I felt the atmosphere pulling me down, there wasn't a bad atmosphere, it just didn't feel right. Mum also said that Jane didn't watch the film because when she watched Pirates of the Caribbean she suffered from really bad nightmares which Mum and Dad struggled calming her down from. Instantly I start to worry about Jane, all the thoughts have come back about how strong she really is.

Saturday 21st February 2004.

Dear Sky. I walked past the bathroom door this morning, looked in and there was a bottle of Dettol which someone had left. I couldn't resist, I wanted to see what would happen, and at the worst I'd be sick. I drank two or three mouthfuls, it burnt my mouth, lips and throat and my taste buds. I can't taste a thing I eat which is a really strange feeling, I can only feel the texture of the food. It's not something I'll be doing again in a hurry.

Sunday 22nd February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've done just about nothing today; I spent all morning crying for no particular reason, just a general low feeling of gloom and despair. I had to wait nearly 3hrs before I could talk to my allocated nurse who didn't help; she was busy doing other things.

This afternoon I pushed myself to the max. I went into the old wards alone. Forcing myself to go down dark corridors and look into utter black rooms. I had to keep the feeling of wanting to get out under control, remain calm, forcing myself to do things that gut reactions tell you not to. By keeping calm and forcing myself into scary places

gave me a sense of compete power and control. It was the first time I went alone, being with someone else is scary enough but you joke behind your fear, being alone you can't do that and you have to let noises and thoughts and feeling go over your head.

I think Friday night was the start of feeling low,. I just don't have the energy to look after myself or pick myself up.

I've got my taste buds back which is good. I'm still not drinking; I manage one drink a day if I'm lucky. I'm also back to thinking that I'm not going to end up in Plymouth because I won't fit in.

Monday 23rd February 2004.

Dear Sky. I had a bad night, cut a razor blade apart to cut myself but handed it in before I did. I then started punching the wall like I used to. I slept well because I'm back on the Diazepam although I've bee punching throughout the day my day's been a good on. O.T was good and I had another good session with my psychologist about my childhood memories of home.

I've just got back from swimming. I've told no one about my hand and don't intend to.

Tuesday 24th February 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been struggling with my mood again today. The ward is very busy at the moment which is making me feel uncomfortable, I'm glad I've got somewhere I can go to get away form it all, my room. I've got very mixed emotions from neglect to not wanting to be here anyway.

Wanting to do a bit of shopping but not being able to trust myself. I'm just feeling really low.

Thursday 26th February 2004.

Dear Sky. It snowed real hard today! I also went and got my car this afternoon. Had a snow fight with the girls and Dad, had a laugh, cause of the snow it took me 2hrs to get back, it usually takes 20mins.

I haven't told the nurses about the car, I wonder how long it'll be till they know. My moods been a lot better but I've gone back to not looking forward to going to Plymouth; I'm just feeling really negative about it. Just after I wrote the staff asked if it was my car! They asked if I was going to move it I said no so watch this space!

My first admission was all about getting me better and recognizing that I had a problem. This admission is a lot different. It's been about stabilizing myself and moving on.

I don't cut myself anymore, the thought of having more scars are enough to put me off.

I don't strangle myself anymore, normally it doesn't achieve anything, the odd occasion when it did, the results were near death.

I don't starve myself anymore, although I'm having major problems with my body image.

The amount of overdoses I take are getting less and less, I used to o.d 3-4 times a week, since this admission it's dropped to once a week. Overdosing has now got to the stage where I DON'T WANT TO OVERDOSE. And at the moment I feel good about being able to say that, something that I never believed would happen.

At the moment I feel more and more that I have a future, that things will work out, well it's something I'm trying to hold on to with both hands.

Wanting to be a paramedic is giving me a focus in life, a purpose, that at the end of the day being able to say that I have made a difference to someone's life. I can't think of a more rewarding job and it's this that has made a difference to the admission being different.

I'm struggling with thoughts of moving to Plymouth but have had reassurance today which has made me feel slightly better. Like I said before, I'm really struggling with my body image and really need to talk to someone who has known me these past 2yrs and who knows what they're talking about.

I was also told by a nurse why I can go days without any one 2 one attention. That "the ward gets busy and the quiet ones don't get noticed" I feel that I need to spend more time with staff even if I seem OK. I really want to get better and not o.d anymore, it is something that I want to stop, it's how I feel inside, that it has to stop but I can't do it alone and I need help in doing it. I've had enough of hurting myself and want to stop.

Friday 27th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Well I've had a really busy 24hrs. I've wrote and said before that I don't want to o.d again but always have. Whilst writing last night I really believed in what I was writing, that I had control and was not going to o.d again, on the realistic side I feel that I will o.d again but the desire not to has never been this strong.

The social worker who's dealing with the funding came by this morning, he's been to the panel and had been turned down with the reason that £18,000p/w was too much to fund. This past week or so I knew inside that I wasn't going, so it looks like I'm going to be here even longer.

I talked to a nurse straight after about everything I'd written, she was rally nice and supportive and we had a long chat. I spoke to the ward manager about my car, I felt like I was at school, in trouble, waiting to see the headmaster! I felt it was better to get it over and done with, he was fine with it.

I made the decision last night that I was not going to use my car to get tablets easier. If I want tablets I have to use the bus, I believe that I can stick to that, that I have enough control to stick to it.

I've spent 3hrs this afternoon reading the first lot of my notes, at last. Nothing much jumped out as being really significant, it was pretty much the same as the others. So far today (7.00pm) I'm still in a good mood. I'm just waiting for everything to hit me and for my mood to come plummeting down.

I'm not dictating my fate by saying that it will happen. It is a fact that it will; I have no control over it. It's what I do; things take a while to sink in. The only thing I have control over is how I react to everything crashing down.

Sunday 29th February 2004.

Dear Sky. Well I've been in the same happy, jokey mood again. I had a talk with my associate key nurse about my situation, I cried a bit, not because I was upset but because of the frustration and emotions that come out when I talk seriously.

I don't know where I'm going to go from here. I can see it as being make or brake with dependency but my team wants me to be in supported accommodation. All I know is that I'm going to have one hell of a fight on my hands.

Monday 1st March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in the same mood again today, every now and then I feel myself slipping a bit but I'm still determined not to o.d. it's time I got out of here and out of this hole, it's time I got my life back. I've decided where I want to go from here, anywhere that will let me go back to work full time, supported housing or independent, I don't care.

Unless the nurses talk to me one 2 one they see me smiling and messing around with other patients, it's not until they sit with me that the vulnerable side of me comes out.

Wednesday 3rd March 2004.

Dear Sky. After crying again yesterday evening and not sleeping too well, today's been good. Spent the morning alone and the rest of the day really busy. I went to the first aid class this evening which was good, a lot of it was emphasizing on common sense, a refresher, and the next will be the ones I don't know as much about. It also means I'll get a piece of paper saying I know it rather than me just saying it. It was also nice to be just another normal person, for no one to know me.

My consultant pissed me off today by not seeing me again, I've just go to keep reminding myself that nothing's gong to happen over night. I'm also getting really busy again which is nice, I'm not just sitting around in my PJ's all day, I'm doing things.

Thursday 4th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been through a load of emotions today, from feeling so wound up that I had to leave the ward before I hit someone to crazy happiness. I'm still really annoyed with my consultant but I'm not letting it get to me. I know I don't need this place anymore. The only "system" input I need is psychology, I voice my opinions a lot more now, and I'm not scared to say what I think.

The ward is really chaotic, one patient's constantly shouting which winds other up then there's the few I socialize with who when we're all together we're totally crazy in a fun and silly way. We mess around and take the piss out of each other in a friendly way.

I've just got back from being with Katherine and her fiancée; I don't think he knows her name! He kept calling her "babe!!!!" something that would put me off a relationship straight away.

Friday 5th March 2004.

Dear Sky. Again it's been a normal day except that I actually managed to see my consultant! Everyone's fine with me having my own flat and it's going to be rushed through, so watch this space!

Saturday 6th March 2004.

Dear Sky. Today has been another tough Saturday, the weekends are always hard. I feel like crying today, it's probably just because I'm so fed up. I weighed myself this afternoon, still the same, 7.11 stone, I'm still really struggling with fluids, one drink a day, and I can't get the image of a huge figure out of my head as well as struggling to do my trousers up.

I want to talk to someone, not about anything specific, just talk, I feel like that sometimes. That I feel like crying cause something's wrong but I don't know what and just a general chat generally fishes it out.

Sunday 7th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been feeling better in myself today and been over mischievous this afternoon with a sheep's skull! I had a good chat with a nurse last night, its funny how you sometimes get the wrong impression of people, and I really clicked with her which has been the first time.

Monday 8th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been feeling very tired which has led me to feeling lower. I'm finding it very hard not to fall for a patient, we've got on really well and I do quite like him but I don't want a relationship, which is what I have to remind myself.

I'm starting to get worried about independency but again I've got to remind myself that it's a natural feeling.

As usual I've come back feeling low after swimming but this time it's because of memories, memories of the night I was raped, how I phoned the ward wanting to talk but was told "no" because I wasn't a patient, so I then took an o.d and called an ambulance, sat waiting my the bridge for it.

Having feelings for this patient is bringing it all back, how I can't trust another bloke because I'm too scared that I have to hold my emotions in. I've just got that night so clear in my head.

Cried it all out with a nurse and told her how I felt about him, I really cried. After I told him how I felt, for probably the first time we talked seriously, we both really like each other but aren't rushing anything or using labels like "together," it scares me too much.

Crying really tires you out and I'm glad to be going to bed. It's strange to hear myself tell nurses that overdosing isn't an option anymore, that I like to think I'm over

that. It must be strange for the nurses as well, for the past 7yrs it's been my coping mechanism and to let go of it is very scary and brings up a load of emotions in itself.

The ward is absolutely chaotic, it's a mad house!! Several female patients are constantly shouting and bouncing off each other; if one starts they all start. So today we've had 4 patients shouting, one self harm, Miranda absolutely in pieces crying and hurting herself, wanting to die and me crying. Poor staff!!!

Tuesday 9th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I'm quite scared at the moment, I had my care plan meeting this afternoon and I could be out of here by next month. Although it's what I want it is very scary and is talking all my energy to remain focused and positive.

Wednesday 10th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in a much better mood today, back to being bubbly. Tracey told me today that on Monday night "Bike cops", a documentary, followed me on the Suspension bridge during the balloon fiesta. My face dropped when she said. Apparently I wasn't named, just my story told, they were following the officer who arrived. Obviously I want to see it and have contacted HTV leaving a message saying I'd talk about it more. Watch this space.

I've been to first aid again which again I enjoyed, to begin with I was pulling down the importance of the course when telling people, it's only basic! But I'm realizing that it is very important and also a qualification that not everyone has.

Thursday 11th March 2004.

Dear Sky. A new lot of students started today. 1st year, day 1. One asked if I was also a student, I couldn't help but say yes and lead him on. I was trying my hardest not to laugh. He knew I was a patient a few hours later. I must have terrified him, being his fist day, all sweet and innocent.

Still trying to get a copy of this programme, got to send £25 for a copy.

Friday 12th March 2004.

Dear Sky. This weeks TV guide's been missing since Tuesday night. I sent the check off for the programme this afternoon, a few hours later the guide re appears so I thought I'd look for "bike cops" my mouth fell open when I read it; 'The rookies practice a blue-light run through the city and Dick Myatt deals with a suicide attempt and a possible shotgun incident at the balloon fiesta.' I was so shocked that I had been mentioned in just the write up; it means that they really must have talked about me.

I traced down the officer but he isn't on shift till next week. I left my name and number with a woman and explained how it would be nice to talk to him and to thank him and see the difference in me; she said she'd leave a message on his email asking to contact me.

It's sounding crazy and unreal; I can't believe its happening. What's probably the best is the timing because I'm not angry and I'm better in myself and I can see the difference.

Sometimes, well most of the time, this place is better than a soap opera.

Saturday 13th March 2004.

Dear Sky. My heads really messed up, in the month that I haven't overdosed the urge to hasn't been as strong as it is this morning, I keep trying to tell myself that I'm better than that but my main thought is "one last time."

The ward is short staffed and really busy so no one has time to spend with me which means I'm going through this alone. I'm finding it so hard to fight. Today's been an absolute shit day; I didn't sleep too well which put me off to a bad start. One patient then started on one which wound me up, then another and Miranda.

Miranda was in a state, saying she wanted to die and scratching away at her arms, it really offended me and got me thinking about hurting myself and taking an o.d. A patient then went off on one at dinner because she thought I had hers, she was shouting and smashed the plate which scared the hell out of me.

The rest of the day I've spent forcing the patient I like away from me and being verbally out of order but it was the only way I could get out of the situation. Up till today my heart was ruling my head and that's a very dangerous position to be in. I'm a mean, stupid, selfish bitch who hurts everyone I get close to. So it's better to stop things whist he has support from others here. I push everyone away; I'm not making the same mistake twice.

Sunday 14th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've ignored all the patients today, the only things I have said to Miranda and the patient I like is "fuck off." I've kept myself to myself all day; I don't need anyone, that way no one gets hurt.

By changing my diet to salad from sandwiches I've lost a few pounds, I'm now 7.8 stone. I'm so pissed off at the moment; I can feel anger boiling inside but no way of getting it out.

If everyone else can disobey the rules by eating in the TV room then so can I. why should I stick to the rules when others don't. I'm going to go and have some Diazepam before I do something I regret.

Monday 15th March 2005.

Dear Sky. After taking the Diazepam yesterday evening things went over my head more. Today's been just as bad as yesterday, Miranda and the patient I like are still trying to talk to me, and I'm just ignoring them. I'm in such a state and being here is making me worse.

I've prepared a load of thread to strangle myself with once I get back from O.T. I want everyone to hate me because I hate myself.

After nearly 45mins of lying there with a load of thread round my neck I started panicking and came downstairs, the nurses had to cut it off bit by bit because they couldn't get the scissors underneath.

Whist I was lying there I wanted to stop breathing but panicked when I felt it happening. I must have looked awful cause hours after my face is still blotchy from swollen blood pores.

Wednesday 17th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I'm now a qualified first aider, I also picked up an application form for a paramedic but that definitely has to be put on hold for another 2yrs whilst my driving license clears. I've felt completely exhausted today, I didn't get to sleep last night until 1:30am and woke at 6:30am this morning, went for a walk with a patient which surprisingly was quite nice, saw 7 deer.

My sleeping meds definitely have to be re looked at, my Dr's in tomorrow, talk about it then. I feel that the situation I'm in is a complete catch 22. I can't get a job because I'm in hospital and getting a place is going to be really hard because I don't have a job.

Thursday 18th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I got the tape of "bike cops" this afternoon and watched it over on the lock up ward with my key nurse. It was strange hearing what others were doing whilst I was making my way back, they had people looking out for me and were worried that I'd go back and be successful this time.

I'm stopping Zopiclone, ride out withdrawal symptoms, they're not helping me sleep anyway.

I finally got a social worker; he's chasing up council property. Originally I wanted to go private but I can see that council will be a lot easier.

Friday 19th March 2004.

Dear Sky. I've had a terrible headache all day which has made me feel rotten and irritable, I've been getting them quite a bit which is worrying because I hardly ever get them. Went into town this morning, had to get a mothers day present.

The same sentence kept going round and round my head; "Can I have a pack of the one a night Nytol please?" it was the only thing I could think of but I didn't act on it which I'm glad of.

I slept OK last night without Zopiclone so I'm doing the same tonight; last night was the first time in ages that I actually dreamt.

Monday 22nd March 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been trying, my headache's been really bad and making me feel tearful. After 4 ½ hours of waiting for the Dr I then went and got some Paracetamol

from Long Ashton and told the nurse that if the Dr wasn't here in ½ hour I'd be taking them and I was serious.

She came 25mins later and I handed the tablets in. Although I would have taken them I didn't want to but it seemed the only way to get people listening to me. The patient I liked was discharged, in my eyes it couldn't have happened sooner. I've come back from swimming and like usual in a low mood.

For the first time in probably months I slept straight through the night. I'd brought my Minx blanket back with me which was really nice to sleep under, did it make a difference?

Tuesday 23rd March 2004.

Dear Sky. I slept straight through again last night; today's been a mixture of emotions. This morning I was in tears because I felt I wasn't moving forward, I had a chat with a nurse and felt better after. This afternoon I've spent mostly at O.T using their piano again which was nice.

Wednesday 24th March 2004.

Dear Sky. Same as yesterday. Want to get out of this shit hole, don't feel like writing. Sorry about that rude abruptness, I'd just had an argument with another patient who then chucked Tea over me, luckily it wasn't too hot. It's really hard to stay positive in a place like this, especially as there is a lot of loud patients at the moment.

Thursday 25t March 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been a bit better although I'm still getting these headaches. As usual, the morning was slow and boring but the rest of the day's gone quick with meetings, sitting amongst deer and Katherine and her fiancée visiting.

The ward is still really crazy which upsets me at times; it's hard not to fall back into the "unwell" trap. So it was nice being in the woods alone with the deer for ½ hour.

Friday 26th March 2004.

Dear Sky. This morning was boring but the afternoons been quite good. Dick Myatt, the police officer phoned me back, he threw me off guard a bit because it was a while ago I called. We talked for a few minutes, I thanked him, told him how I was doing and what I had planned for my life, he said how it was lucky that he was in the area and was able to keep an eye out. It felt a bit weird but I'm glad I contacted him.

After he phoned I went out and watched two deer again. The young stag kept looking at me, during ½ hour they were coming closer but the stag decided he was too close for comfort.

Walking back, rustling around by the buildings in the thorns was a Jackdaw. His wing was broken and so his balance had gone, I managed to get my coat over him and brought it back. We phoned a rescue canter and an hour later they picked him up.

Whilst waiting I had him wrapped in my coat against my chest and he clamed down, closed his beak and started looking around.

The guy who got him said that its shoulder was broken and it hadn't been feeding. They'd set it and if it would release, they'd bring him back, if not they had a big Avery. They also rescue reptiles and other small animals. We talked for a bit, originally he thought I worked here.

He said how his wife had been in the mother and baby until for 2yrs and he'd been in when he was 15yrs for 2 months.

That hour with the bird I wanted to keep him and tame him the poor defenseless creature and I had saved it. As the guy said it hadn't been feeding it was obvious it had been like it for a while. I really did feel warm and that I had done something special.

Saturday 27th March 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been hard, I didn't sleep too well last night, I woke up around 3:00am feeling really tearful, don't know why. There are a lot of loud people on the ward at the moment and today's been really tough, you can't get away from the noise, it's constant.

This afternoon I came so close to buying Nytol, I had my shoes on, all I had to do was grab my keys and I would've been gone, but I didn't. I went downstairs and asked a nurse for time, he wasn't allocated to me and he asked if it had to be now, I said yes and we did, he was the one I know best out of the four. We had a little chat and I then went to sleep for a few hours and woke feeling a bit better.

I'd tried spending time with another nurse this morning but we kept getting interrupted because of other patients kicking off and had to stop. Imagine how worthless that made me feel, it makes you want to behave like the others just so you get some attention.

Monday 29th March 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been a lot better; it must just be the weekends that get me down because there's less to do. I finished my table at O.T, for me I've done a good job! I had a bit of a bad night, I had a load of bad memories and angry emotions, I cried them out with a nurse and today I've been a lot more positive.

Tuesday 30th March 2004.

Dear Sky. Last night a patient was on one again and I snapped again, this time I only grabbed her arms and shouted threats in her face but it did shut her up. This afternoon was really nice, a last minute decision made me feel like a "normal" person.

It's been really sunny so Tracey and I took her dogs up Ashton Court at my suggestion. We just talked about everything two friends would. Although Tracey works here I do see her as a friend and I don't have many of them, she's really caring and will do anything for you, she took me in after all.

Just got back from music group and because there was only a few of us it was really good. The ward has been absolutely crazy again and it's been nice to get away from it all.

Wednesday 31st March 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been a lot calmer, last night I had some anti histamines to help me sleep, they knocked me right out from 10:30-8:30am and has probably helped to feeling better today. Apparently there was also a lot of noise which I slept through last night.

I went home this afternoon because it's Dad's birthday, nothing exciting to report. The ward has been quieter; people have started to calm down. Monday morning a few of us were talking with a new bank nurse and the other patients said how I keep them sane, that if I wasn't here they'd go mad. One patient has just asked me if it's OK to talk to me about his issues as he feels I understand more than the staff do. Both comments have been nice to hear.

Thursday 1st April 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been OK really, nothing special. The wards more or less back to normal in the way that it's quieter so that's helped a lot more with my mood. A good April fool was done on TV to do with "slimming water." I'm struggling with the fact that life out of here will be hard, I'm starting to doubt my ability in being able to cope but I'm plodding along, taking one step at a time.

Friday 2nd April 2004.

Dear Sky. This morning I woke a little low but after talking to a nurse I think I've got enough to get me through the weekend. She phoned a few people about me working in the NHS and there are no barriers stopping me once I've left hospital. It's just hanging on and staying positive until then. Reminding myself that overdosing isn't the option not only for my future but also I'll just be going back in time instead of forward.

Saturday 3rd April 2004.

Dear Sky. This morning was a bit slow and I've had a headache all day but this afternoon's been good. Me and two patients went and saw "Dawn of the dead," good film. I've been tired and worn out all day. I was going to sleep in but no, I had to wake myself up at the normal time of 7:30am didn't I!!

Monday 5th April 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been a bit tedious and I've struggled with negative thoughts. I don't know how much longer I can stay safe on the ward. I'm feeling really lonely, that I just want to curl up with someone. I want to get on with my life but at the same time I'm

scared of doing so. It's a real fight to stay positive, I don't know what's driving me, what's pushing me to get through all this, not to give up.

Tuesday 6th April 2004.

Dear Sky. 1:30am this morning I was woken by a new male patient looking for the phone with the nurses torch in my room, needless to say it shook me up and brought back all the memories. They always come into my room; it's got be the 4-5 time it's happened and every time it takes me back to Tim. I didn't even get an apology from the nurse who was clearly responsible, I tried to go up but was crying and got another nurse from her break in HDU and I cried and talked it out with her and she apologized even though she wasn't involved.

It set me back for the rest of the day. I told the ward manager how I felt and I couldn't understand how it'd happened, he said he'd talk to the nurses. I feel that I don't know how much longer I can cope with being here.

I don't know where I'm getting the strength from to keep going or why I'm carrying on in hope. So to sum today up I've been feeling a lot lower in mood and have no idea what's keeping me together.

Wednesday 7th April 2004.

Dear Sky. So much for everyone doing their best to get me out as soon as possible. I've just been told that I'm going to be in here for another 2-3 months. It's 4:00pm and I've just taken a load of Nytol. I feel that no one gives a shit as to what this place is doing to me.

Thursday 8th April 2004.

Dear Sky. Apart from my pulse going up to 120 nothing serious happened and I've recovered quickly. As usual I refused to go to A&E for obs and didn't get to sleep until 3:00am.

I feel that this place is absolutely suffocating me. I've spent most of the day upstairs doing cross stitch and listening to an audio book. I overdosed yesterday because I'd lost all sight of a future, I couldn't hold onto anything. Seeing that was the case I had no reason not to o.d, the only thing that's stopped me from overdosing these past 2 months is holding on to a future I believe I'll have.

I just let go of it, that's all, luckily I haven't beat myself up about it which has meant I recovered quicker and refocused on my future.

Friday 9th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I often look back at my life and everything that's happened, do you know what? With my hand on my heart I can say that I have no regrets. Lots of things have happened, good and bad and they have all happened for a reason. I have learnt from them.

I think about my future and wonder if I'm going to spend the rest of my life alone or if I will be able to love someone. I'll always remember being told that you have to be able to love yourself before you can love anyone else. It's taken me 21yrs to like myself, so by those rules it's going to take me at least until I'm 42 to love anyone. 21yrs to just like myself and have no regrets, 21yrs to say that I am who I am and to be OK with whom I am. As far as the future goes? If the unpredictability of my 21yrs is anything to go by then who knows!

Saturday 10th April 2004.

Dear Sky. My wonderful sister Katherine thought it would be a good idea to ask me if I wanted to see their new flat, and of course I couldn't say no. Obviously they haven't moved in yet but are moving bits in bit by bit. It's a nice little flat and I'm trying to be happy for her and what future she's got but at the same time it's so hard not to be jealous. She's got the flat that I haven't got but should. Seeing her so in love is hard also because I know that I'll be alone. She's got everything nicely set for her and what have I got? A hospital.

Monday 12th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I came close to overdosing again today; it came on all of a sudden and from nowhere. I managed to hold it off by taking some Diazepam and telling myself that tomorrow would be better. I've hated this long weekend and can't wait for tomorrow when things will get back to normal.

Friday 16th April 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been better in the active sense. I went to my parents this morning for the last fitting of my bridesmaid dress, the girls were also home and I felt OK. Is it when dads there I feel worse?

This afternoon O.T was held in the gym because of staff shortages, again. I nearly got obsessed with calories again; I went on the treadmill and put the calorie count on. The whole time on the machine I was focused on calories, other ways I could loose them and how many I was loosing compared to what I eat.

It's not often I've been obsessed with calories, I can only remember one major time and that was the month I was married.

The ward's been noisy this evening with a new female patient being put on HDU, she didn't go quietly and rooms had to be moved around. When I hear patients in that kind of distress it does affect me, it also starts off other loud patients.

I struggle with thinking that I wanted it to be me; I keep forgetting that it has been me. Because I don't know how good life can be out of here I struggle with wanting to be the worse in here. I just keep reminding and telling myself that life is better out there.

It is also at times like this when I question whether I would be good as a HCA in mental health; again I keep telling myself that the answer is yes.

Working in this environment is different to living in it. At the end of your shift you can go back to "normality" and there's also the "been, there, done that" etc, I think I

will be a lot more empathetic to peoples situation because I would have been a patient myself.

Saturday 17th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I am, by nature, a very nosey person! With every new patient I try to find out why they're here and if they're sectioned or voluntary. For a few days a name on the board in the office has been under T.C.I, the patient came this afternoon from London, all that I had found out, by observation, before she's even got here.

Before we had chance to talk a nurse pulled me to one side, this patient is very scared, scared of men, she has seen her family been killed and her mother raped. I was told because I could be trusted. We were introduced and sat together with a nurse for a while.

Now, that nurse broke confidentiality but by doing so I'm not going to be bombarding the patient with a load of questions because I know the basics.

Sunday 18th April 2004.

Dear Sky. From nowhere this afternoon I was hit with the strong desire to take the pack of Nytol I still had. I asked a nurse for Diazepam instead telling her why and she asked if I had any tablets. I couldn't lie and we had a long discussion with me crying over handing them in. I knew I had to and eventually did. I've been low and tearful for the rest of the day.

It's 10:00pm and I'm taking an early night, I just want today to be over with.

Monday 19th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I woke still feeling low but my mood lifted as the day went on. I busted my ankle tonight diving into the swimming pool; I jumped off it funny and have pulled or sprained it. Because it hurts when I put weight on it they gave me crutches and I feel really stupid on them.

I'm getting into trouble for eating in the TV room but I'm holding my ground that others can smoke where they want and nothing be said so I can eat where I want.

Tuesday 20th April 2004.

Dear Sky. My foots a lot better, I really struggled with wanting to bash it up making it worse than what it is but managed not to. I also found myself thinking of negative things I could do to get attention. Realized I didn't have to do anything, just ask so I've just spent time a nurse.

I'm getting worried about Katherine's hen night and wedding, being around everyone again.

Wednesday 21st April 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's not been too good; I've been feeling low for no particular reason which means I've not felt like doing anything. I'm so fed up with being in here, I just want to get out and on with my life. Leave the stigma of Barrow behind and be a "normal" person.

Its days like today when I doubt my ability to do it. I think it'll all go wrong again and I'll be in and out of here all my life. What is it everyone keeps saying? "You're bound to get down days, everyone does, you've just got to accept it and ride it out."

I know why I do and don't o.d, it's just come to me. I o.d when I don't care about tomorrow or my future, I've got nothing to loose by overdosing. I stop myself from overdosing by staying focused and positive, thinking about my future and not wanting to feel bad the following day. It's when I stop caring I o.d.

Thursday 22nd April 2004.

Dear Sky. Have you ever tried living in a mental hospital when you're not mentally ill? It's hell. I've lost all motivation and enthusiasm. One day just drags onto another, you start dwelling on things and believe that your situation will never get better.

I don't believe that everyone's doing their best to get me out of here. It feels that everyone's talking out their backsides, pussying around, nobody knows who's doing what, at leas that's the impression I'm getting and it's my impression that's bringing me down.

Friday 23rd April 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been good and bad but I've been left with the negative feelings over riding the positive. I went shopping with Mum and had a good time, came back for 2hrs before going to Katherine's hen night. For the 2mins Dad was in the house before we left he created hell, his attitude and behavior was completely uncalled for.

The activities at my aunties for the night were fun and we had a laugh. Katherine said how they tied me up in town on my hen night, I have no memory of it and Carl was at my parents for the stag night when I dropped them off so I couldn't go in and say hello to everyone else.

I don't know how I'm going to cope with this wedding. I want to hide away from the world, take time out again and disappear.

Saturday 24th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I've gone through hell with my emotions today, I've been really tired recently as no matter what time I go to bed, I'm always awake before 8:00am. I have no idea how I kept an o.d off. I couldn't stop crying, the only way I could think of to stop crying was by overdosing but I fell asleep instead. I've got it in my head to o.d tomorrow, I feel my life is falling in around me and there's nothing I can do about it.

My housing situation is dire and I can feel the gap getting wider between my Dad and me. I'm dreading the wedding, not knowing how I'll cope. All I can see is negative, negative, negative.

Sunday 25th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I don't know how I'm going to get through this hard time; my emotions are all over the place. It seems that all I'm doing is crying and sleeping. The worse thing is that I'm alone in all this, there is nothing anyone can say or do to help my situation. I'm suffering in silence.

Monday 26th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in a better mood today and have spent all of it in my room, I needed time to myself t recover from the awful weekend. Why do I find weekends so hard? They're just the same as any other day in here except there are no meetings. Maybe appointments/meetings alone keep me going. I had a chat with a nurse last night and this morning, both helped. I guess I just needed to cry it all out.

Tuesday 27th April 2004.

Dear Sky. For the most of today I felt better again, I dipped a bit this evening but nothing serous. I've done nothing special today, spent most of it alone again. I've worn my suit today to try and pick myself up. For some reason I associate suits with power, authority and being able to hold my head high. It's probably because I used to wear a suit to work.

Wednesday 28th April 2004.

Dear Sky. I was told today by my community care worker that I won't be accepted for a grant to furnish a flat unless I'm on income support. I can't get income support until I have a flat, catch 22. I was also told by my social worker that second step after starting a new scheme next month, new 1 bedroom flats in Bedminster with 24hr support. That's all he knows because he didn't know if I was interested, I told him to look into it. I'm going to have to keep an open mind on this one because I can see that I'm going to have to compromise. Second step is still only for a limited time so I will still be on the housing list. It means I get out of here quicker but I'm worried that I won't be able to work which means I'll have more time on my hands which in the past two cases have meant me being back here. I don't know what to do.

Thursday 29th April 2004.

Dear Sky. Had to go to the church this evening for the wedding rehearsal. It was strange and I was glad to come back and that was only with Bishop there! I dread to think what I'm gong to be like Saturday. I'm probably not going for this Second Step housing, ride out the wait for my own place; I really do need to get back to work.

Friday 30th April 2004.

Dear Sky. Again I've spent almost all day in my room, I want to go to sleep and not wake up till Sunday, I'm dreading tomorrow, I'll be glad when it's over.

Saturday 1st May 2004.

Dear Sky. It was a lovely wedding and Katherine looked gorgeous and they look perfect together. It hit me hard how special Katherine is, she is so sincere and caring, and she's loved by so many people, the only possible reason for that is because she shows them love. I really do hope that they live happily aver after.

Sunday 2nd May 2004.

Dear Sky. I took 16 Nytol at 7:15pm yesterday, a nurse questioned me some time before midnight, and my pulse was 120 and my B.P 90/80. She called the DMO who spent 10mins trying to get me to agree to A&E but I didn't, we brought a mattress down and I slept in the interview room.

A nurse took my obs every 1 ½ hours and when I got out of bed, tucked me in, she looked after me more than a mother would. If people treat me nicely whilst I'm still under an o.d I feel more guilty and ashamed, wishing I hadn't done it. If people are angry with me it justifies my reasons for overdosing.

She should be in again tonight, I thing she said something about my key tones, whatever they are or do. I know my body and mouth smelt a bit. I also think she said she was leaving, I'm hoping I imagined that bit. I also realized what the maggot like lines are that I see everywhere, it's the veins of my whites eye.

I have near enough given up hope of my own place within 2-3 months; I'm starting to loose grip and enthusiasm.

Tuesday 4th May 2004.

Dear Sky. There hasn't been much point in writing cause since the wedding I've spent every hour in bed in and out of sleep, I haven't dressed, washed, brushed my hair, ate or drank. I feel terrible and get light headed when I stand up. You know what? I don't give a shit. I'm no closer to being discharged now than I was when I came in 6months ago.

I had a CPA this afternoon which I didn't go to and I haven't been taking my Lamotrigine. Why should I work with them? It's not achieved anything, why am I in such a rush to get out anyway? I've got nothing to look forward to.

Because of the o.d I can't distinguish reality from imaginary about the wedding, there are things I don't know whether happened or not.

I'm pissed off with life and hope it gets pretty pissed off with me soon and leaves me alone.

Wednesday 5th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I came out of my docile state this afternoon, I took my meds last night, I had to take them because I was very agitated. I'm still not feeling 100% and still want to hide; I'll hide from reality for a little longer.

Thursday 6th May 2004.

Dear Sky. My Dr, saw me this morning, we had a good long chat and I feel a lot better for doing so, I near enough feel back to my "normal" self.

I'd love to see the A&E nurses and say "look at me now." To show them what I'm really like, all those times they stuck their noses up at me and treated me like a waste of space, I'd like to prove them wrong. For some reason their opinion means a lot to me.

I had a mega hard night last night, every way in which I could harm myself was racing through my head; I'm amazed I kept myself safe. I went downstairs and chatted with another patient for 2hrs, we talked about allsorts; it kept my mind off stuff.

The patients here look out for each other more than the nurses do, I didn't feel I could talk to them last night.

Friday 7th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been better again, I've spent more time socializing downstairs, it's bitchy of me I know but I'm really enjoying winding Miranda up at the moment. It's fun cause I'm stronger than her and can give as good as I get, she's none of those things it makes me a mean selfish cow but like I said, I don't care.

I always have done and I think always will, got on better with men, women are bitchy, myself included but it's true.

Just spent 1 ½ hours chatting with one nurse for the first time since Saturday, she found me around 10:00pm not 12:00, my pulse was tackiacardic and if my B.P dropped any lower or my breathing was suffering she had been told to go straight to 999.

Apparently it was handed over that I'd been on the sofa all afternoon when in fact I was in my bed! Nurse efficiency for you!

A&E STAFF DON'T UNDERSTAND

Look at me now with my future so bright,
You didn't think I could do it
You made me hide with fright.

All those times you turned your noses up at me,
Made me feel worthless

The potential you didn't see.

I was a waste of space and a waste of time,
You didn't try to understand
The turmoil that was mine.

Didn't you know you emphasised negative thoughts?
My self hate grew stronger
Through your cold hearts.

This isn't a poem of pure hatred to you,
You just didn't take time
To widen your view.

You didn't see the troubled girl hurting so,
I thought that hurting myself
Was the only way I could let go.

You don't know what it's like to feel that way,
Did you think I enjoyed
Hurting myself each day?

I want you to know that I've changed my life,
I'm making something
Of my terrible strife.

Next time you come across someone like me,
Please don't judge
What you don't really see.



Saturday 8th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Spent the day with the girls and cousins as everyone went to the temple. We had a good day, went bowling, went on the others trampoline and watched 3 videos.

I questioned the girls about the wedding. My cousins did wreck his car including letting a tire down and one cousin did leave during the photos but came back for the reception.

I managed to buy a pack of Nytol whilst out, I just don't know when to take them, probably Monday.

Sunday 9th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in and out of sleep all day cause I took the tablets at 10:00am. I've lost faith in myself and what I could achieve. I don't think I'll ever be successful. I've got no motivation or will power, I am feeling really low and I'm worried that I'm going back to old coping mechanisms. I've been really low for a week now and my Dr, wants me to go back on anti depressants.

Monday 10th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in my room all day again, that's the whole of the month so far. I don't want to do anything that takes me further from my bed; I've not eaten again and only drank a little. Apparently I'll be on the council waiting list for another 4-5 months before I get offered a place, I'm past caring at the moment, I haven't got the energy to care.

Tuesday 11th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I hate myself and my life. End of story.

Wednesday 12th May 2004.

Dear Sky. How many ways can you say you hate your life? It's getting to the point where I'm even scared to sleep because of my dreams. Night before last I dreamt that my Dad went mad, trying to take me from hospital cause they were preparing for the end of the world, he attacked a nurse and was completely crazy.

My dreams worry me because they are based on life events just dramatized, I'm scared that the hate for my Dad is getting stronger.

I had to go to Fairbridge West to sign up for their programme which starts with a 3 day activity camp on the 7-11th June, if I was feeling more positive I'd be looking forward to it. Apart from that I've again spent all day in my room.

Thursday 13th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I didn't go to bed until 2:00am this morning, because of which I've again spent all day in my room. Again I've had nothing to eat or drink and I can't wait to see the weight drop off. These past few days the urge to cut myself has grown stronger, it got really bad this afternoon, all I could think of was doing it and doing it real bad. I was crying my eyes out whilst thinking of it. I knew the thought wouldn't go away until I had done it. I tried, honest I did but it was too strong.

As soon as I decided I was going to cut myself and started breaking apart the razor I stopped crying. The blade wasn't as sharp as I hoped it was so instead of making a right mess I only made a few scratches, had to have it covered and bandaged to stop it bleeding. So again today's been a living hell, I can't really explain how I feel. All I know is that I feel rotten, worthless and that there's no hope for me or a future. But at the same

time I haven't reached as low to say that I want to kill myself which I find a bit odd. Usually when I'm this low it's the first thing on my mind, the two come hand in hand.

Tuesday 18th May 2004.

Dear Sky I've been in the BRI all this time with severe stomach pains. I've been on Morphine and a constant drip, 8 units. I feel awful. I had chest scans and an ultra sound, at one point the Drs thought I'd have to have and operation as they thought I had Gallstones but they discharged me midday because they couldn't find anything. A&E nurses were nice to me as it wasn't self inflicted pain. I feel like I'm in a right mess.

Wednesday 19th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been in agony again all day but my emotional moods lifted. I had an awful night, waking at least every 2hrs desperate for the toilet but barely going and stinging like hell. It's frustrating because the Drs at the BRI couldn't find anything wrong.

It hurts to eat so I've had 2 cup a soups and a yogurt all day. I've lost ½ stone in 2 weeks which is good and as long as I continue to not drink and eat very little I should soon loose another ½ stone.

As usual I've spent most of the day doing cross stitch and listening to audio books. I've bee doing it all month and on the whole not got bored of it.

Thursday 20th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I've had a good day doing indoor climbing with Petherton's O.T. Went with 2 staff and 3 other service users. It was a really good day and I used a lot of energy.

I've just been talking to a nurse, he mentioned that he was at A&E last night and a nurse there was asking after me, maybe I've been too quick to judge them in thinking they don't care. Maybe it was a lot of paranoia with the effects of the overdoses.

For his college course work a nurse asked me to write down my positive and negative experiences of mental health services, so I thought I'd write them in here first as it will then be easier to get my head around it for him.

The attention and care from nurses get focused on loud patients which means quiet patients aren't given the care they need. I feel freeier to express my feelings with professionals rather than family or friends. I don't feel I'm being judged or criticized. I feel I wouldn't have lived as long as I have if I hadn't been admitted to hospital. I didn't get the right care until I was admitted to hospital which leaves me feeling that care in the community doesn't work.

Friday 21st May 2004.

Dear Sky. I put my car through its MOT today; its first one. Apart form a head light loose from the crash a year ago it passed, also finally getting round to getting the lock mended.

I'm really focusing on loosing weight at the moment. I have a BMI of 16.9 which means I'm "severely underweight" at 7 ½ stone, it feels good to be back in control of my weight.

My key nurse has just told me that I've been offered a studio flat; I'll be getting a formal letter in a few days. It's on the ground floor of a 5 storey building; by what I can picture it's quite a good offer and area. It's about time I had something positive.

When I wake tomorrow 1 year would have passed since Tony raped me. It's still very clear, that it was 2 days and 3 overdoses later that I told someone and it took about a week for it to really sink in.

Saturday 22nd May 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been hard with the memory of last year. I didn't sleep till 2:00am and again not had anything to eat or drink, apart from that I've managed to keep myself safe.

I'm keeping thoughts of the flat as far back in my mind as possible, I don't want to run away with myself just for everything to come crashing down again. The hell that my life has given me has been on my mind a lot, I keep reminding myself that I have been through a lot of shit and I'm starting to allow myself to accept that I'm going to feel crap through it all.

As I've so often been told, to stop being so hard on myself. I also question how and why I've lived to this day when for the best or worst part of the past 2 ½ years I've been determined to kill myself. Why have I made it so far when others haven't?

Sunday 23rd May 2004.

Dear Sky. I don't know when I last ate or drank, we're talking a few weeks, and it's hard to find someone who understands. I'd rather be on a drip again than have anything pass through my mouth, I'm that scared. Yes, now it's full on starvation, counting calories and thinking of food 24-7 but it didn't start like that, it crept up a few weeks ago.

The quality of the food got worse and inedible which meant I was throwing it away. Then the little bit of food I was eating I was forcing down. I got bored of eating and drinking and lost interest in it. Then from that grew the need to control what went in and deny myself of food and water and resist temptation until it's escalated into full blown starvation.

I was so tearful yesterday and last night I told a nurse how I needed a shoulder to cry on but didn't have one. He did the kindest and understanding thing of holding me whilst I cried. I've not had that simple human bond in so long; it was really caring of him.

Monday 24th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Believe me when I say you have no idea what hell it's like to starve yourself. It's completely draining both physically and mentally. The nurses have no idea how I feel, all they keep saying is that they thought things were going well and not to mess things up.

They have no idea how much deeper it goes. It's not like overdosing, things don't suddenly stop. Although I'm starving myself I'm still going on, I'm still laughing, still crying, still having every emotion. That's what makes it so hard and so private, no one else can see what I'm going through and although I want to talk about it, when it comes to it I just can't.

Tuesday 25th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I had a good psychology session today, because of the way I've been feeling this month it's the first proper session we've had for a while, we were able to do some more schema work. I'm still starving and wanting to eat and drink; I'm so close to giving in and having something.

As I have been all month, I've spent all day doing cross stitch, being left alone again. I look forward to psychology sessions because it's really my only opportunity to really talk about things, it doesn't seem right talking in depth to staff anymore.

Wednesday 26th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Being starving but not hungry is an odd sensation. I still need to loose weight as my stomach isn't flat yet, when it is I'll be happy.

Again I've not done anything today; I've been a bit agitated because I'm cutting down on Diazepam. It's so tempting to take a higher amount but I'm more determined to come off it. I'm feeling really low, tearful and drained, all probably because I'm not eating or drinking. I just have no drive to do either.

Thursday 27th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's not been too good. I went to the city farm with a group, everyone had something to eat, I just sat there drawn into myself. At one stage I only just fought back the tears because everyone else was eating but I couldn't, I wanted to but couldn't.

Later I brought and took 20 laxatives. I need a flat stomach, I look at everyone in town, seeing how thin they are and how good they look and I feel repulsed and extremely conscious of my awful appearance.

I feel really frustrated that nurses aren't helping, they think it will go away by itself and I need to take responsibility. What they don't seem to understand is that it's one thing to take responsibility but another to ask for help because that responsibility is too big a task to take on alone.

Friday 28th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Because of last night I weigh 7 stone and feel completely wasted. I need to go back on a drip. I couldn't eat or drink even if I wanted to, my stomach wouldn't take it, I feel that ill. How long is everyone going to let this go on for before they do something?

Saturday 29th May 2004.

Dear Sky. I had something to eat for lunch but because it's the first time I've had something for ages and since the laxatives it didn't settle in my stomach too well and I didn't enjoy eating it, it didn't taste as good as it used to. Apart form that today has been normal. Oh, they're filming Casualty; they're having an explosion on the villa next door.

Sunday 30th May 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's not been too bad. I finished my cross stitch and went for a walk with Katherine and her husband. It's the first time I've seen them since the wedding and we had a laugh. I ate properly today as well as something to drink. I'll eat something from the trolley if there's something I like, if not I wont have anything. That way my weight should stay down at 7.5 stone.

Monday 31st May 2004.

Dear Sky. I've been really bored and tired today. I've had a cup a soup and tea yet I feel that I've ate loads. My stomach has ballooned again and I struggle to understand why I can't keep a flat stomach. I can't wait till Thursday when I get paid, I'll be able to buy another cross stitch and occupy myself again. I hate bank holidays and weekends, everything seems to come to a stop.

Tuesday 1st June 2004.

Dear Sky. Well, I've got a flat. Not knowing what to expect, it had to grow on me a bit. It was smaller than I expected but was told that it was a nice size, if not big compared to others. The kitchen is near enough perfect, the only down side to the bathroom is that there's no shower. The rest of the "apartment" is one room which is small considering what needs to fit in but I'll have to get used to it.

Spent a while watching Casualty filming, they did quite a bit, "set fire" to it; the stairs are collapsing tomorrow along with the "gas explosion." Watching it live isn't the same as on TV and it puts to rest any idealistic ideas of being on TV. It seems really boring.

Thursday 3rd June 2004.

Dear Sky. I quite enjoyed myself today, I went Kayaking with the group, I was the only service user to turn up! Didn't capsize, it was fun.

Would you believe that I've spent the past 1 ½ weeks watching Casualty be set up and filmed, they finished yesterday only to pass the along the river filming Vinney and Comfort in the ambulance! I can't get away form them!

I don't think it's really sunk in that tomorrow I'm going to have a flat, I'm not getting too excited about it because I know it's going to be weeks yet before it's practical to move in. I don't want any expectations to only be disappointments.

Friday 4th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I'm so glad I've got a community care worker, she knows what she's doing, and I don't. Today was overwhelming with her there; I hate to think what it would've been like alone, sorting out all the benefits, bills and charity funds.

But, it's mine, I now have an address, it's still not really sinking in, I don't really want it to. It will when I start decorating it and moving stuff in. It's a complete life change which will hopefully turn out for the better.

Saturday 5th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I did what I used to consider one of the saddest things, went to see "Harry Potter" at the cinema, alone. I didn't even particularly enjoy it.

I also went to B&Q and Ikea to get some ideas for decorating the flat. I didn't want to buy anything though, it was like I was scared to, that can't be normal but there is a large part of me that's scared to make this change. I get the feeling that I'm going to be alone for the rest of my life. An unloved, unhappy, dull life.

Sunday 6th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I actually succeeded in buying some paint and have spent all afternoon stripping wallpaper in MY bathroom. Once I got down to it it wasn't so bad. It beats being here, bored out of your mind. It feels so strange having an address. It still doesn't feel like home, it will once I've painted the walls and got a carpet down.

I've been sleeping really badly all this week, having a maximum of 3hrs each night. I keep waking as early as 5:30am. It could be because the weathers got hotter recently or it could be because I'm now completely off Diazepam and Zopiclone. Whatever the reason I hope it settles down cause I'm exhausted.

Monday 7th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I started at Fairbridge today, we were supposed to go caving but when we got to Burrington Coombe they realized the helmets had been left behind. We went on a small walk and did some team building. It was actually a good day. I spent 3hrs at the flat stripping wallpaper again. Staying here is so boring, frustrating and depressing so being active is good.

Tuesday 8th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I left for the Forest of Dean with Fairbridge today. Would you believe it's the same campsite as my last young women's camp?! I was nervous about coming but glad I did. It's nice to be off the ward. I've realized that after the first few hours I socialized quite well. One of the other girls seems to be struggling because she's coming of Methadone, she's spaced out and falls asleep, she's also got cutting scars.

Anytime I can get off the ward I'm taking, I need to get back into life. It's also nice to be on camp without all the strict Mormon rules. Hopefully I'm really going to enjoy myself.

Wednesday 9th June.

Dear Sky. Today's been good but really tiring at the same time. We spent 4 hrs-9 miles canoeing down the river Wye. I feel like I've made a bunch of new friends. Part of me wants to carry on doing things like this, to fully commit to Fairbridge but at the same time it's one hell of a physical commitment. I don't know whether I could keep it up emotionally as well. I would be so bored if I was on the ward.

Thursday 10th June 2004.

Dear Sky. The girl who I share a tent with unnerved me last night. She nicked a badge claiming a school friend gave it to her. I'm not worried about the badge just that it could be something bigger next time.

I tripped over a crate last night and hurt my back. We went Abseiling and rock climbing; I couldn't do the last Abseil because my back hurt too much. Everyone here's really nice. What I'm enjoying the most is that everyone's alive rather than wandering around like Zombies. I'll be glad to go back because I hate tents but I don't want to go back to my life.

Friday 11th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I've never been so glad to see a hospital bed! I hate tents, they're so cramped. Some of the boys turned the outside of another tent around so they couldn't get out this morning. It has been a really good week full of laughs.

Apparently the canoe trip was more like 12 miles; it's whatever 17km is. One of the lads, 23yrs, tried asking me out on the way back. I unsuccessfully tried to let him down and he's got my number to arrange a time for the cinema. He was the comedian of the group but I don't want a relationship with him.

I came back and went straight to my parents, Katherine and her husband turned up. I told everyone about my flat. Mum, Dad and Jane came to see it. Mum and Dad are really pleased. I'm feeling really positive at the moment.

The only negative thought I've had today was that how frustrating it is to know what job you want to do and know you can do it yet unable to do so.

Saturday 12th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I've spent today painting the walls in my flat. Within 24hrs Mum and Dad have located a dining table with 4 chairs, a TV stand and a double bed. Glad I told them sooner rather than later. I'm still in a positive mood, I slept well last night and the ward is actually quiet at the moment.

Sunday 13th June 2004.

Dear Sky. As it turned out the bed had gone to someone else. I've been decorating again today; the bathroom is starting to annoy me. Would you believe that I've painted the living area wall the same as the hospital! I didn't realize until just now.

We had our first Euro game this evening against France. We were leading 1-0 until 92mins into the game- extra time, when we let France score twice in 2mins. We always seem to do that, panic and make stupid mistakes. We also seem to only score from free kicks, corners or penalties.

Monday 14th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I didn't get to sleep until 2:00am this morning because I had so much energy; I had to go for a walk. I woke at 7:30am and feel really tired. I've not really done anything today, seen a few people.

I made an appointment to give blood, finally. I've been wanting to do it for ages and been registered for over a year but have been too scared to go. I decided to bite the bullet and going Wednesday morning.

It's so hard to fight my natural instincts and take my time with moving. I automatically want to do everything now, to charge straight in. It's frustrating waiting but no doubt will work out for the best.

Tuesday 15th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I went shopping this morning and a nurse asked if I wanted company and came with me. It was really nice. I don't mix with people much anymore and it was nice to spend time with a nurse.

For a day or 2 now overdosing has had a strong pull, I'm trying to talk myself out of it. I'm not eating or drinking too much either. I'm trying to tell myself that my life is better than overdosing, that it's better to live as a person rather than a statistic.

I'm also getting scared of dying, for some reason I'm scared I'm going to. I don't want to die anymore, I really don't. I'm hoping I'm feeling bad just because I've got a C.P.A tomorrow, that part of me is trying to stop it from happening by being too ill like I've done before, to put barriers up. I hope I'll feel better after it.

The thought's also going through my mind that I know I'm going to end up back in here, that I've got to face that I'll never truly leave this place. I feel like crying. Life puts up so many barriers but like it's so often said. "Good things come to those who wait." And "The best things in life have to be worked at." I guess you appreciate things more if you have to wait and work hard for them. At least that's what I keep telling myself.

Gaby is on my mind quite a bit, how her life was cruelly taken away and how I don't want the same to happen to me, I really don't. Is my life ever going to get better?

Wednesday 16th June 2004.

Dear Sky. Today's been…….is interesting the right word? First I woke at 4:30am and couldn't get back to sleep. I had a C.P.A at 9:00am. They're looking to discharge me within a month; scary.

When I arrived to give blood they wouldn't let me because I'm 2lbs too light. Mixture of feelings over that. Good because I'm under weight but pissed off because I really want to do it. I'll have to book again in about a week and water load and lie about my weight.

Thursday 17th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I woke up at 5:30am again and had a tough day. I went to the group which was an OK session. I then went to enroll at college but because of the problem with benefits I could only reserve places. I then did a bit of shopping before I had to bring myself back fighting the tears because I wanted to overdose.

As usual it wasn't until today that I realized it's been building up and it's almost unbearable. I'm scared of my life, what the future will bring and think I'll end up back in here but scared to move on.

I'm tired, worn out and exhausted. I don't know if I can keep an o.d at bay. It's horrible to know that I'm always going to be fighting those kinds of thoughts.

England has just beaten Switzerland 3-0. I feel so low and that I'm struggling to carry on and remain positive but as usual I'm coping alone and plodding on.

Friday 18th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I had a bad nights sleep but I've been feeling a bit better emotionally. I booked onto the Princes Trust group which should keep me busy until September.

I spent a bit of time at the flat. I've also now got a bed, 3 seated settee, a 1 seated and a fridge/freezer. All I had to pay was £85 for the fridge/freezer, the rest I had a voucher for from a charity.

Saturday 19th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I've spent all day writing up more of you. I had a long chat with a nurse this morning. I weighed myself, 7.10 stone. I want to keep loosing weight but I need to weigh more to give blood. I don't want to water load because it means putting weight on. I'll have to buy weights and hide them in my underwear; I'm determined to give blood.

Sunday 20th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I had a terrible night, I was really restless. Come 2:00am I took 10mg of Diazepam which has left me feeling completely wiped out and I've slept for most of today. How did I manage being on so much before? I forgot what it was like being drugged up, I just had no energy.

Monday 21st June 2004.

Dear Sky. I barely slept again last night and again I have struggled with my emotions to the point where I cried and had to talk to a nurse. I tried to go to the flat but my emotions got the better of me.

I feel like I'm on such a short fuse and that I'm setting myself up to fail. I've got so high expectations and pressure from everyone but mostly myself. I can't relax, I'm worried about everything.

We've just beat Croatia 4-2; it was a fantastic game to watch. I think about my life and just want to turn and hide. I know all the feelings I'm having are natural but because I'm not used to having feelings they're quite daunting.

Tuesday 22nd June 2004.

Dear Sky. On days like today it feels like I'm writing just for the sake of it. I spent a few hours at the flat and because I slept well last night I've mostly felt better. I had a bit of a set back lying in bed hearing the maintenance men upstairs. My mind flashed back to them being Paramedics and I wanted them to be.

I had thoughts of strangulation, cutting and overdosing. I controlled it by talking. I know every emotion I'm going through is natural and I still want to move on its just so damn hard to remain positive. My mind automatically searches for ways to stop myself moving forward by putting negative barriers up. I've just got to keep reminding myself that I want to be on the other side.

Wednesday 23rd June 2004.

Dear Sky. Been in a good mood today. I woke feeling fidgety early but lay in bed till 8:30am which for me is a lie in. Went and enrolled for the Princes Trust 12 week course which looks excellent although full on. Am I going to be doing too much? Then finished decorating the flat. Had my furniture delivered and spent time with my community care worker. It's amazing what difference a ½ decent night's sleep makes.

Thursday 24th June 2004.

Dear Sky. England is out of Euro 2004. We were just beaten by Portugal in penalties.

I got to sleep at 4:00am and woke at 7:30am. I'm so tired. My legs and stomach were going and I had an overwhelming sense that I was wasting time by trying to sleep.

Had a good day, went shopping with Mum, and brought some really nice curtains. I wonder if I'll sleep tonight.

Friday 25th June 2004.

Dear Sky. Had a good day today, spent most of it with my parents. They've lent me money for a carpet and have started laying it. The flat is starting to look like a home.

It's true what they say about relationships with your parents. As you grow older you grow closer. It's probably because you're not constantly under each others feet so you appreciate the time you do spend together more.

Saturday 26th June 2004.

Dear Sky. Dads laid the rest of the carpet this morning and guess what! They're paying for it. Isn't that really nice of them. Spent the afternoon over the flat watching videos just enjoying my own space. It's starting to look like a home and I don't think it'll be long before I start calling it home.

Sunday 27th June 2004.

Dear Sky. I spent the afternoon with the family and at Grandmas, she gave me a card with a £50 check in it, I am so lucky. This is the start of my life. My life which I'm not going to mess up. I've been given this chance and I'm taking it with both hands.

Monday 28th June 2004.

Dear Sky. My auntie took me to Ikea and brought me some saucepans which was really nice of her. Every now and then I get the feeling that I'm writing in here everyday just for the sake of it, habit. Do I really need to? Half of what I say is rubbish and said just to take up the room. Maybe I need to write every other day or something, yes that's what I'll do. It seems pointless to be writing when I've got nothing to say. So, until Wednesday!

Wednesday 30 June 2004.

Dear Sky. Well that's it. I've said goodbye to Barrow and hello to my new home. It's odd having to call it home. I'm sat here watching TV in peace and quiet in my home. It felt odd not writing yesterday, at first it felt that I was betraying you but there wasn't anything to write home about.

I had to see the dietician this morning; she still thinks I have "problems with eating." I forget that I don't eat properly. So here begins day one of the rest of my life.

Friday 2nd July 2004

Dear Sky: it's so nice to be in my own place, I'm so lucky. I enrolled at college yesterday so that's out the way. It suddenly hit me yesterday that I'm no longer a psychiatric patient, just another "normal" person.

I had £150 from another charity today. I was going to struggle without it, it came just in time. I didn't sleep last night. I hope it's temporary new place, bed and stuff.

Sunday 4th July 2004

Dear Sky; it's so nice to be alone; I know I'm not going to feel like this after being alone for a while but at the moment I'm enjoying it.

I did a car boot sale with Katherine yesterday which was a good experience. I'm not comfortable with how I'm eating at the moment. I don't feel in control of it because I'm not eating meals I'm constantly snacking, not just on junk, hardly ant junk food but it feels like I'm eating too much. I'm also drinking more which means I'm pissing a lot more.

Hopefully all this will change tomorrow as I start with the Princes trust. I'm so glad I am because I really need something to do during the day.

Tuesday 6th July 2004

Dear Sky: the Princes trust has been good and I'm glad I'm doing it but it's hard at the same time. Even though we've not done anything that requires more than a little effort it's taken a lot of effort. I'm not used to the amount of socializing and alertness that I'm doing; it's good preparation for work.

I had a really vivid memory the other day, something I'd utterly forgotten about. When I was going through a bad patch somewhere around 18yrs old I was talking a lot to a woman. I remembered one time at church I had a panic attack followed by going into a dissociative state. The bishop tried getting me out of it them called an ambulance or Dr, whichever it was refused to come out. I can't remember anything else. It just shocked me as to how close to home it was.

I'm really struggling with eating; I'm back up to 8 stone. I'm trying to teach myself that it's ok for my stomach to be hanging over my trousers a little but that thought really scare me. I'm so uncomfortable about my size. I'm trying to get used to it because I can't weigh 7 stone and be a paramedic, I wouldn't have the energy.

I look at other girls and it seems that everyone lese wears their weight really well. A bit of stomach hanging over looks fine, they have a nice figure but I just look FAT. I'm completely out of proportion. I could probably cope with being big and in proportion but I just look FAT. I am nowhere near comfortable with my body image.

I'm really tired, this course is already tiring me out. It says a lot for my old life style when just staying alert for a day wipes you out.

Friday 9th July 2004.

Dear Sky: It feels like I've been here longer than 1 ½ weeks. The Princes trust is going well although I cried today. I'm worried about next week in Pembrokshire. I'm getting anxious for some reason.

I didn't sleep well last night because of it. I'm thinking a lot about my past and constant overdosing. I'm probably dwelling on it too much but it's too much to believe that it's all over. Yet I would feel really awful if I did o.d again because I would be letting so many people down.

I need to get a cat.

Sunday 11th July 2004.

Dear Sky: I'm at Pembroke, left this afternoon. My cousin's leaving for his mission at the temple Tuesday so he had his farewell yesterday which I decided to go to. A lot of people went but I spent most of it chatting to my cousin which I quite enjoyed.

I didn't sleep too well again last night, it's been quite a few nights now and I'm starting to suffer. I'm feeling a lot lower in mood. I'm going to have to go to bed earlier than everyone else because I start to get bad tempered if I stay up too late.

Wednesday 14th July 2004.

Dear Sky: I really struggled yesterday but today's been better. I had a good cry yesterday morning, spoke to my C.P.N (community psychiatric nurse) on the phone.

I think the reality of my situation has just caught up with me. You know, the ward and nurses have been like my family these past 2 ½ years. I've just hone through the honeymoon period of leaving and being in my own place and reality has kecked in.

Saturday 17th July 2004

Dear Sky: I'm fat. I weigh 8.4 ½ stone, I'm one fat ugly bitch. I came back from Pembroke yesterday and I can't stop hating myself. Is this where it all start to go wrong?

Monday 19th July 2004.

Dear Sky: I'm finding it so hard not to hate myself. I want to overdose, cut myself and stop eating. I'm finding it so hard. I think the days are fine, just the evenings.

I'm enjoying the Princes trust but I'm struggling when I'm not doing it. I'm not sleeping too well which isn't helping. My meds are tempting to take all of them and my sharp knifes are screaming. I don't know how to make it any better. Why does life have to be so hard?

Wednesday 21st July 2004.

Dear Sky: I had a hard night Monday which meant I struggled on Tuesday. I ended up walking out of the Princes trust for an hour, everything was just getting to me and it seemed like we were doing pointless tasks.

Friday 23rd July 2004.

Dear Sky: I GOT A KEW KITTEN!!!!!! Picked her up today. She's black and fluffy. D.O.B 20.05.04. I'm going to call her Sparky. We also did car washing for our community project today. We went to a petrol station and raised just over £120.

Sunday 25th July 2004.

Dear Sky: Sparky is adorable, she loves purring and attention but is still very playful and her claws can come tight. I went to see Two Brothers today with someone from the project, it was ok but it was awkward being around him.

Wednesday 28th July 2004.

Dear Sky: As from this morning I've got the rest of my life sorted out with ST Johns ambulance. I attended one of their social evenings just now and everyone's really friendly and I'm going to get all the experience I can.

Sparky is doing great and I already love her to bits.

Friday 30th July 2004.

Dear Sky: I hate myself I really do. I hate being normal. I'm barely eating; weighing 8.2-8.5 stone is too much.

Someone from the Princes trust texted me this afternoon asking why I always took the piss out of him and saying if I can't say anything nice not to say anything atoll. We all jokingly took the piss out of him not realizing it hurt him.

It just shows what a mean, nasty and selfish person I am. I feel that I'm getting worse and worse. I want to overdose, I want to stop eating and at times I want to go back to hospital. It's strange because my life is gong relatively well but I feel worse. I don't understand.

Sunday 1st August 2004.

Dear Sky: After a bad couple of days today has been brilliant. Spent it with ST John at the harbor festival. I was just observing and filling out the paperwork but had a great time.

I was shadowing my superintendent who did the more major calls. We attended someone with chest pains and took them by ambulance to A&E where a few nurses recognized me. My superintendent knows briefly about my past and the nurses were surprised to see me, they remembered my name! We also had a few friction burns and dehydration.

Although it was minor cases I really enjoyed it. My superintendent says there's no reason why I shouldn't be in uniform by the end of September.

It's exactly a month today since I moved in, although I usually feel bad, my situation keeps getting better and better.

Wednesday 4th August 2004.

Dear Sky: Today was awful. I wasn't looking forward to it because of the text message. I came close to overdosing and left early.

Nothing really happened yesterday and I quit Princes trust today. I went to an interview at an ambulance service for work experience which they gave me.

My heart hasn't been in the Princes trust, I haven't done anything all week and there hasn't been a day from the start where I haven't moaned about something. I don't think I was fulfilling my potential and maybe I do need to move on sooner than I expected, like another team member said, when I came in I was smiling and looked so happy.

That says it all really; everyday I've also finished early because of meetings and have been glad because I've not wanted to say till the end.

Sunday 15th August 2004.

Dear Sky: My life is finally coming together. I start at the ambulance service tomorrow for my 2 weeks placement then "in anticipation of your employment", sending

me on a weeks training then employing me as an ambulance care assistant. I've got their uniform which does not suit me atoll.

I was with ST John ambulance at the Balloon festival yesterday for 13hrs which was fun.

Dad told me today that Carl is dating someone. I wondered how long it would take for him to find someone else. I'm glad because it means he's got over me.

Thursday 19th August 2004.

Dear Sky: My life is going so well at the moment. In work we had to take a patient to Barrow. My old key nurse and other nurses' reaction when I turned up in my uniform was amazing. She gave me a hug; you could see the emotions of pride, happiness and surprise. I felt so proud, I had shown them, I said I'd do it and I have. I won't be messing this new life up.

Thursday 16th September 2004.

Dear Sky: Life is still going quite well. Work is great and I'm getting along with everyone fine. I start my training next week; 1 week F.A.W and then 1 week driving. Then I'll be a paid member of staff.

I've gone to church these past 3 weeks, probably going to start being a regular thing again but on my terms.

Doing collage evening classes in GSCE Math and Science which I'm finding hard.

I stopped taking my meds this week, don't want to take them. For a few weeks now my past and how stuff started has been almost constantly on my mind but I'm not sure why.

Friday 24th September 2004.

Dear Sky: My consultant was supposed to hand me over to a new community psychiatrist today but I started to cry when he did so they're going to do it gradually. I felt so silly crying because I was saying goodbye to him but I've know him nearly 3yrs and he's been through hell with me and no matter what I say I think he's a great bloke.

I'm just waiting for everything to go terribly wrong. I'm still not taking Lamotrigine and my consultant says that's good, as I knew he would. I'm going to have a small amount of Zopiclone prn to try and get me sleeping properly.

Tuesday 28th September 2004.

Dear Sky: Went shopping Saturday and nearly brought 2 books written by anorexia sufferers. What with that and going back on the Zopiclone could it be the start of things going wrong again? Everything just seems too good to be true.

I still have an awful lot of thoughts going through my head about everything and I just can't help but come to the conclusion that I must have just came out wrong. I can't think of any other reason why everything happened, just I came out wrong.

Saturday 2nd October 2004.

Dear Sky: I passed my driving so now I can officially drive non emergency ambulances. Got back at 6:00pm and was so glad to see Sparky. Had a relaxing evening in.

9:30pm I decided that I would take 2 tablets of Zopiclone and went to bed. 1 ½ hours later I was still awake. I took another 2 tablets throughout the next hour or so, I took 10 tablets in total.

I can barley remember anything. I'm scared now because I can't find any logic as to why I took them. I was frustrated that I couldn't sleep but taking an overdose never entered my head. I can only guess that once I took them it was the same story of can't stop which leaves me fucked.

Saturday 9th October 2004.

Dear Sky: It took me till Monday to emotionally get over Friday. I phoned Barrow and spoke to a nurse and I've also seen my psychologist. We came to the conclusion that the overdose was pulley accidental and because I didn't sleep straight away I wasn't thinking straight and not in control.

I'm now getting paid at work and going out on my own or with one other.

Thursday 14th October 2004.

Dear Sky: I'm really struggling with my body image again. I always struggle with it, the fight never goes but sometimes it's a lot worse. My weight is now up to 8.10 stone as my stomach sticks out a mile. I look so hard but can't find another girl whose stomach looks so out of proportion to the rest of her body as mine is. I swore I'd never wear size 10 trousers, now some size 10s are tight and my work trousers are even a size 12. The weight has to come back off before it gets out of control.

I've quit my GCSE courses, it's too much.

Tuesday 2 November 2004.

Dear Sky: Hi, still here, still ok. This is probably the longest period of my life that I can say I've actually been happy for. I had a good job today, blue light baby run down to Barnstable, didn't realize babies could come so small.

Thursday 9th December 2004.

Dear Sky: Well it's been over a month and I'm still plodding on. Work is still great. My sleeping is the worse it's been and I'm only mostly eating at work and I'm struggling a bit with the time of year. Mixed emotions, I like Christmas but my last proper one was when I was 18yrs old.

Giving blood again tomorrow and spending the day with mum. But on the whole I'm doing well.

Monday 13th December 2004.

Dear Sky: Instead of thinking I just want to go to sleep or I want to go to bed I've somehow got back into the habit of thinking I want to die, which is quite worrying. Spent the evening with the family which was nice.

Friday 24th December 2004.

Dear Sky: Found Sparky's first catch today under the bed, I was hunting out her toy mice when I flicked out a dead real one; don't know how long it's been under there!

Still not sleeping, hardly eating or drinking at home and worn out but apart from that I'm fine.

Monday 27th December 2004.

Dear Sky: Well Christmas is now over and I have mixed emotions. My last Christmas was 2001, this time 2yrs ago I was sectioned.

I feel quite negative but trying not to. I feel fat and ugly, lonely and fed up. I'm trying to tell myself that it's just the time of the year and I know I've got so much to be thankful for. I have a lot of family around and there are people uglier and fatter than me.

I think what it comes down to is that I don't have much to do at the flat. I'm so close to buying a piano and waiting for some cross stitches to come through the post so things should start looking up.

Wednesday 5th January 2005.

Dear Sky: My piano arrived yesterday! After over 3 years without one, its 2nd hand costing £400 and worth every penny.

I've just got rid of over half my clothes, time for a change and also time to stop getting upset every time I put a pair of trousers on as they don't fit. I weighed myself yesterday 8.12 stone, I'm so fat.

I also spent £80 on make up as I'm fed up of everyone saying how pale I look and the bags under my eyes.

My sleeping has improved ever so slightly but I'm struggling with my mood. Feeling low I'm trying to get rid of the thought that I need to go back on medication.

Friday 7th January 2005.

Dear Sky: Today I started taking Adios slimming tablets and seeing as this is me we're talking about it means overdosing on them soon. I know it means I'll probably feel worse for taking them but I can't risk my weight going up anymore. 9 stone today.

Contact with my care team has been minimal; don't know how I feel about that. I can't risk putting on more weight.

Monday 10th January 2005.

Dear Sky: It really is heart breaking to have done nothing but put on weight since I've left hospital. I'm still taking double figures of Adios tablets everyday and I'm hungry and exhausted.

Tuesday 1st February 2005.

Dear Sky: Why do I feel so low? I don't understand. It's becoming a nightly/evening thing. I hate my weight, I felt low today since midday when I got dressed. I despise the way my stomach hangs over my trousers and the sad thing is I'm not exaggerating, it really does.

I've just taken one Zopiclone, its 9:30pm and I just want to sleep. I keep telling myself that I'm only thinking like this because I'm tired but deep down I know it's more and I'm scared. Scared things are going bad again, scared to admit they are. Do I need meds again?????

Wednesday 2nd February 2005.

Dear Sky: These past 24hrs have been really tough. The Zopiclone didn't work and I've been struggling not to take more and knock myself out with them. I phoned the ward last night and spoke to a nurse which helped a little.

Woke up in tears, phoned the ward again and spoke to a different nurse which helped just more than a little.

Spoke to my psychologist whose going to call again tomorrow.

Just been back to Barrow and spoke to a nurse who really helped. We hugged and chatted for 45mins and I feel better for doing so. I just needed to see a friendly face and get everything off my chest with someone I could really talk to. The hospital's not changed much, new lick of paint and laminate flooring instead of carpet which makes sense and new chairs but still the old faces.

I know I'd never go back but I do miss it and especially the nurses, after all it was my home and family for 3 years!

Friday 11th February 2005.

Dear Sky: Today sees me back on Lamotrigine, since going back to Barrow I've been feeling better. Been horse riding for the 3rd time today, I'm really enjoying it. Now weigh 9.3 stone, I'm eating less and don't understand the weight gain.

Sunday 20th February 2005.

Dear Sky: How did I ever let my weight come to this? 9.2 stone and I can't shift it, I'm barley eating but my weights staying the same, and I'm so fat.

I did my first duty with ST John today which was good. Work is going really well at the moment, quite a bit of variety. If only I could shift this weight my life would be perfect.

Wednesday 2nd March 2005.

Dear Sky: CARL'S GETTING MARRIED. About time he moved on. Maybe I can start to relax around him a bit knowing he's not wishing we were together. I could go on about how much I hate my figure and that I'm hardly eating but I can't be bothered.

Sunday 20th March 2005.

Dear Sky: Not a great deal to say but I thought I'd better stay in tough. Work is going really well, I did my first event today, American football but we had no injuries.

Just before I left my boss told me I would be next on the emergency driving course!!

I'm barely eating but still 9.2 stone, I don't understand, maybe it's because I'm not exercising. I often think of laxatives but I can't risk the effects taking hold at work, I mean it's not always quick access to the toilet, actually not often.

I've stopped eating hot meals at work cause my stomach can't cope with it, really bad cramps shooting pain to my chest so the only hot meal I have is once a week if I go round my parents, which I haven't today.

Wednesday 20th April 2005.

Dear Sky: I had an absolutely crap day yesterday. I had an assessment for body image therapy after which I realized my eating disorder is coming back. I had to do a questionnaire asking do you do this or that and I found myself ticking "always" for most of them and thinking this aint good. I'm only having 2 sandwiches a day and just starting to loose weight, 9.4 stone.

On a better note I did a blue light run last Saturday which was fun and was told that I'd be going on my blue light training in a few weeks.

Wednesday 1st June 2005.

Dear Sky: Well here I am again, thought I'd better keep in touch. Work has had its ups and downs, last Monday we went to pick up a 13 week very premature baby, when the nurses put her in the incubator she arrested which meant a line had to be put in her arm which was the size of a mans thumb before we were able to blue light her down the road. So that was an interesting job.

Still waiting for my emergency driving which is beginning to annoy me, will it ever happen?

Went horse riding as usual today and fell off! First time for everything, gonna have a huge bruise on my leg.

Still hating my figure and weight which is now a huge 9.8 stone, I don't understand why I keep putting it on. It's like, same as everyone, just before my periods I put on one or two pounds but unlike everyone I don't loose if after.

I'm supposed to be taking Iron tablets which I haven't been regularly because apparently I'm very anemic but the Dr isn't sure why. She said if the tablets don't work they'll have to put a camera down cause it's a concern, don't feel different though.

I've been back to Barrow a few times when I've felt low which has helped, spoken to the nurses which has been nice. Whenever I go up there I always wonder how I survived in a place like that and for as long as I did.

Friday 3rd June 2005.

Dear Sky: Guess what? Me and Leanne have got back in touch!! It's amazing, I'm always thinking about her and miss her, she always has and always probably will, been a great friend. I'm so pleased.

Had a good day at work, went to Cardiff, you get to see how amazing some hospitals are compared to ours.

Friday 10th June 2005.

Dear Sky: I cut myself this evening for the second time this week, nothing serious, just scratches with a knife on my stomach.

I also brought a push bike yesterday, planning on cycling everyday, also trying to eat better. I hate my figure and need to get rid of it.

Saturday 11th June 2005.

Dear Sky: Cried at work today, no one noticed. My emergency driving course is getting me down, the fact that I recon I'll be lucky to go on it this side of Christmas. I'm just being lied to and taken advantage of, its heart breaking, to want it so much and not have it.

Strong urge to self harm again, going to cut up a razor in a mo, it does more damage than a knife. I had to come off my meds because I had a reaction to them. Do I need them?

Monday 20th June 2005.

Dear Sky: As from Saturday I started taking 20mgs of Citalopram, an antidepressant, will I ever be normal without them?

Was told by the boss today that I'm going to be given an award for employer of the year. Had a busy shift, came home and cut myself again.

Sunday 26th June 2005.

Dear Sky: Not been cutting myself much since I talked to my psychologist about it. First meeting I just cried, I really wasn't myself but I told him a few days later. I think the guilt of the secret got the better of me and now people know I don't do it so much.

Work is tiring me out, probably this anemic thing but I'm not taking the tablets, they have horrible side effects, takes hours to pass solids!

Thursday 7th July 2005.

Dear Sky: LONDON WAS BOMBED TODAY!!! 3 bombs on the underground and one on a double Decker, so far nearly 40 dead and hundreds injured.

We also won the 2012 Olympic bid yesterday!

Tuesday 19th July 2005.

Dear Sky: I'M GOING ON MY EMERGENCY DRIVING COURSE!!!! August the 15th for 2 weeks. Not getting my hopes up as I'm not confident that I'll pass the theory side.

Friday 26th August 2005.

Dear Sky: Well that's it. I'm now fully trained to drive an ambulance with blue lights going.

Wednesday 7th September 2005.

Dear Sky: I BROUGHT ANOTHER KITTEN TODAY!!! I've called her Misty because she is grey with white paws and tummy. I paid £95 for her which I can't believe, the woman had loads of kittens all running in the garden, even the mums didn't have collars, kinda felt I had to rescue her.

Friday 16th September 2005.

Dear Sky: I DID MY FIRST BLUE LIGHT RUN TODAY!!!! Misty is doing great and Sparky is friends with me again but not with Misty yet which is natural.

Sunday 23rd October 2005.

Dear Sky: Hey it's my birthday, 23 years young! My life is still plodding along relatively the same.

Took grandma to a John Wayne convention last weekend which she really enjoyed.

Work is boring at the moment because we're covering a power station, a 15hr day sat in an ambulance.

The most major thing that's happened is that I've applied for another job, just stumbled across it and couldn't let it go. A HCA at an adolescent unit. I really want it and because it's only 30hrs a week I can still work here.

Saturday 5th November 2005.

Dear Sky: Something's not right and hasn't been for a week or so. I don't know what it is, it might be that I've applied for that job and it looks like I won't even get an interview even though I've been constantly praying or it might be because I'm at the power station and very bored.

At the moment I do not like my job and I'm reconsidering my career, veering more and more to mental health, things might get better after the power station contract is over, I dunno.

I joined a gym at the beginning of the week and enjoying it. I'm just feeling a bit lower.

Saturday 13th November 2005.

Dear Sky: Things still aren't right at the moment. Been going to the gym regularly which I'm enjoying but I'm constantly on the look out for another job and applied for a few. I think the problem is that I've got as far as I wanted and now there's no motivation.

Mental health was always the long term plan; I just didn't realize the long term would come so quick.

Taking my grandma to LA at the beginning of next month, she wants to see John Wayne's grave so she's paying for me to take her for a week.

Sparky and Misty are good, wake me up early though and Misty is still not keen on outside yet.

Thursday 17th November 2005.

Dear Sky: What's wrong? I could quite happily phone in sick tomorrow or quit my job and all these feelings have just jumped up on me, it's like I can't be bothered anymore. I'm spending money quicker than I'm earning it and working less and less hours, I should be worried but I'm not.

I shoved Misty out the cat flap the other night; she hasn't quite got the hang of it properly although she can work it.

Still been going to the gym most days, why didn't I do this before. Have I recovered from my disorder???

Friday 2nd December 2005.

Dear Sky: WE'RE OFF TO LA TOMORROW. Looking forward to it, need the break. Great Nan died this week aged 101.

Leanne is getting married, wow! See you when I get back.

Monday 12th December 2005.

Dear Sky: Well, I had a wonderful holiday, I enjoyed every moment, we went to Universal Studios, Sea world, Disney and of course John Wayne's grave. Lovely weather and not too busy cause it's their winter.

Looks like Misty has ran away, I'm a bit upset but not too much, it would have been a lot worse if it was Sparky, see I'm not sure I did the right thing getting Misty cause Sparky changed but since I've been home she's back to her old loving self. I'll still miss Misty though because she was lovely.

Well I have no work this week, that'll be 3 weeks without work; I don't have to say that I'm not impressed. Thankfully I've got 2 job interviews tomorrow morning so hopefully something will come from them.

Tuesday 13th December 2005.

Dear Sky: MISTY IS BACK. So pleased, she's purring away like crazy but I don't think Sparky is too happy.

Wednesday 21st December 2005.

Dear Sky: I had a letter from work today summing me for a disciplinary meeting over what happened at the power station. Needless to say I'm not impressed. I only did things that everyone else does and had good reasons to do so and feel I'm just being made an example of. The date is for the 30th and I'm not working before them, cancelled my shifts which I'll probably be disciplined again for but probably hand my notice in after the meeting.

I haven't decided yet but I'm 95% certain I wont be working there again which is a shame cause I didn't want it to end like this, my boss is so nice and caring it's just a shame that the staff under him aren't.

Sunday 8th January 2006.

Dear Sky: the disciplinary went well but I don't know the outcome. They're not going to use the member of staff who complained about me again because of all the complaints they've had about him.

Spent today crying at church, everything just got too much.

Applied for about 5 jobs this week, I defiantly want to move on from the ambulance service, it's no longer my home.

I had a good Christmas but because I've been at home a lot more my moods dropped but nothing that can't be sorted out.

Saturday 11th February 2006.

Dear Sky: I did my first shift at the BRI as a nursing assistant today and enjoyed it.

No further action was taken from the disciplinary, clash of personalities. It's been a hard month or so because I've barely worked, hopefully that will all change. My parents have been great helping me financially.

So my ambulance career is over now my nursing one begins. People keep asking if I want to do my training, if I do it will be in mental health not general.

Sparky and Misty are fine, get on well.

Wednesday 3rd May 2006.

Dear Sky: I'm sorry I can't be with you all anymore; I tried so hard I really did. I can't face a life of being on medication and constant emotional pain. I've had enough and am tired of trying to win this fight this I just can't win. I'm already emotionally dead so I'm just finishing the job.

Don't morn for me, I'll finally be free, free of all my hurt and suffering and able to enjoy whatever the afterlife had in store for me.

I truly believed I'd done it, won the fight, but it sees like it was just medication keeping me in a false state of happiness.

I love you all so much but sometimes you have to let go of the ones you love. Try not to hate me for doing this but I wouldn't blame you if you did.

Try to remember me as someone who tried to fight through everything and not give up but has just lost all her strength.

I hope to see you all again one day and I hope that by then you would have understood and forgiven me for what I am about to do, take care and look after yourselves and especially those around you.

All my love, RIP.

Friday 19th May 2006.

Dear Sky: wow, well what can I say? I'm back in Barrow, I've been on the bridge again, overdosed a few times again and cut again last weekend which put me on the HDU and a 5(2) section.

Only just come back on the open ward and all this because I stopped taking my meds, which I'm now back on and starting to feel better.

I cut my upper arm whilst in the bath and it bled loads so the water turned red. After going to the BRI they got me in the HDU without realizing what they were doing, when I did realize I opened my cut, put ash in it and kicked a load of chairs around which meant I was C&R'd my 4 nurses and injected, I now have 7 stitches.

My manager has been really helpful and nice, supporting me above and beyond, from being with me in A&E to spending a night at hers.

Will my life ever be straight forward?

Sunday 25th June 2006.

Dear Sky: I feel so bad not writing but it's hard to get back into something you haven't done for so long.

I'm finding life so hard at the moment. I've been back out of Barrow for about a month and back at work but still been overdosing and having episodes of dissociation,

I've lost weight, 9.4 stone which is really nice but trying to loose more.

My manager comes back from a much needed week's holiday tomorrow. We'd spent an awful lot of time together before, if the truth be told I'm not really coping.

Not taking meds and last Tuesday after work I overdosed on Nytol for the first time in over 2 years.

Last Monday there was a big family argument which has set me back.

Barrow hospital is no more, the service has been moved to a new hospital, really don't like it there.

Came close to being re admitted after a meeting with my psychologist, also cut myself again this week.

Again this week I've been really tingly which A&E say is anxiety related, more proof I'm not coping.

I save all my energy for work; it's the only way I can get by. I'm so messed up, got no emotions, not crying, not talking.

My care team say I'm depressed which I disagree with. I hate my life and it's just passing me by like I'm no part of it, like I'm out of control. I don't know what I want from it anymore, don't care, I'm not living, just existing.

Monday 26th June 2006.

Dear Sky: I feel like I'm living on borrowed time, I took an overdose of 10 Kalms last night and an hour ago along with Alcohol.

Work was fine, as usual went quick. It's really strange having a close friendship with my manager; I'm not used to it, like it's too good to be true. I think that I'll fuck it up and bring her down with me. I still don't understand why anyone would choose to get to know me and like what they know, it just doesn't make sense.

I feel that it's only a matter of time before everything comes crashing down around me again, I always need to be self destructive.

Tuesday 27th June 2006.

Dear Sky: Another day on borrowed time, just got back from a late shift and taken 10 Kalms with Alcohol. Another rubbish meeting with my psychologist, I just can't talk to anyone at the moment, just shutting myself off from the world.

Now weigh 9.4 stone, I have to loose another stone to be considered underweight, which would be very nice. I wish I could just curl up and hide, to let the world go on around me and not be part of it. Life is just so confusing.

Wednesday 28th June 2006.

Dear Sky: Took 15 Kalms today, think I need to get something stronger though and more Alcohol. Worked a late shift which was really quiet which was a good job seeing as I took 4 tablets before I went to work.

Thursday 29th June 2006.

Dear Sky: Again I've just taken 10 Kalms with Alcohol after a late shift. Went to the Drs for results of a blood test and about this tingling I've been getting. My Iron levels are low again but not anemic and tingling is anxiety so I've got to get iron tablets and Diazepam tomorrow which is really good news.

I can overdose on Diazepam and last time I was on iron I read the leaflet and it sounds like iron overdoses are lethal which I also checked on the internet, so I'll be well set up.

Saturday 1st July 2006.

Dear Sky: Surprise surprise, England lost in penalties against Portugal and are out of the football World cup. Just taken 10 Kalms with Alcohol again. I'm really finding it hard to write properly again.

Sunday 2nd July 2006.

Dear Sky: I'm going to overdose on iron tablets but I can't decide when to do it. Now, before I start my night shift, during my night shift or just before I see my psychologist on Tuesday.

I've looked on the internet and as few as 6 tablets could kill a toddler so if I took about 20 that must do some damage.

The problem is I just can't decide when to do it, when I do I'll deny everything or just say something like I was just catching up on missed dosages, play innocence.

If I do it before seeing my psychologist my car will then be stranded cause they'll cart me off in an ambulance.

I don't really want to be in my uniform which I will if I do it at work.

If I do it now I won't get any treatment. Which one, which one, don't get me wrong, I don't want to kill myself, I just want to overdose, does that make sense?

Well I'm just about to get ready for my night shift and going to take 20 iron tablets in the process. I don't know what will happen, indeed if anything. I could have been reading the stuff on the internet wrong. I'll see you when I see you as I've no doubt I will.

BACK IN HOSPITAL ON A SECTION 2.

Friday 7th July 2006.

Dear Sky: Phew, what a week but I told you I'd be seeing you again. Brief account of what's happened.

Went to work Sunday night and lasted until about 11:00pm before I knew I couldn't carry on without being sick and for some strange reason told the nurse in charge that I'd overdosed instead of just not feeling well so she sent me home.

I walked about 10 yards before having to sit before spewing and called my manager who took me home where I was soon sick.

I asked her to call NHS Direct, I just wanted to know what to expect but I became despondent and an ambulance took me to A&E. I wasn't talking and they started talking about HDU because of my low GSC and resus before they realized that I didn't need to as I wasn't in a coma, just not talking.

Apparently 20 tablets is the magic number as whether they need to treat or not. They didn't, just put 3 liters of Saline through me and let me spew my guts out.

Because I wasn't responding, not even opening my eyes the psycs had to see me which turned out to be a Dr from the hospital; she got the Crisis team to see me before she had to come back with others for a section assessment.

They placed me on a section 2 (28 days) and took me to Southmead which was Monday night. Had a tough night, messing around with the mattress.

Tuesday morning I tried walking out but for some reason didn't run and they brought me back. I then set the fire alarm off thinking it would open a fire door and was devastated when I didn't and I was put in seclusion until I was brought back to the new hospital.

There had been a mix up and there was no bed for me so I spent about an hour being restrained because I was trying to leave but Southmead wouldn't take me back. Something was sorted and I was put on the new hospitals HDU.

I was left to lie on my bed not acknowledging anyone until my old key nurse came in Wednesday late shift.

She asked if she could hold my hand which was what I desperately wanted so did. She started saying how she was worried about me before but now she was really worried and how she cared about me and was never far from her mind.

I cried and cried. She told me to take a shower then she talked to me and I cried again and gave her a hug and started nodding and shaking my head, I still hadn't spoken a word since taking the overdose.

Spent Thursday morning in bed before I started realizing I needed to communicate. I decided I needed to write but had to get a pen and paper which was no easy task believe me, having to write messages with toilet paper.

Then my psychologist came in and I wrote a few short sentences backwards before everything got too much.

That night I realized a nurse was on who I remembered as being nice and about 11:00pm after hand holding and crying she managed to get me to ask for some chicken soup, my first words. Then we talked and I talked naturally.

Today my section was lifted but I'm still on HDU which is good and my consultant wants me discharged into the care of the Crisis team ASAP.

I knew as soon as I started talking and eating which I have done today that would be the case, I really wasn't keen on staying the 28 days but I wasn't expecting it to be so sudden.

As soon as I was sent home from work I knew I'd lost my job and was going to hand in my notice, I'm not responsible enough but I've been thinking maybe I should go back on benefits, take the time to sort myself out properly, do voluntary work, maybe some college courses and you can work 16hrs a week on benefits and my manager said that would be ok with her.

I obviously can't cope with being normal and holding on to a normal job, maybe I need to start really looking after myself first.

I really thought I'd done it Sunday and was quite upset when I realized I hadn't. Not talking was a way of coping, everything was too much, too overwhelming to cope with and I didn't know what else to do.

Not eating and drinking was another punishment thing and my insides still really hurt and my stomach can't take much food or drink yet but it's no fun being ill. I also need to find out if the iron tablets did do any damage.

Saturday 8th July 2006.

Dear Sky: One of the nurses asked me today if not talking was my way of showing that I needed help, couldn't be more of the opposite. All I wanted everyone to do was leave me alone, I wanted to be left in my own little world where no one could touch or hurt me.

Now that I've started eating and drinking again my mood has picked up a fair bit but I still have doubts as to if it's really getting better or is it just another up before a down and the fact that I'm feeling more settled here.

Don't get me wrong, I don't want to stay, I miss Sparky and Misty too much but will everything really be ok?

Looks like I'm probably leaving Monday, it was hinted at again, which is fine, I feel ready to go home now, I don't need to be here any longer but will I be ok?

Monday 10th July 2006.

Dear Sky: I was discharged this afternoon with "support" of the Crisis team. Why does this world have to be so cruel and hard? Will I be able to cope? I don't think so, I'm just going to close down again and shut everyone out.

Tuesday 11th July 2006.

Dear Sky: I couldn't sleep last night so took 4 Kalms and I've just taken 10 more with Alcohol.

Gave blood today and very, very nearly fainted, the worse thing was that it was so embarrassing that I couldn't stop laughing.

Phoned up requesting benefits today so when I'm able to go back to work it will only be for 2 shifts a week. What a failure.

Wednesday 12th July 2006.

Dear Sky: It's 9:30pm and I've just got back from A&E as my psychologist over reacted cause I took Diazepam before seeing him and was all over the place. I can't do this anymore, I've lost the fight, and I've got no energy left. I just want to give up and let the world go on around me.

I've had enough of overdosing but I don't know what else to do, it's my lifeline. I need to keep hurting myself and proving what a bad person I am. Life is far too difficult and full of too much pain.

Friday 14th July 2006.

Dear Sky: How shit could today be? I had a meeting at work with the Matron and human resources about my CRB which has only just come back. They've suspended me so they can investigate it further and I've got another meeting Tuesday when I have to tell them more about it. It sucks, I've done nothing wrong, they knew about the CRB, so why

did my manager employ me? My ST John superintendent is coming with me as he's a Union rep at his work. My manager and I aren't allowed to discuss what's going on but I've let her know that I'm not going to let it affect our friendship.

I then cried after the meeting on a bench, did some retail therapy, went home and took the last of the Diazepam, 16mgs and went for my CPA, the idea with the Diazepam being it would calm me down and stop me from crying which it didn't and I walked out in tears leaving them to finish the meeting then call me back in to briefly explain what they'd talked about.

I feel that I've lost the fight, that I've given up, is there and point anymore. My sisters are coming round for a video night in a mo so that should take my mind off things.

Monday 17th July 2006.

Dear Sky: Since 11:00pm Saturday till 11:00am today I've been in police cells- 36hrs, I was pulled down from the bridge again. I've not eaten or drank since Saturday nor spoke a word. What's the point in having a voice if no one listens to you?

I went to the bridge straight from a cousin's farewell, the whole family was there. I was on constant watch in the cells and was told I was crying/ whimpering in my sleep.

Where do I go from here? What do I do? Just let fate take its course, I know I'm loosing my job and too scared to get another. What's the point in anything?

Wednesday 19th July 2006.

Dear Sky: They want me to go back into hospital but I've just ran away from them. I don't want to be safe, I want to overdose, I want to go back up to the bridge and anyway, the nurses always say that hospital isn't the best place for me.

The case against me at work has been dropped; they decided I have no case to answer to.

I've just taken 6 Kalms so hopefully will go to sleep Sparky has been as loving as ever but I've not see Misty since I've been back from the cells which is really unlike her, if it was Sparky I wouldn't be so worried, hopefully she's just staying somewhere else for a while because the food and water ran out for one night.

What's going to happen now? I deserve to be like this, this is what my life should be like. I don't even know why I went to see my psychologist, I didn't want to. I have this overwhelming feeling that I would be better off dead.

Friday 21st July 2006.

Dear Sky: Life is so unfair; I wish I was out of it. After writing on Wednesday they came and got me. They were going to take me to the new hospital but because I was out of it and wouldn't talk to them they sent me to A&E instead.

After about 10mins I ran off but was stopped and held there until seen by the Dr who said there was a bed for me at Southmead, said I wouldn't go. She went away and the next thing I hear is her arranging a bed so I bolted it and made it home bare foot.

A while later a load of police came and took me to Southmead in a riot van where I was put on a section 2 again, injected and C&R'd for a long time before I fell asleep.

Yesterday morning I managed to run out of the ward and walked all the way to the BRI.

Got my manager to take me to my parents so we could pick up keys, got them cut so now she has a pair then we went back to hers and I packed for a few days on the run. Picked up my phone to a message from dad saying he loves me and to look after myself.

How dare anyone tell them. I've now lost the one part of my life that I had control over. I've well and truly now got nothing to live for.

I stayed at my managers for a few hours before I went to go and find a bridge. She physically stopped me whilst waiting and calling for the police. They took me back to Southmead where again they jabbed me.

A few minutes after they left I got up to try and get out but saw that they'd left the syringe so I thought I'd see if I could get any blood out my veins, I did but not much and didn't really want to hurt myself. So I tried to get out but they'd locked the door.

They tried getting me back but then noticed I still had the syringe and backed off. Next thing I know the police have told all the nurses and patients to stay in rooms whilst they tried to get the syringe off me.

This one police guy was really nice, talking to me; I was so angry, angry at the nurses for telling my parents. I hadn't planned to be in this position but realized I had all the control; no one was going to come close to me whilst I had the syringe.

I cried and said how I hated the nurses and didn't want to be there. The nurses denied telling my parents but someone sure did.

It was agreed that I could go over to the new hospital in the morning if I dropped the syringe, so I did. I then had to spend the night in seclusion and moved back to the new hospitals HDU where I am still under a section.

I can't believe someone called my parents. I want to die, I don't want to stay safe, my life isn't worth living anymore, I don't have a life.

DID I MAKE THE WRONG DECISION IN WORKING FOR THE BRI? Is this what it all comes sown to? That I'm not happy in my job? What do I do?

Saturday 22nd July 2006.

Dear Sky: After trying to climb the fence and getting out the door last night I had to resign myself to the fact that this place is like Fort Knox and I wasn't going anywhere.

I really don't want to be in here, I want to be out there overdosing, going up to the bridge and trying to kill myself. I don't want to be safe, I want to die. I've started tonguing Lorazipam so I can overdose on that in a few days. I try to sleep whilst I'm here, it's like sleep is the next best thing to death.

My life is never going to be good. A few months ago I was one of Barrows success stories, now look at me, I don't want to live, I've had enough of it. I wonder what they'll do with me this time, probably the same as the last. After the weekend take me off the section. Then I'll be gone, I'm not staying voluntary and I'll then be able to overdose and every thing just like I want to.

They have no control over me, they can't change me, nor can they help me cause I don't want to be helped, I want to die.

What a horrid ½ hour that was. I asked this agency nurse for some Lorazipam and she said she'd have to check, which was fine so I led on my bed with my back to the door.

She comes in and talking in a telling off tone asked why I was wound up. I told her cause I wanted to kill myself. In the same tone of voice she said how I'm the most important person in the world and not to feel like that. In that same tone she told me not to hide from her, that we were going to talk about how important I was.

So I told her to fuck off, she said she wasn't going anywhere until we talked. So I went and opened my door, shouted at her to get out and pulled her up from where she was sat cross legged with her shoes off.

She said she wasn't going till we talked so I pulled her up, shouting at her and trying to push her to the door. She shouted back not to touch her, I shouted at her to leave, she started leaving with fear in her eyes as another nurse came in and I pushed them both out and got back into bed.

But she'd really wound me up so 2 minutes later I got up and went to find her. She was walking from outside to the office crying and I went at her shouting, the other nurse had to hold me back I think I would've hit her, she ran out the unit with the alarms going.

Two other nurses sat with me whilst I led on my bed crying and telling them how she'd been, they said it was bullying. To calm me down they gave me 2 Lorazipam then the ward manager wanted the 3 of us to talk. I said I'd probably hit her but would talk to him so I told him my side. Just after my manager came in.

Tuesday 25th July 2006.

Dear Sky: I don't think much happened Sunday but it certainly did yesterday. In the morning a nurse took me for a walk round the grounds out the side door and I saw the door code. So yesterday afternoon I escaped, didn't think I'd get far but I did.

Walked to the BRI and got my manager to give me my keys, went home and took 30 iron tablets then gave her my keys back and went to A&E wanting to know if I'd taken enough to kill myself.

I hadn't and they kept me in, I ran out this morning but the police got me and took me back to the hospital.

I can't even kill myself properly, I was only sick a few times and that was it. What now? Do I give in and say ok, enough's enough and accept help? It seems that self destructing isn't working. I can probably lay claim to being the first to escape here.

Misty still hasn't been home, I think I've lost her, Sparky will be pleased.

Wednesday 26th July 2006.

Dear Sky: Been a really tedious day, my manager came in this afternoon which was nice. I had to have a load of sleeping tablets last night. I'm getting really restless at night again. I've had enough of the church at the moment. It doesn't seem like a week that I've been sectioned, probably because so much has happened.

Friday 28th July 2006.

Dear Sky: I've had one shit day, I went to bed feeling low yesterday and woke up feeling the same so I had to have Lorazipam which didn't help. I tried getting out again but they'd changed the code so I tried loads again then tried getting out the main door.

Asked for Diazepam because Lorazipam doesn't work and at some point strangled myself with pillow cases. I finally got only 5mgs of Diazepam before the Dr came and told me he didn't agree with all my meds.

My psychologist then came and I told him to fuck off. I then asked to see my chart and the Dr had crossed everything out so I ripped it up, how am I going to sleep now?

I then tried pulling this really heavy bench to the fence to help me get over but one thing led to another and I ended up being C&R'd and in the seclusion room where I kept banging my head against the door for a few minutes before I fell over exhausted.

Through all of this I've had nothing to eat or drink all day and feel shit. I've got too much going on in my head, it's all too much. I hate myself so much and I hate my life even more.

When I haven't been really distressed today I've under my table with my bedding and a blanket over it. It's the closest thing I'm going to get to disappearing in this place. I wish everything was ok. I wish I didn't feel like this but it doesn't matter what I want. My life just does as it pleases without asking if it's ok my me.

Saturday 29th July 2006.

Dear Sky: After writing last night saying how bad things were they just got worse. I ended up chucking furniture around and was C&R'd for ages and given loads of meds. I took a disliking to the agency nurse and was physically and emotionally abusive to him. Shouting at him to shut up whenever he spoke and kicking him, also chucked water over him.

Because of all the meds they gave me I didn't wake till 3:00pm today and have been tearful and still really tired. I don't know what to do anymore.

Sunday 30th July 2006.

Dear Sky: Went for 2 escorted walks round the grounds today, was gonna run on the second but stopped myself by realizing it wouldn't achieve anything in the long run and I want to start going home this week. Been a really boring Sunday.

Questioning the whole religion thing again. Maybe I'm not a true Mormon, is that so bad? Finding it hard to get into anything, short attention span and can't concentrate, hence today being really slow.

My manager came round this morning. I wonder how much longer I can hold the family off. I don't know what mum and dad know but I've texted them asking not to tell my sisters.

Monday 31st July 2006.

Dear Sky: Woke up at 5:30am this morning wanting to go home and figuring out ways in which I could do a runner. Had a meeting with my Dr about my care, the outcome of which was already decided so I don't know why they bothered talking to me about it instead of just telling me. The only medication I can have is 3.75mgs of Zopiclone- Bastard, that's gonna do nothing atoll.

I'm still restricted to walks round the grounds with a nurse and to spend time on the open ward. Maybe the supermarket tomorrow then hopefully home from there.

It's 1:30pm and I'm gonna try and sleep, what's there to stay up for? Nothing, I don't want to go onto the open ward.

Tuesday 1st August 2006.

Dear Sky: I was led in bed last night thinking how much I hated my Dr and don't trust him. That he wouldn't take my section off by the end of the week so I thought I'd have nothing to loose by strangling myself which I did with a pillow case and ended up spending a few hours at the BRI with a nurse.

It's been decided that my section will be lifted at the end of the week/ beginning of next week after a visit home with my new CPN and I'm then to stay in hospital voluntarily until my family holiday next weekend.

I'm finding it so hard at the moment, it's emotionally draining. Hopefully I'll sleep well tonight seeing as I only slept for 3 hours last night. I'm still finding it hard to talk about my feelings and don't ask for time, I just withdraw into myself and keep everything inside.

Thursday 3rd August 2006.

Dear Sky: My section was lifted today but I have to stay on the open ward till Tuesday. I had escorted leave home yesterday with my CPN and locked the cat flap which meant Sparky was all over me today.

I went home at 3:00pm and drove back at 6:00pm but only stayed for ½ hour before going home again then coming back now at 10:00pm. I really struggle moving from HDU to the main ward, I find in uncomfortable being round all the other patients and having less nurse contact.

I've got a lot going on in my head at the moment. Part of me wants to stay in this safe stated of mind and be wrapped up and cared for whilst the other part of me want to get back on with life. Which do I do? I don't think I'll decide, I'll just go with the flow.

I can see myself getting worse again when I come back off holiday, almost like I'm making it happen yet at the same time don't want it to. Does all this make sense?

Friday 4th August 2006.

Dear Sky: Didn't sleep well again last night and woke at 5:00am but had a good day. Went to watch Pirates of the Caribbean with my manager today which was good then just got back from shopping with Katherine, again it was good.

It was suggested in ward round that I go for weekend leave. I really hate the open ward so I'm on leave now, got going back till 8:30am Monday. You get left by the nurses on the open ward and it's louder and busier, I hate it.

Tuesday 8th August 2006.

Dear Sky: I'VE BEEN DISCHARGED. I had a good weekend, managed to get a really good horse ride in Saturday morning. Since I left hospital on Friday I've only spent about 4hrs there and now officially discharged.

On a very serious note the council is taking me to court over unpaid rent. I just can't loose this place, take my home away and you might as well be taking my life away, I know I would well and truly give up if that were to happen.

Thursday 9th August 2006.

Dear Sky: These past few days I've been realizing that I've not been living since I started work at the BRI, just existing. I've been letting my life go on around me. I'd go to work, come home and vegetate, go to work, come home and vegetate. That's no life. So I handed my notice in today.

Spending all day tomorrow at the Balloon festival with ST John then on holiday for a week with family.

Sunday 27th August 2006.

Dear Sky: Took Sparky to a cat show yesterday but she got a strop on cause of the other cats and couldn't be handled so couldn't be judged otherwise they said she would have done well. Gonna try her at a different show.

Had a meeting with my psychologist who said that he thought the BRI was making me ill, I think he was right, it wasn't right for me.

Took 2 Nytol the other evening, just for time out which didn't really work as I got agitated. I feel like I'm just holding onto reality.

Friday 22nd December 2006.

Dear Sky: Since I was discharged 2 weeks ago I've taken 7 or 8 overdoses and feel so unsafe. So I decided that I can't do this anymore, I want my life back. I said that I'm ready to start working with people and if I was to be admitted back to hospital I would use the place instead of fight against it.

So here I am, back in hospital, I was admitted this evening.

Since I last wrote I've also lost Misty for good but Sparky is still adorable and much happier without Misty, she spends a lot more time with me now.

They want me to start back on Citalopram which I'm absolutely terrified of. I feel like I'm saying goodbye to something and I'm scared. I hate feeling like this but I know what to expect. Being on medication and being happy and getting on with life is scary. Being happy is scary, I feel more vulnerable and people take advantage of me. I feel out of my depth when everything's going well, that it's not me and it's too good to be true.

I'm still seeing the same psychologist that I have done from day one and my CPN is good. I get the impression he's not scared of me and doesn't take any crap which is what I need. He also asks difficult questions and makes me face up to things. He won't take "I don't know" as an answer which is good but frustrating as it really makes me work.

Monday 25th December 2006.

Dear Sky: Well, bearing in mind where I am, today's been good. Spent most of it at mum and dads, they don't know I'm in hospital.

On the way home a blue light ambulance went by and I thought fancy being in hospital on Christmas day, then I realized that's where I am! It's funny how some things don't seem relevant to me.

I've started taking 20mgs of Citalopram, I wonder if I'll stay on them when I leave this time.

Tuesday 26th December 2006.

Dear Sky: I really wish I could work my head out. I've had thoughts today of not taking my meds, why would I do that when I know they help me?

Is it because I don't want to get better? I think so if I'm honest but why? Why don't I want to get better? And the answer to that I can't quite figure out.

Every time I've been in hospital this year they've said its depression. Again, that word/ diagnosis I can't quite get my head around. It's not right, every time I say it I cringe and don't believe it, I just say it because everyone else does.

But Borderline Personality Disorder I can cope with. Why? I think it's probably because I'm thinking along the lines of depression is my fault, that I'm to blame for being depressed, it's only me that's making myself depressed and if I really wanted to I could snap out of it.

Whereas BPD I don't blame myself for. That it's a condition so I don't have so much control over, that it's me, part of who I am.

It's like I've come back in here and come alive again. If they discharged me tomorrow I wouldn't complain and go home thinking I'm better but then, as has been the pattern this year, I'd get home and quickly fall to pieces again, what's going on?

Thursday 28th December 2006.

Dear Sky: I had a harder day today, been really tearful. Saw my Dr and he wants me to stay in for at least another two weeks, I made the decision when I came in that I'd stay as long as they wanted me to.

I started tonguing my meds yesterday, I still don't really know why.

Paramedics came for a patient tonight cause she'd cut herself. Instantly brought back memories, I can remember a time when if I saw that then I wanted it to be me, but not anymore, I don't want to be like that anymore. So why don't' I take meds?

Monday 1st January 2007.

Dear Sky: they found my stash of untaken meds! I looked in the draw this morning and they were gone. My key nurse confronted me about it this afternoon which left me in tears. We agreed that I wasn't depressed but have a depressed mood but she wasn't really able to tell me what was wrong with me.

I spent yesterday with Sparky which was wonderful; she's the only thing I can truly say that I've ever loved. My life would be empty without her.

I've now got to make the decision whether or not to take my meds. I really hate the idea of having to take them but at the some time know that I need to. Why am I doing this to myself? Is it because really, truly, deep down I don't want to change my life? It's so hard knowing that something's wrong but not knowing what and being powerless over it.

Tuesday 16th January 2007.

Dear Sky: Took Sparky to another cat show, her 3rd one. She got four 3rd places. It'll probably be her last one, I want to go again but she doesn't. She doesn't enjoy it. I got 8 rosettes to prove she's a pretty cat, that's enough for me.

I was discharged today with absolutely no faith that I won't be coming back. I'm going to take it slowly this time, not rush into things and go back on benefits. I've also decided that I'm going to do whatever my care team asks of me including taking meds. It's time to really work with them and try and sort this stuff out once and for all.

Will it work? Who knows? Will I be writing in her in a few months time again saying how my life's messed up again and I'm back in hospital?

What is actually wrong with me? Does anyone really know? I've had so many labels. Anorexia, eating disorder, depression, post traumatic stress disorder and borderline personality disorder. What does all that really mean?